BRIGHT DAYS IN MERRIE ENGLAND





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"Dear, Sweet Clovelly."

BRIGHT DAYS IN MERRIE ENGLAND

Four-in-Hand Journeys

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

BY

A. VANDOREN HONEYMAN

ILLUSTRATED

Plainfield, New Jersey
Honeyman & Company
1901



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TO MAUD

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of Beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits."

—John Keats.



PREFACE.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, under date of 1855, writing in the vicinity of Grasmere, but having in mind, doubtless, other portions of the "land of ancient chivalry," deliberately set down in his Diary these words: "I question whether any part of the world is so beautiful as England. . . . If England were all the world, it still would have been worth while for the Creator to have made it, and mankind would have had no cause to find fault with their abode; except that there is not enough room for as many as might be happy there."

Such a judgment will seem but rhapsody to those who have not visited this wonderful Motherland across the sea. But after coaching nearly a thousand miles among the hills and valleys of England and Scotland, during past successive summers, I adopt his language as a foreword to this volume, and say to all who are not personally acquainted with that most delightful of lands: Go and see England; there is nothing like it under the sun!

Guidebooks do not give one the precise atmosphere of localities, and often impart indifferently the aroma of their historical and literary associations. Supplementary volumes like this are, therefore, needed to give zest to the digestion.

It scarcely need be added that "Bright Days" is not a guidebook; nor is it intended to be a history, or a work for the learned. It is a plain and simple tale of travel, by one who feels strongly his limitations in powers of description. It is a record of hundreds of hours, among the pleasantest and happiest I have ever spent in travel. My impressions may differ from others on some points, but every associate on these "Four-in-hand Journeys" knows how much more delightful it is to coach in "dear, old England" than to see it in any other fashion.

At the end of the work will be found an Index, for purposes of ready reference; also a "Table of Approximate Mileage" of the various coaching trips described.

Special acknowledgment for the use of original photographs is due to associate travelers on these coaching excursions; among them to Mr. Mulford Estil, Mr. George D. Ehni, Mr. Finley Acker, Rev. Dr. E. B. Cobb, Mr. Frederick Eberhardt, Mr. Ulrich Eberhardt, Hon. Oscar R. Hundley, Mr. Arthur H. Boyd, Miss Zula E. Rogers, Miss Elizabeth A. Hughes, and others. Other photographs have been reproduced from various sources.

A. V. D. H.

December 2, 1901.



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BRIGHT DAYS IN MERRIE ENGLAND



The English Coach of a Century Ago.

I.—INTRODUCING THE STORY.

WILLIAM WINTER'S England is, after all, as attractive as any of the numerous Englands which American writers have presented. True, one critic says of his works that they are "lachrymose, though charming." But I presume he means that they are on the whole sober and solid, like the English people themselves. The country described is without claptrap or frivolity, and this is what one must expect to find in such books as "Gray Days and Gold," if he would secure just first-impressions of a land given over to much fog and rain, but to a host of bright days as well. As to humor, it seems almost out of place in England, for you never come in contact with it. Its people never did possess a fine sense of humor, and Mark Twain must have understood this, for his "Tramp Abroad" failed to touch its shores.

As a fervid admirer of "Gray Days," "Ivy Shrines" and "Shakespeare's England," may I venture the assertion that, to an American, at least, the

whole country of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and Tennyson—its four greatest poetic lights—including the fen and Scotch borderlands, is brilliant with brighter colorings and redolent with sweeter fragrance because Winter, following Washington Irving, has written what he has covering this isle across the sea. Without his descriptions, the Shakespeare-land would be stripped of half its beautiful lights and shades, and many a pretty pastoral setting, glorious romance, gray dawn and tender twilight would be beyond our ken. I never met with an educated American abroad who did not feel kindlier toward dimpled Warwickshire and soft Loch Lomond, or who did not appreciate better the Avon and the Caledonian hills, if he had first made the acquaintance of those historic and romantic regions through the pen of either one of our two American writers, who, alike reverently and tenderly, have photographed sights and geniuses on British soil with inimitable skill. England, as I have seen it for many summers, is superlatively that which Irving first and Winter afterward so graphically pictured. Happily, I never saw it in deep fog or when wrapped in snow—which, by the way, is infrequent and lasts but a day or two. But I suspect the colder days are not half so cold as we have them in the States. It does have, even in midsummer, rain and fogs, but without them that velvety covering and those wondrous roses, the lordly limes and the ivy-mantled ruins, could not exist. Besides, as we Americans are not accustomed to spend much time in the mother-country during the winter or early spring, when climatic conditions are heavy and depressing, we surely need not wonder what its climate is when we are far away.

Between the first of May and the end of September we find England, not to say many parts of Scotland,

Wales and Ireland, to be the most perfectly finished, the most peacefully beautiful, the most historically interesting land on the face of the whole earth. If there are those to say nay to this, they are not among the many who have coached up hill and down dale through the interior, and who know its best roads and sweetest lanes by heart.

For such as have traversed on top of their own coach—a coach subject to their own whim and control—over any of the ground mentioned in this book, or, indeed, anywhere else between the Isle of Wight and the English Lakes, England is to-day, and must have been in the so-called "Golden Age of good Queen Bess," something the like of which may not be found this side of the ancient Garden of Eden; the Endymion land, where, as Keats sang:

> "in spite of all,
> Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
> From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
> Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
> For simple sheep; and such are daffodills
> With the green world they live in; and clear rills
> That for themselves a cooling covert make
> 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake
> Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms . . .
> All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
> An endless fountain of immortal drink,
> Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink."

Dates are unimportant, and so the exact years, and, indeed, the particular fellow-travellers—who were various, of course—clergymen, editors, doctors, lawyers, authors, poets, professors, some millionaires, but all friends—of these little "runs" need not be given. Dear friends all; the only sad thought in connection with the days of out-of-door bliss spent in their company, is, that a few of them have since left us for an eternal journey under milder skies and in clearer air.

Such must be all the richer for first knowing more than most people of the exuberance of wealth of field and wold in one little part of this planet, where the glorious Saxons and brave Angles mingled their blood and braved death to set up their hearthstones of love and valor.

Of course there must be a beginning point for everything, and where were we to begin? Naturally —historically I should say—we ought to have started from London. Because, when the coaching days of Merrie England began, the roads for those "flying machines," as the swift coaches were called, all ran out, to the east, north, or west, from London. There were five at first, (if I am informed aright), and all equally interesting from many points of view, especially in the way of highway robberies. To rob a stagecoach was the acme of ambition on the part of the Jack Shepherds of as late as two centuries ago, and that they were successful for a time, even to reaching the gallows one by one, we know, and they knew, too well. Take Claude Duval, for instance, French page to the Duke of Richmond, whose career as "the greatest of the highwaymen" was cut short in 1670. His epitaph is still to be seen in the Covent Garden church in London, and it is singular, to say the least, as describing a society ruffian and gambler:

"Here lies Du Vall: Reader, if Male thou art,
Look to thy Purse; if Female, to thy heart.
Much havoc has he made of both; for all
Men he made stand and Women he made fall.
The second Conqu'ror of the Norman race
Knights to his arms did yield and Ladies to his Face.
Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious Thief,
Du Vall the Ladies' joy; Du Vall the Ladies' Grief."

Whether his friends or his enemies wrote his epitaph,

they described him well. It is not probable that such an inscription, if, indeed, any epitaph at all, ever covered the remains of the brothers Weston, hanged at Tyburn; or of Bliss, hanged at Salisbury; or of Nevison, hanged at York, all of whom knew what it was to delight in pointing their pistols at stagecoach travelers on these same roads, which then, as now, led out from London toward the capitals of the various shires, or points of embarkation to foreign shores.

The "Seven Great Roads," as they were called, used in the Seventeenth Century, were, from London to Bath, 107¼ miles; from London to Exeter, 175 miles; from London to Portsmouth, 71⅞ miles; from London to Brighton, 51⅜ miles; from London to Dover, 70 miles; from London to York, 199¼ miles; from London to Holyhead, 260 miles; and every one of them covered interesting ground, both to the antiquarian and the sightseer. They were wonderfully good for that day in summer, and horribly bad in the spring, but none of them were a tithe in smoothness and hardness of what all English roads are at the present time. Those "flying machines" did make extraordinary time in covering the distance to be traversed, I will admit; but of upsets, runaways and other accidents to coaches, to horses and to passengers, there are also innumerable records. There is a printed time-bill of the "Wonder" coach from London to Shrewsbury, 158 miles, in which the time allowed is fifteen hours, forty-five minutes; and another of the "Telegraph" coach from London to Manchester, 186 miles, the time given being eighteen hours, fifteen minutes. But it is to be noted that these were a little later in time to the coaching days of the Seventeenth Century, and were after Telford had lived and made the surface of the principal English roads hard and

smooth, setting the fashion which they have maintained ever since. Think of what galloping, rounding of corners and tearing down hills this speed of ten miles an hour meant to those horses, and to their drivers, and how terrified or delighted—according to their temperaments—the coach inmates must have been, when they were transported in this fashion by the "Wonder" or "Telegraph" and their like. Let us believe all this was jolly and splendid! But to-day there is no need for speed or hurry. The railways and bicycles have the speed; let us on the coach at the threshold of the Twentieth Century take it more easily and prolong the ecstasies of the journey.

I chose Oxford as the starting point of many of our journeys and found no occasion to regret it. Indeed, it became the axis about which we afterward revolved in nearly every direction, and I did not forsake it until we had somewhat exhausted its capabilities, and when we needed to look for fresh experiences in new fields. Then I hunted up odds and ends of starting and ending places, wishing to take in the English Lake district, the Isle of Wight, "the land of Lorna Doone" and elsewhere; and still I am, with my friends, finding each summer "new fields and pastures green." From present prospects life will be too short to begin to exhaust the wideness of little England, as we may endeavor to keep on conquering new portions of its coaching territory. For I do not believe a series of new routes undertaken every year for a period of fifty years would make us acquainted with the whole of the gently sloping hills and rugged mountains, the peaceful valleys and lovely downs, the high, chalk plateaus and dark, salty fens, the ocean headlands and the lakes, tarns, forests, glens, moors, streams, not to speak of the haunts and homes

of the gifted, which make up Britain's "lordly isle." This being so, all I can hope to accomplish in describing several seasons' traveling adventures is to point out the simple fact, that nothing one can do as a visitor to that country will compare, in happy indulgence or educating influence, with seeing the country from the top of a coach, and always, when possible, from a seat on your own coach; and having pointed it out to leave the reader to form his own judgment of the result.

There are several quite different types of coaches now employed to convey passengers for pleasure in the districts of rural England. One is of the heavy, strong, primitive type, which is built to-day almost as it was in the merrie days of Charles II. It will seat fourteen persons on the top—the driver and thirteen others—in the following order: Front seat, three; second seat, higher up, four; then comes the centre where packages are placed; third seat, looking backward, four; last seat, lower and on a level with the front seat, three. In the inside it will seat uncomfortably four, and comfortably two, the two seats there facing each other. All seats are cushioned. Inside there are cords overhead for stiff hats, and armrests by the doors. Those who ride backward may enjoy naps, but can hardly be expected to enjoy the scenery; in fact the inside passengers will see little, will get plenty of dust when there is any, and will always wish—except in a rainstorm—that they were on the outside. There are two doors for ready exit, one on either side, but only the upper portion has glass. Four persons within and fourteen without would make eighteen. But this is too heavy a load for four horses on the up-and-down hills of average England, and drivers demur to it, unless there can be a

frequent change of horses and a still more frequent alighting of travelers to walk up long and heavy grades. The rule is not to take over fourteen in all.

I may here add that there is this peculiarity about the posting roads of Britain, and to it there are few exceptions. The hills are interminably long. They are so graded as to be less steep than hills in the Swiss Mountains, or in Yosemite Valley, but they seem to extend on and on, and that without end. A hill of one mile in length is so common that one is surprised when he encounters another only half as long, and some drivers will push the horses at speed the whole mile, lest, if they should get down to a walk, the "caravansary," as we used to call it, might stop forever. Another style of coach has no interior. The seats are wholly on top. They are wider than the seats on the old-fashioned kind, and, frequently, can hold "five abreast." Their quota is sometimes twenty or more persons. They are not so heavy in weight as the first named, and cost much less. For the latter reasons, they are gradually pushing out of use the more ancient style of vehicle, although the old liverymen of the country view their introduction with the usual conservative eye and refuse to believe they will not break down under bad spring roads, if not in midsummer. In the large cities this is the turnout now universally used for everyday coaching. Then there are "brakes" in which two rows of seats face each other; they will be described later.

For myself, I confess to a tremendous partiality for the real, old-fashioned coach of the forefathers. It is absolutely impregnable to external violence or accident. It was, I judge, built to survive a century of hard usage. When on top, you are perched up so high and you can see so far! Two or three feet of

height make a wonderful difference in looking over into the domains of his lordship, whose high stone walls you may have to pass along for a full half hour. Besides this, you are better arranged for conversation with one another, which quite overcomes the objection that four persons on the third seat are riding backward. And, not to speak of the coziness of the inside when one wants to turn in betimes for a quiet nap, on stopping at noonspell, or when really tired, there is just one more quiet little reason I must give for loving the old coach. It is because it is old; because it has as real and as immortal a history as Master Will Shakespeare, good Samuel Pepys, or "Old Ironsides" himself; because I know that in the dear old days of Merrie England every notable man, woman and child, who was born heir to a demesne, or obtained fame as the reward of chance or genius, rode in or upon just such a coach. Robbers or no robbers, swift or slow, cumbersome and ugly or otherwise, these same yellow-painted coaches of "ye olden time," with wheels striped in black, when drawn by four horses and accompanied by real lackeys, possessed then and have to-day a charm which no newfangled modern char-a-bancs, or brakes, can give, and which no twittings about "old fogyism" can take away.

William Franklin, the best-known and best-natured liveryman who ever furnished students at Oxford with turnouts, was himself on the box as we mounted the coach the second day of August for our first day's outing. This splendid old man—not so aged either, being then but sixty-four—having since passed away, I may as well pause just here to lay a memorial wreath upon his bier. He was, in experience and good nature, *facile princeps*, among the

coaching masters of Oxfordshire, or of any other shire, so far as I know. A driver among drivers for carefulness and conservatism, though not for swiftness. A typical Englishman in weight—he tipped



Mr. William Franklin.

the beam at perhaps fifteen stone—he was somewhat bald, of florid complexion, with just a bit of side-whiskers to make his face interesting. His eyes could twinkle like a merry star. I love best to think of him, now that he has gone to his reward, as an honest man,

true as steel to a friend, good as gold in his daily walk. Having long passed over the period in life when men are young, he was yet in his prime in a country where younger men never take the places of their elders until the latter are laid away under the clover, or are wholly incapacitated for labor. His early struggles, constant toil and growing responsibilities, to which he sometimes referred and not without a touch of pathos, had made his three-score-and-four years sit upon him with considerable weight, yet, happily, not with too great seriousness. He could laugh most heartily, and then was as jocund as good Saint Nicholas, and I have seen him blush until his face was like that of the jolliest ale-drinker. He liked—what Englishman does not?—his quiet glass of ale at meals, but was never intemperate and never dictatorial. He owned his horses, coaches, drags, wagonettes, stables, as well as his house, and had an interest in an excellent hotel. Beginning life as a poor boy, he had reached the point where his own livery equipment included eighty head of horses and a corresponding number of vehicles and helpers. Every Oxford student knew William Franklin and he knew many of them, frequently to his sorrow, for he has told me how many hundreds of pounds were "booked" against these students for drives to be paid for in the future, which future had never arrived. A real Christian, in heart and in profession, without a drop of pagan blood in him, I shall ever revere his memory as that of one of the best of men and the most delightful of companions for our first three successive coaching seasons.

But to return to the turnouts. The heavy, lumbering, leading coaches—"the drags" as Mr. Franklin always spoke of them—on one of which I rode with him so many hundreds of miles, had cost him

some £300 each, and his horses not less than from £100 to £150 apiece more, so that £800 would not more than cover the value of the head display he personally held whip over, when he took up the reins of his double team of bays and, leading the other drags and brakes, pointed the way toward Banbury, Streatley, Wantage, or Aylesbury. Everything must be solid in Great Britain; even horses are sometimes valued by the size of their feet, and men by the rigidity of their hats. As our coaches lumbered along I wondered if Mother Earth would not shake beneath their tread. But she was solid, too. The flint-bed road laughed at us as we passed over it to the sound of many voices and the crack of the whip, but the birds must have taken flight and ran away, for on this first afternoon there was not a living voice from the sky or from the land, for the first three-quarter hour of our journey, except as we made merriment on the coach-top.



Duke of Marlborough's Palace, Blenheim.

II.—WOODSTOCK AND FAIR ROSAMOND.

THE PARTY being seated on all the vehicles, after we had climbed up the stepladder, and the ladder removed, the horn on the front coach merrily sounded, the long whips cracked, and we put off headed south, west or east, at a spanking pace. In a few minutes Oxford would be left behind, and horses and riders would be sniffing the fresh morning air of the timothy-scented fields. It was

> "Away and aho:
> And onward we go!
> With daring of knights
> And up and down heights,
> While bugles would blow
> Right merrily O!"

But ere we really get away on the first start, let me add a word as to other drivers and helpers beside the chief. Mr. Franklin invariably took as driver of his second coach his eldest son, Fred, a frank and quiet-mannered young married man, and, for a third coach,

an American citizen of humorous ways, known as Mr. R. Mr. R. had somehow got into the University current abroad, without caring to "practice" in its intellectual fields, and had now chosen a life of quiet indolence in the town, intermingled with an occasionally tendered and accepted aid to Mr. Franklin. He



The Four Coachmen.

was always a puzzle, because he had the education of a scholar and the practices of a coachman. He delighted in nothing more in this mundane sphere, as he himself acknowledged, than to put on a hightop beaver and a long linen ulster, take the four reins in one hand and the whip in the other, and then drive his fel-



The Coaches Starting Off.

low-countrymen up hill and down valley for a week or ten days, completing the circuit again at Oxford. He had a fairly large income regularly mailed to him from the States, and spent it no one knew how. He had grit and backbone enough to push away obstacles—obstreperous landlords, for example, who had forbidden the crossing of their estates, when not even our chief himself was disposed to fight about it. Once or twice when a fourth coach was required, the driver was a large fellow, a caricature of whom would not make it possible to deceive anybody as to his identity. His name was Foster; his voice was in the soles of his boots, and his wit was nearly that of an Irishman. He looked the John Bull from head to foot. When you sat beside him his conversation was a diluted edition of Mark Twain, not too sage and unspeakably funny. I was always sorry when Foster was not along to aid in tickling our funny bones.

If Oxford is about to be left behind without a single word being said of it as an old or as a new city, as a university centre, or as associated with the youthful days of more great men than any other place in the whole wide world, there is reason in such madness. It rained so hard when starting on our first tour from this point that we could neither see the place to advantage nor appreciate what we did see. So we took no time to look at it. We had left London in the morning at nine, and now at twelve, noon, were already on the road leaving Oxford behind. At other times, of course, I have visited the city, when the sun in the heavens poured its rays straight down on Magdalen's tower and the clear bosom of the Isis, and when that period in the narrative arrives Oxford shall have its opportunity.

And so the procession is off. Off in the rain!

But English rain don't count. That is, it holds up every now and then. Besides, nobody cares. And



Upon the Road.

this day it soon gave us a chance to breathe freely and to enjoy things, because it was not to last. We started out with colors flying at every gib. I do not

believe in flaunting one's national flag in the faces of foreign peoples, even if they are our own cousins, except where occasion demands or will pardon it. Some thought, however, it might be pardoned this time, for we were all green at the business of traveling in such style through mid-England. It seemed to suit our pride and injure no one to "hurrah" for Jonathan. We ought to have had John Bull's flag at the front and the Stars and Stripes at the rear, but we didn't. However, I think after the first day or two we were sensible and prudent, while always remaining patriotic, and only showed our colors to the public when we desired to make an impression and when it could not possibly offend.

Due east of Oxford is a near range of hills, rising at the highest point to an elevation of five hundred and sixty feet. To the northwest of the city is another range, which is more extensive and is known as the Chiltern Hills. All the latter was once a forest, and as the soil is limestone and chalk, there is no difficulty in maintaining the best of roads, or in giving us knowledge of where marble quarries were once in abundance. We found the roads always extraordinarily good—as perfect, for example, as in our own Central Park in New York, and so they continued to the end of every summer's adventure. It was one of the northerly roads upon which we first tried the metal of our horses and made a "short" run of eight miles—to Woodstock. There not being a flaw on the king's highway, we covered this distance in about forty-five minutes. I think in that time the horses never broke from their easy gait, or slowed down once to take breath. Before reaching Woodstock we passed, for perhaps a mile or more, through land belonging to the big estates of the Duke of Marl-

borough. We could not see the palace of his lordship, but we could see some of the trees and land. They were just like those of any other less titled landowner. At Woodstock, with its seven thousand people, (for the life of me I could not believe the population was a quarter so great, but the guide book declares it), we put up at the "Bear" hotel, in order to take possession of a pre-arranged luncheon. A good luncheon, first-rate and bountiful. "Blenheim," which is what the young Duke still calls the splendid old palace of his ancestors, we supposed we could enter. For it was so near the "Bear" hotel; ten minutes at the most; why not? Was not his wife an American lady? There was, however, one lion in the way. The Duke was not "in town." In other words he was not in London, but was at Woodstock, and "Strangers not allowed" was the notice before the palace. It was a disappointment. We saw it later, but now we moved on.

Yet how can we move on and seem to treat Woodstock so lightly? Let us think of the locality for a moment. Was there not a fairer palace here than Blenheim back in the days of chivalry, five hundred years before the elder, the great Duke of Marlborough, was ever thought of? True, the precise locality of that palace is now only a spot to be pointed out by two old sycamore trees, but how much they would tell if they could speak; or, if they are too young, if only the ground beneath them would unbosom itself of the secrets of the strange and far-away days of the early Henrys! It is over nine hundred years ago since King Æthelred held one of his great councils at Woodstock, and it must have been a prominent place when, a hundred years earlier, Alfred the Great quietly sat down in seclusion on this same pal-

ace site and translated the " Consolations " (" De Consolatione Philosophiæ ") of Boetius. That one picture alone, in the retrospect of the ages, is worth all the images of knightly beauty which come afterward into the chiaro-oscuro of the imagination, as one dreams of history on this memorable ground. Think of Alfred the Good,—later, the Great—retiring from scenes of conquest, from hard-handed toil and vigorous making of laws, to set an example for his successors in the kingly office, which few have followed half so well since, and quietly translating into Anglo-Saxon the philosophy of a Roman consul, written within prison walls half a millenium before! The work chosen to be translated shows the great and discerning mind of this wise king, treating of the knowledge and goodness of God, and the consolations to be derived from human beings who are possessed of them.

Woodstock, written then " Vudestoc " (woody place) was a royal demesne; a retreat in the centre of the country, where those who wore the crown delighted to retire and carry on their pleasures. We know little of it in Alfred's day, but it comes clearly into history about 1123 in the days of Henry I., when that monarch moved his court to this already venerable location, made a royal menagerie on the grounds and brought his court thither. From that time to the later time of the first Duchess of Marlborough, (1714), when the old palace was in ruins and she pulled down its walls and Blenheim was erected near by, it has had an almost continuous royal history. And what a history! Six hundred years of splendor, license, romance, legend; of intrigues, tournaments, jousts, weddings; of meetings of parliaments; of visits by nobles, by statesmen, by the clergy, by poets; of labyrinths, mazes, gardens, fishponds, deerfolds, forests;

of imprisonments, wars, periods of peace, Rosamond. Is there any palace in English history, past or present, which can draw as deeply upon the imagination, or awaken so curious a medley of reminiscences as this? When Henry I. rode out to his deerfold with the Bishops of London and Salisbury, and the Bishop of London exclaimed, while conversing with his royal master, "Lord King, I die," and fell speechless, the glorious history of Woodstock began, and it ended not for a single decade until the three persons appointed by Cromwell to take charge of the property first profaned it and partially pulled it down. Then its use for royal purposes ceased. But even in the days of Charles II. it was great enough to be placed in charge of the wicked Earl of Rochester. He it was who inscribed upon the door of the king's bedchamber the oft-quoted lines upon his sovereign:

> "Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
> Whose word no man relies on;
> He never says a foolish thing,
> Nor ever does a wise one."

Henry I. loved Woodstock and made it glorious. Henry II. loved it also, but he loved Rosamond better.

And who was Rosamond? She was second daughter of Lord Clifford and a nun at Godstow. Henry II. won her over from her religious ways and brought her to Woodstock, but his Queen, herself of none the best reputation, would not brook the beautiful nun near her, and so the King built his famous maze, with underground vaults of brick, and passages running hither and thither in all directions. By Rosamond, Henry had two sons, Longspe, Earl of Sarum, and Geoffrey, Archbishop of York. It is one of the much disputed points of history how Rosamond came to her death, but that did not occur quickly;

she and the King lived long together, even after he imprisoned Eleanor. Holinshed said the Queen found Rosamond in the garden by following a silken thread, which had been attached to the King at the one end, and to the hiding place at the other, "and dealt with her in such sharpe and cruell wise that she lived not long after." In a popular ballad it is said the



An English Garden.

clue was gained by surprise from the knight, who was left to guard the bower. A tradition of how the Queen compassed her death has this pathetic account of the King's seeing the body when about to be buried at Godstow. He fell into a long swoon; then vowed vengeance for the "horrid felony;" then fervently prayed: "May the sweet God, who abides in Trinity,

on the soul of sweet Rosamond have mercy, and may He pardon her all her misdeeds; very God Almighty, Thou who art the end and the beginning, suffer not now that this soul shall in horrible torment come to perish, and grant unto her true remission for all her sins, for Thy great mercy's sake." The old familiar ballad, of course, follows the tradition that the Queen poisoned her:

"But nothing could this furious Queen
Therewith appeased bee:
The cup of deadlye poysen stronge
As she knelt on her knee,

"She gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand.

"And casting up her eyes to heaven,
She did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poysen stronge,
Her life she lost withalle."

Rosamond was buried in the middle of the choir of the nunnery of Godstow, where her body remained fourteen years, when Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, caused it to be removed as not worthy of the society of the nuns. But the nuns had so much esteem for her that they reinterred her bones in the chapterhouse, and it is said they remained there some four hundred years, when, in Henry VIII.'s time, the leaden case was opened, within which the bones were found wrapped in leather, and "when it was opened a very sweet smell came out of it." One of the lines on her tomb said:

"This tomb doth here enclose
The World's most beauteous rose."

But Rosamond did not complete Woodstock's ro-

mantic history. Henry III. had many a good day here, and came near being assassinated while in bed. Here he entertained Alexander, King of Scotland. Edward I. had his parliaments meet here at least twice, and when Edward, the famed Black Prince, first saw light within the palace walls, his birth was celebrated by jousts and tournaments. If Chaucer's residence on this ground is disputed, at least we know that his son received the Manor of Woodstock as a gift from Henry IV. From Richard II. to Elizabeth it continued to be a favorite residence, and Henry VII. was the king to add to it and put up its new principal gate. We know that Queen Elizabeth was a prisoner at Woodstock before she came to the throne, and wrote in charcoal on the window shutter the lines:

" Oh, Fortune, how thy restless, wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt,
Wittness this present prysoner, whether Fate
Could hear me and the Joys I quitt:
Thou causest the guiltie to be loosed
From bands wherein an innocent's inclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be straight reserved,
And those that death well deserved.
But by her Malice can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte."
" Anno Dom. 1555. —ELIZABETH, Prisoner."

When Sarah, wife of the first great Duke of Marlborough, pulled down Elizabeth's room, with its roof of Irish oak, " curiously carved and dight with blue and gold," she almost committed a crime; for to-day what would not the sentimentalist and lover of antiquities give if only the ivy-clad ruins of Woodstock remained, the same which a traveler in 1634 reports as " ancient, strong, large and magnificent, . . . sweet, delightful and sumptuous, and scytuated on a fayre Hill." But Blenheim was to succeed Woodstock. And so one observes the order of things in

this world. The ancient old (if the reader will pardon the paradox) must pass away; the new old comes to the front. And the present palace, if not wholly a success, is large and comfortable, its grounds are stately, and it is the home of a handsome young Duke and a still handsomer American lady.



An English Gateway.

III.—BANBURY CROSS TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

TO

"Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,"

has been the delight of every child in English-speaking Christendom. We had sixteen "cock-horses," that is to say, prime, noble horses, behind which to "ride to Banbury Cross," which is located due north of Woodstock, about fifteen miles. The previous eight-mile pull up a gradual ascent from Oxford to Woodstock had been slightly ugly on the breath of our animals, yet they had come in there to the "Bear" in fine feather. But a fifteen-mile jump over those up-and-down Chiltern Hills was not all play. It was downright work, as even the choicest of our bays found out by the time they reached Deddington. I think it was at that queer, dead-and-buried looking hamlet called Deddington, where we had our first experience of attracting the attention of every man, woman and child in the town, and of observing that

the smallest of villages could sometimes turn out idle boys and girls in greater profusion than the larger cities.

We saw on the way the various interesting sights that are so characteristic of English scenery in this section. In the fields, the sheepfolds; those small enclosures, usually of wood, which can be moved from field to field as occasion may require, in which the sheep are penned for the night. In Palestine these folds are permanent and of stone, but wooden ones are better adapted to local methods of sheep-pasturing. The sheep we saw seemed to be Southdowns, with black legs and black muzzles, and they were fat and chubby, exactly like those which make such enormously large and amazingly sweet mutton chops, that are the delight of innkeepers and hungry travelers. English thistles were here and there; was it because of the nature of the soil, or the carelessness of the landowners? Wheat fields were gorgeous with scarlet poppies; a sight never vouchsafed to us in the States, but common in Western Europe. No other flower in the whole land, save the yellow furze, is so showy to the eye as this when among the harvest blades. Once in a while these poppies were found cultivated by themselves; like red sunsets dropped down upon the earth and visible all the day long. Pear and apricot trees were trailing over stone walls, like grapevines, or like tendrils of ivy, and everywhere by the roadside were the bird's-eyes and the daisies, so modest and yet so queenly, that we learned to love them quite as well as the more lordly roses before the porches of the poor and the humble. Even those beautiful weeds, the yellow charlocks, and the plain, but luscious grasses, so tall and so fragrant, were as honey to our newborn senses of smell and sight.

Dear old England, there never can be a day passed within the boundaries of Oxfordshire and its neighboring counties, when the eye may not see noble parks, delightful meadows, peaceful streams, happy flocks, abundant harvests, sweet smelling flowers; whole vistas and visions, which are the products of a rich world, well-tilled, the gifts of Nature when she is well caressed.

It would be of considerable interest could we know how Banbury got its name. But as that is lost in the obscurity of Roman days, I at least made the effort to know about the "Cross." But first as to those famous "Banbury cakes," which have tickled the palates of generations of Englishmen. When in the evening we drove up an exceedingly quaint street to the "Red Lion" hotel, and found a rain was about to set in, there was naturally the usual desire for a hot supper, and with it a special wish that "Banbury cakes" should not be missing from the bill of fare. Perhaps they would have been absent, as we had an abundance without them—cold fowl, cold salmon, cold tongue and ham, cold beef, good salad, bread actually cut thin and buttered, and other things beside; but a preferred request brought the "cakes," and their reputation did not overshadow their supreme excellence. How could muffins—which they are—be any better? And yet what in the world could have made it a matter of history that they produced melancholy? Were they once so leaden? Or has the modern English bread become so much worse in ponderosity of weightiness that now we imagine the cakes a delicacy? It was over three centuries ago, in 1586, in a "Treatise on Melancholia," when we first learn that "Banberrie cakes" give "plentie of melancholie." If so, could Shakespeare have allowed his Anne to make

them more frequently than once a year? Or were they not made outside of Banbury itself? Anyhow, he had plenty of zest and lightness, pungency and humor, so that such cakes could not have troubled him. I like in this connection to read what "rare Ben Jonson" says in his "Bartholomew Fair" about these cakes. Speaking of a certain Banbury man, he wrote in this quaint way: "He was a baker—but he does dream now, and sees visions: he has given over his trade, out of a scruple he took that inspired confidence, those cakes he made were served in bridales, maypoles, morrises, and such profane feasts and meetings." Perhaps "bridales" were "profane feasts," but the gods at the weddings would always have raised up their eyes and said thanks when these cakes came before them, had they been of as good quality as we had at the inn.

In Banbury all is life. With the famous Cross as the centre, streets radiate in several directions, full of good-looking shops and bright-eyed lassies serving within. Banbury may have an odd name, but it is a wide-awake spot for a' that. I say famous Cross, but, alas! the old is gone; the new is startlingly new and to that extent disappointing. The old antedated the reign of Good Queen Bess and it marked one of the resting places of the body of Queen Eleanor, on its way to London. Erected soon after 1290, it was destroyed in the Cromwellian times by "the fury of the Puritans." Its location was in the market-place, a short distance away from the present one, which is not a "Cross" at all, but a monument. This one dates only from 1858. It is fifty feet high and of admirable form, set on a high pedestal. When I saw it, I thought only of its ancient predecessor, for therein lay all its story and its glory. Three hundred and fifty

and some years did that old Cross stand, and what it saw no writer now, had he the pen of an angel, could portray. From Eleanor to Cromwell: why, England saw all the heights and depths of greatness and misery during just those fateful centuries.



The Cross at Banbury.

Old Banbury Castle was more ancient than the Cross by a hundred and thirty years, but so little of it is now to be seen, that to view even one of the walls you must examine closely the foundations of a modern cottage. The romances of that Castle and the Cross are inseparably interwoven in the nursery

rhyme, "To see a white lady ride on a white horse;" for she was none other than the maiden,

"As fair as the rosy morning,
As fresh as the sparkling dew,
And her face as bright as the star-lit night,
With its smiles and blooming hue,"

whom the brave knight, Lord Herbert, discovered living in the Castle, and dreamed of both day and night. He called a feast and when she came, there also came a rival, with whom the young knight nearly lost his life. The rival proved to be the lady's brother. The lady, Matilda, nursed the young knight, but he was sinking. In the Castle lived a holy monk, who offered this prescription to her, as she, too, was in failing spirits over her probable loss:

"To-morrow, at the midnight hour
Go to the Cross alone;
For Edward's rash and hasty deed
Perchance thou may'st atone."

She went and walked around it. The knight was cured. And now—

"Upon a milkwhite steed,
A lady doth appear;
By all she's welcomed lustily,
In one tremendous cheer.
With rings of brilliant lustre,
Her fingers are bedeck'd,
And bells upon her palfrey hung
To give the whole effect.

"And even in the present time,
The custom's not forgot,
But few there are who know the tale
Connected with the spot;
Though to each baby in the land
The nursery rhymes are told,
About the lady robed in white
And Banbury Cross of old."

The two chief antiquities of Banbury, after the Cross and the cakes, are the "Red Lion" hotel and "ye olde Reindeer Inn." I slept in the front room of the "Red Lion," directly by the old lion himself; one could raise the twelve-paned window and pat the harmless animal on his well-shaped back. He had just had a fresh coat of vermillion, and that scarcely made him look less ferocious in the dim



Red Lion Hotel, Banbury.

moonlight at the hour of twelve. His tail stood out, with its upward sweep, his head was held high aloft, and his shaggy mane was flowing. I fancied later in the night that his roar was so vociferous and deep that it could be heard in Oxford, almost twenty-five miles away. Somehow it brought back childhood tales and childhood dread to sleep so near to that old king of the forest. The hotel is a two-story, ramshackle

affair, located directly on the sidewalk, but with good beds and appetizing meals. I am not sure how many hundred years old the inn is, but perhaps it goes back to as old a date as that of " The George " at Winchester, and that antedates Columbus. The " Reindeer Inn " is a smaller, and even less pretentious institution, with a queer yard and gateway, and has an old dining hall of the reign of Henry VII. The proprietor gets his sixpence for showing this room, because the tradition of the place connects it with the council of war held by Cromwell on the evening preceding the battle of Edgehill, in 1642, although at that time he was not in command of the Parliamentary army. It has wooden panels at the sides and an odd ceiling of curious figures on white plaster. As a quaint building, however, there is one other old structure in the town, which is probably as ancient and I think is more quaint than this inn, and that is " The Original Cake Shop." It will bear a visit, both inside and out. There was a Priory of St. John the Baptist, which existed at Reading as early as 1209, and the present convent of that name forms a portion of the original building. And near it is a " Bear Garden," an excavation now, where bait-baiting was formerly in vogue. Such spots are for the curious; they are rarely looked up by any traveler who is in a hurry.

It is about nineteen miles from Banbury to Stratford-on-Avon in a northwesterly direction, and it is up, and up, and up, for the greater part of the way; or it seems so, for an hour or two of time is spent at the start in getting to and then across Edgehill, and then it is a long pull to Batington; after which there is a level country to Stratford. On another occasion we reversed this route and came into Banbury by Kineton. It was a more interesting drive, but it

would have been killing to the horses to have clambered up that steepest part of Edgehill with fourteen persons on each drag. We took the wiser route in each direction.

Edgehill battlefield can be seen to perfection from either point of view. It is in a magnificent plain. On the hillsides, to the east and south of it, the Parliamentary troops on that memorable Sunday morning,



Oliver Cromwell.

the twenty-third of October, 1642, first encountered the forces of Charles I. in drawn battle. Charles led his army in person, his general of horse being Prince Rupert. The Earl of Essex led the troops of the rebels. Cromwell, said to have been present at the Council of War the night before at Banbury, was not yet in the lead; it was two years later before he became chief. It is thought by some that he was not

in the Edgehill battle at all, but in the vicinity. Carlyle says he was present as the "Captain of Troop Sixty-seven," and he must be correct. The famous Essex was there, as was the King. The King had his black velvet mantle over his armor and wore his Star and Garter. His regiments were on the top of Edgehill, with the full vista of the valley below him. The royal flag floated out on the clear morning air. The army of Essex was moving in the valley below Kineton. Charles had the larger body of troops and he determined to engage the enemy, though his artillery was in the rear a day's march. He addressed his troops. He said he loved his kingdom, "derived from God, whose substitute and supreme governor under Christ I am." Those were not considered blasphemous words in Puritan days. It took until two o'clock to begin the march downhill. The footguards were first, with the Earl of Lindsey, bearing a pike, in command. His major-general was Sir Jacob Astley, whose famous prayer before the charge has gone into history: "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me." Then came his "March on, boys," and down toward the valley they swooped, with the yell of triumph. But they had to halt, for Essex gave them hot shot, and for an hour the fighting went on bravely on land now called the Thistle and Battle farms. Rupert and his cavalry had great success and pursued the enemy into Kineton, and began to plunder their baggage wagons. But the foot and horse of Essex pressed sore on the King's foot and took the royal standard. The brave old Earl of Lindsey was made a prisoner, when mortally wounded, and his son also. Royalists of high blood were one by one slain. Charles and a few noblemen stood their ground well, within half musket shot

of the men of Essex, but the day was neither won nor lost. Night grew on, and each party held their field. In the morning, Charles had four thousand men as reinforcements. But he did not dare press a new battle, and each army withdrew from the other. There is now a tower, erected a hundred and fifty years ago, to mark the spot where the centre of King Charles' army was posted on that trying day. A clump of firs shows where five hundred brave men were buried. Not another sign can be pointed to, by which to trace the exact locations of events, always thereafter memorable because they were the first tragic ones on the threshold of a long, cruel and far-reaching strife between brothers of the same land and blood. I like best to think of one witness of that battle, Richard Baxter. He was there preaching the Gospel to the soldiers. He says he saw a thousand dead men on the battlefield, and he naively adds: "I knew not what course to take. I had neither money nor friends; I knew not who would receive me in any place of safety." And he went off visiting to Coventry, expecting the war would be over in a "very few days or weeks!"

It is true the battle of Edgehill did not decide much in itself, but Oliver Cromwell there made the discovery that was of the greatest significance. He saw that men of character and piety would be needed to fight for their country to obtain victory, and not merely "a set of poor tapsters" and "town apprentices." In consequence he raised the Ironsides who were never beaten. They went praying and singing into battle, and their psalms were intermingled with the noises of battle-axes.

The view from the summit of Edgehill is a remarkable one, provided you have clear weather for it, and it is said to extend into fourteen counties. We saw

it when it was clear and cool, and when there was not a sound on the earth or in the sky save the occasional song of a bird, thanking its Maker for the mere pleasure of existence.

The town of Sulgrave is only ten miles to the east, but it is nearer to Banbury. That small hamlet contains the ancestral home of the Washington fam-



Sulgrave Manor—Ancestral Home of Washington.

ily, who lived at the Manor House in the Sixteenth Century. In the porch are two shields bearing the arms of the Washingtons. In the church a tablet has been erected to Lawrence Washington and his wife, who are buried there. This tablet was erected in 1890 by the representatives of the family, but the church also contains more ancient slabs to the memory of the same couple, which were mutilated by two stran-

gers in 1889. Lawrence Washington above mentioned was Mayor of Northampton 1532 and 1545. We were unable to go to Sulgrave, but a visit should be paid to it from Banbury by Americans, whose patriotism is strong enough to lead them to take a little pains thus to display it.

There is nothing of special interest after Edgehill until the tall spire of the church on the Avon comes into the landscape: then we feel we are approaching the ground where was the home, and which still holds the bones, of the immortal Shakespeare. We reined up before the "Red Horse" hotel in fine spirits and with an American flag at the forefront of each of our four coaches. As said before, one ought not to flaunt the flag of his country, though it is the most beautiful in the whole wide world, in the faces of the peoples of other lands, simply because he sits high up on a coach, where no one can molest, nor make him afraid. But surely this town of Stratford-on-Avon is an exception, if any there be. It is the focus for all Americans who go to England, and it is made what it is altogether by the tribute we pay to the "bard of Avon." England never discovered Stratford; Washington Irving did. The Child's Fountain supplies its beasts of burden with drink, and our own tourists fill the hotels and shop coffers with money. At all events here we hoisted the flag, and it was a welcome sight alike to the trades-people and to the proprietor of the "Red Horse," Mr. William G. Colbourne. Mr. Colbourne, by the way, is the son of the very same innkeeper who took such good care of the first real throng of travelers which set in to visit Stratford during the 'Fifties and 'Sixties, after Irving's "Sketchbook" and his other writings had been gathered into a set by the Putnams, and a quarter of a million copies of them

had been put into the hands of Irving's countrymen. No one has gone to England since his day, who did not, if he could, look attentively at the "Red Horse," in case he did not rest himself within its walls. The history of this old hostlery is exceedingly interesting to Americans, because Irving actually wrote so much of his "Sketch Book" in the small front room to the left of the entrance-driveway, and for the past century this fact has attracted to it visitors from every quarter of the globe. The proprietor of the Red Horse in Irving's day was Hon. Isaac Gardner, who owned the house from 1810 to 1835. This Isaac Gardner was Mayor of the town for a portion of that period. Previously it was owned by his brother, John S. Gardner, who inherited it from his uncle John Gardner, in 1793, and it is believed to have been in the Gardner family for upward of two hundred years. A deed in the possession of the present proprietor shows that it was called the "Red Horse" at least as early as 1692. Hon. Isaac Gardner was succeeded by his nephew, John Gardner, in 1835, and, in 1873, it came by will into the hands of the present owner, Mr. Colbourne. A true son of the soil Mr. Colbourne is; intelligent about his business and every inch a gentleman. His wife, also, is pure gold. The two treat their guests as if they were wholly welcome, and, when you once know them, they are friends rather than landlords. My visits with them have always been fragrant and memorable.

Dismounting on the street, the coaches were drawn through the arch under the hotel to the rear yard. And while we are there in that yard, it will not be amiss to step through it and across a narrow street into an enclosure. One would not suspect a garden within that almost ten-feet-high green fence, which

tightly shuts out all view. Why should this fence be needed to protect a garden? Ah! the small boy might get in. Be it so, but there is really not a garden there, as we understand the term. It is a velvet lawn, a whole acre of ground, as level as a table and green as a well-watered Eden. It is the bowling green, belonging to the hotel, and an unusually charming spot. There Mr. Colbourne and his town friends meet daily and indulge in that favorite and old-fashioned English game. I have tried it, but not with much success. It requires plenty of practice, a straight eye, and a sure arm.

Number—(I better not give away the charmed figures) is the room usually assigned to that genial "modern Irving," of whom I have hitherto spoken, and who has written so many chapters on Stratford in that particular house, and who must have dreamed them over first in that particular room. It has so happened that I have been assigned to it on at least three occasions when coaching; not at my request, but because the landlady was willing to please her guest with the thought of it. She knew I intensely admired "Shakespeare's England" and its companion volumes. It overlooks the back roof and stableyard, and has no merit in it over other rooms; rather the demerit of being noisy in the morning, when the stable boys are busy with brightening up horses and harness, and fixing the carts and coaches. I have dreamed good dreams there; was it the room, or the generous wealth of sentiment attaching to the "Red Horse" inn? No. 15 was Irving's bedroom. His "parlor" was on the first floor and is still a show room, containing his chair, and letters and pictures of literary and other noted men, who have helped make the "Red Horse" famous.

No one has now any business to describe Stratford-on-Avon anew. What Irving did not relate, what Winter has not since said, what a host of lesser writers have omitted to publish, can well remain unsaid, unrepeated, unsung. It seems like a libel on the dead and an impeachment of the intelligence of the living,



Going into Shakespeare's Birthplace.

to add a word about the Shakespeare town. Still, I must repeat the words of an old and jolly Englishman whom I met in an old inn almost opposite to the birthplace. He was taking his mug of beer, and I was questioning him as to his recollection of the house in his boyhood days: "'Member it," said he, "o'

course I 'member; when I was a b'y it was but a butcher shop. I bo't meat there many a time. Then some o' you Yankees began to come in and say it was a great place. I don't believe myself that Shakespeare ever lived there; not much. The folks here don't. But you see now it brings us in a lot o' money." The old man was half right; half wrong. It does look a little from the published facts as if Master Will was in that house when a small boy—what is left of it. And there's the rub: what is left of it? As a museum it is quite a success, and since the death, or rather disappearance, of the two "nice old ladies" who used to take strangers around, and who had the one, same, staid and never-ending story to tell of each corner and beam, it has fallen into the charge of men well qualified by intelligence and courtesy to convey to strangers really interesting and not misleading information.

Perhaps the three things which to me have been of as much interest as anything else in the renovated birthplace, were Shakespeare's signet ring, certainly genuine; Thomas Carlyle's and Sir Walter Scott's autographs, cut by them on a pane of the glass windows; and last, not least, the lines of Washington Irving in his own handwriting, written here, and now preserved in a small frame:

> "The house of Shakespeare's birth we here may see,
> That of his death we find without a trace,
> Vain the inquiry for Immortal He.
> Of mighty Shakespeare's birth the room we see,
> That where he died to find in vain we try,
> Useless the search, for, all Immortal He
> And those who are immortal never die!
> —W. I., second visit, October, 1821."

The grounds behind the place, originally a yard and orchard, is laid out as a lawn and garden and planted

with nearly all the trees and flowers named in Shakespeare's plays. Walking among them one may almost see Ophelia coming towards you, greeting you with the words: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; . . . there is pansies, that's for thoughts. There's fennel for you, and columbines. There's rue for you. . . . There's a daisy, I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died."

The Grammar School I believe to be authentic; a view of its interior should not be missed, as it cannot be much changed since Shakespeare's day. It is still in daily use as a parish school. The site of New Place is also a reality. There are a few old buildings on the main business street, which are curiosities of architecture and must be very ancient. Beyond this, and the newly purchased home of Marie Corelli, the popular authoress, the most interesting sight, and by far the chief sight of Stratford, is the tall-spired church on the Avon:

> "Thou soft-flowing Avon, by the silver stream
> Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream;
> The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
> For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head."

The stream, the moonlight and the turf are all there, and that well-known tall and exquisite spire. In the daytime, from the churchyard, the banks of the Avon and the sylvan stream form as peaceful a picture of quiet beauty as is rarely seen. In the eventime, when the full moon is overhead and the reflections of the town lights are dancing on the rippling waters, it is the hour to row small boats along the stream's winding ways, and then the whole atmosphere is one of dreamy enchantment. To see the Avon in its perfection, one should stand on the opposite side of the

river from the churchyard wall and view it and the splendid old edifice in one compact picture. It was a great mistake to attempt to "restore" the interior of this fine old church, by introducing new seats and making other changes; as much so as it would have been to have placed a new bust of Shakespeare within the chancel. But the vicar was determined, and "there was an end on't." The old people did not like it; the new did: and while the newspapers kept up a strife for a little while, it is now almost settled, and, on the whole, no very serious damage has been done. At all events, the poet's bones were undisturbed, for which let us be truly thankful.

Years and years ago—I must not say how many—I first found my way, quite alone, to Shottery, the little hamlet a mile and more away from Stratford. It was September. The summer atmosphere had not yet kissed the frost-lips of the fall—it does it later than in America, and sometimes not at all—and the berries of our July and the apples of our September were alike ripe for the picking. The day was an eternal benison of bounties dropped down from an immaculate sky above. Not a fleck in the azure blue, not a ripple in the sweet, pure air, save as now and then came the gentlest of breezes, which kissed barley top and daisy, as I walked out to the long, low cottage of Anne Hathaway. Somehow that cottage was more to me than the "birthplace," for here Shakespeare poured out the real tenderness and purity of his great, strong heart. Here he came to woo and to be wooed. Here he worshipped, as at some time or other all great and small men do, at the shrine of his dearest earthly god. How many times had the youthful poet gone this same road to Shottery! That it had special charms to him during those walks, and while memory lasted, we

can scarcely doubt, for he drank deeply of the chalice of love, and then everything which a young man sees



Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

(and especially if his nature be poetic) takes on silvery sheen and golden spangles. Burns loved the yellow primrose and the meek-eyed daisy for the sake of the

girl of his heart, and who can believe Shakespeare was the less the lover of Nature when he sought the hand of a country maid?

In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," Titania tells the fairies to be kind to Bottom:

> "Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
> Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
> Feed him with apricots and dewberries."

Now it happens that the word "dewberries," which we Americans understand so well to refer to the largersized blackberries, growing on low bushes in moist places, has caused a world of trouble to Shakespeare's commentators. They sagely concluded long ago that they were gooseberries! William Howitt, in his delightful "Visits to Remarkable Places," calls attention to the fact that had these commentators gone to Stratford they would have discovered what "dewberries" were. I refer to this because, while walking to Shottery on the day in question, I plucked a single dewberry along the roadside and ate it. Others, though red, were ripening. I gathered some ferns and buttercups, but otherwise neither robbed the trees of fruit nor the ground of flowers. A little boy, who pulled from his pocket some curious star-pebbles and wished to sell them for a penny, led me to the Hathaway Cottage. There it was, just as the pictures have represented it. Of stone, low storied, admirably thatched. Some other bushes, intermingling with hawthorn, helped to make up the road fence, and within the gate was an arbor of box, low and straggling. A honeysuckle twined over the end of a shed. I had no time on this first visit to enter, but I lingered at the gateway. Here, I thought, must have been the scene of many a greeting and parting; of kind words,

and, possibly, at times, misunderstandings; of merry laughter and oft-repeated kisses; of the recital of verses and humming over of now famous odes; of so much, in fact, of which history leaves us ignorant, that it may be as well to pause, to heave a sigh, and simply to thank heaven there was a Shakespeare.

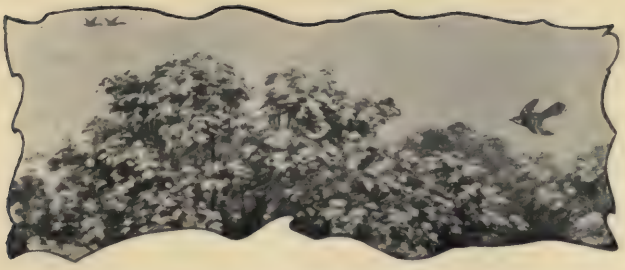
On this first coaching occasion and at various times since I have visited this old mansion of good Mrs. Baker, who until recently tended the roses in the garden and the boiling water in the kettle in the big fireplace of "the courting room." The great beams of the low ceiling, the old-fashioned chair in the corner, the antique settle, and, upstairs, the carved bedstead, bring Shakespeare a good deal nearer to one, I fancy, than any house in Stratford. Youthful days then, as now, were ardent ones, and happy memories of them become perennial charms. The Bard of Avon could never have forgotten in his after-life this humble Hathaway home, and the lass who sat in its doorway at eventide, watching for his coming. There is no extant portrait, of which I am aware, of Anne Hathaway, but Shakespeare (perhaps) has treated it in no uncertain portraiture:

> "But were it to my fancy given
> To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;
> For though a mortal made of clay,
> Angels must love Anne Hatheway;
> She hath a way so to control,
> To rapture the imprisoned soul,
> And sweetest heaven on earth display,
> That to be heaven Ann hath a way;
> She hath a way,
> Ann Hathaway,—
> To be heaven's self Ann hath a way."

The same ivy and the same woodbine, the same roses and the same marigolds, were not there three hundred

and twenty odd years ago, but assuredly their progenitors were, and probably in the same rich and almost exhaustless profusion. There were the same landscape views, the same hedgerow-bounded fields, the same kind of red poppies peeping out from among the stalks of wheat, the same species of linnets in the meadows and of skylarks in the gray sky. Mrs. Baker, like her ancestral line of Hathaway blood, has gone at last to her rest, after four score years of life and over three score years of hospitable welcoming alike to tramps and travelers; but this homestead spot, of tenderest and sweetest memories for many an American, remains, and, let us hope, will outlive many of the centuries to come.





"The Birds were Plentiful."

IV.—"THE FINEST DRIVE IN THE KINGDOM."

THERE are so many "finest drives in the Kingdom," if one is to believe enthusiastic letter-writers and book-makers, that we may well hesitate to say which is which, or what is what, especially after having been to Ventnor and its neighborhood, or on the Buttermere route at Keswick, or over into the region of Bettws-y-Coed, or in many another corner of "the Kingdom." However, as no less an authority than the greatest of American showmen has declared the road from Warwick to Coventry supreme, I concluded to give it an early trial and ascertain the truth for myself. To reach Warwick from Stratford there is a direct road of eight miles, all the way beautiful, but with no historic sites on the way. In the mere matter of pretty hedgerows and smooth roads, no prettier drive can be found than this. The birds were plentiful and carolling from every tree. And at Warwick we put up at the "Woolpack," which seemed cheery and inviting within, as clean as a pin and as bright as a

new penny. The barmaids were tidy, the supper even tidier, and everybody was happy. We had just time before sunset to walk to Sunset Hill, on the edge of the town and saw men and boys practising for a "tug of war" with a rope, for a performance to be given next day at a fair. County and local fairs are as thick in mid-England in summer as hawthorn blossoms in May, and would last as long if some of the people had their way. They do like fairs, and like to expend money at them for gimcracks. The Speaker of the House of Commons had his headquarters at the "Woolpack," and "the Speaker's room" the landlady seemed to be glad to exhibit to her guests.

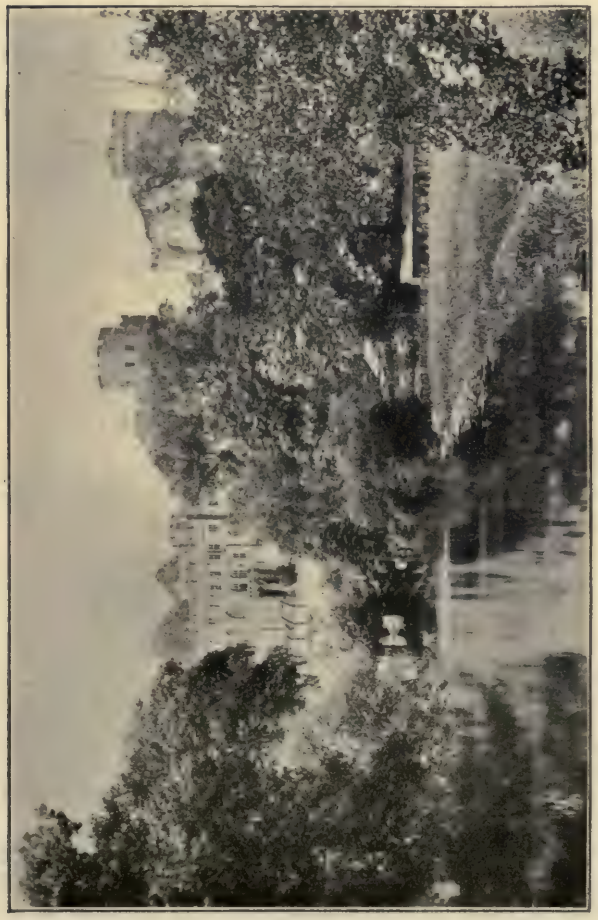
It may be doubtful if Warwick really can trace its history back, as claimed, to 50 A. D., but it gives plain evidence of antiquity in more ways than one. Curious old houses are everywhere, and some of the elderly inhabitants seem to have no doubts, judging from the mere looks of the unperpendicular external beams of their antique structures, that the legend is correct which so far anticipates history as to make the town date from "the time of Adam." The old town gates are thoroughly interesting, and the Leicester hospital is as quaint as any building I can remember seeing in Warwickshire. If the Saxon chair in it is a thousand years old, it is certainly younger than Warwick itself, whose name is known to belong to early Saxon times. I went into the museum in order to look at the Irish elk, which, with a copy of the Domesday Book, is one of its greatest curiosities, and I found that the ornithologists, paleontologists and mineralogists of the county had been wide-awake in uncovering the richness of the soil of past ages. The Domesday Book was the inventory of the lands and estates of England made for William the Conqueror just be-

fore the year 1086. The original copy has always been preserved with the greatest care, first at Westminster in London, and then in the Public Record Office, where it now is and may be seen by any one. There were several copies of it; whether duplicates made at the time of the original, or later, I have not seen stated. One of them is in the library of the cathedral of Exeter. The Warwick copy, however, we know to have been made in 1810.

Rubert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, who founded the hospital, was the owner of Kenilworth, and perhaps often attended church at St. Mary's at Warwick; certainly he is buried there, in the Beauchamp Chapel, and his monument gives rise to many strange reflections. But the chief tomb is that of the great Earl of Warwick, "the king-maker," who died ninety years before Dudley, and whose gilt figure on a bed of Purbeck stone is a genuine work of art. It is because Walter Savage Landor was born and lived at Warwick that a bust of him occupies a niche at the front end of the church; his dust is in the cemetery in Florence.

For a day, Warwick, with its twelve thousand people and with its thrifty air of business, intermixed with strange relics of past centuries, will afford as much pleasure to a hunter of historical relics as may be found north of London. This remark will also take into account the incomparable richness in present grandeur of the inhabited Castle on the banks of the Avon. The Avon makes many turns between Stratford and Warwick, as it does between Stratford and its junction with the noble Severn, toward the Western Sea, but nowhere does it seem more romantic than from certain windows of Warwick Castle; or, more accurately perhaps, from the public road over

the bridge crossing the stream a quarter-mile off looking down at the Castle. The overarching trees and the deep, sharp shadows upon the soft bosom of the river make up a picture of fairyland, a scene our gentle Hawthorne greatly admired. The approach into the Castle grounds has a kind of lordliness that is in itself memorable. That tremendously dark shade, as you pass through the heavy cutting in the sandstone rock, gives the impression that the Castle within must have been impregnable. When one emerges into the open again, and, passing the moat and the two great towers, Guy's Tower and Cæsar's Tower, which have proudly stood guard there over six hundred years, comes into the enclosure where are the immense lawn and peacocks, and sees the Castle itself upon the left, the sensation is that of thrilling thankfulness at being permitted to view such a spectacle. Old and ruined castles, of course, one expects to see, but "real live ones," hardly. The uses of real castles most people think expired with the days of chivalry. A king or queen might have a few, but those of lesser lords are supposed to have been demolished, either by wars or the teeth of time. But the Earl of Warwick is now housed in a castle and the flag on the ramparts is much in evidence if you are in sight of his palatial residence. Some people are always fond of being indoors, and to such the inner apartments have deepest interest. I like best, however, the great park without, with those stately and matchless cedars of Lebanon, and the other gigantic trees, in the midst of which, in the conservatories, is the world-renowned Warwick Vase from Hadrian's villa at Tusculum. Made in Greece about 390 B. C., it is of finest marble, six feet in diameter and with exquisite sculpturings; but even so one of those cedars would



Warwick Castle from the Bridge.

outweigh it in value if I could place either before my American door. To those who cannot go to the Lebanon range in Northern Syria and see this prince of trees in his native home, I would urge that he go to Warwick Castle park and there view several, of beautiful proportions, full of dignity and majestic splendor.

The Castle exhibitor, an old officer, is among the best of his kind and is always held in high esteem by the traveler for his good humor and good sense. The paintings are the main things shown and they would bring a large sum of money if placed in the open market, because Vandyke's and Holbein's works here rank among their best. There are also, notably, the often copied "Charles I. on Horseback," the "Marquis of Montrose" and Holbein's "Henry VIII." Raphael, Rubens, Murillo, del Sarto and David are represented, and each subject has its interest. Those who wince at the shilling charged to see these paintings and the apartments should remember that it costs money and vexation to permit the public to enter a private mansion every-day, and, for one, I think the sight of the deathmask of Oliver Cromwell, not to speak of his battle helmet and high boots, is worth more than the sum asked for admission. Besides, Earls are not in these days keeping up large establishments of nine hundred and ninety-seven acres for fun, nor even marrying just for the sake of marital felicity. Pounds, shillings and pence are carefully rated in every Earl's private ledger, and then they usually come short of paying the butcher's bills.

Speaking of this latter fact reminds me that there are comparatively few places shown to the public in Great Britain, where the sixpence or shilling is not required, while on the Continent nearly everything is free. Nevertheless I disagree with the numerous fault-

finders on the subject. It takes money, keepers and patience to keep up castles, abbeys and cathedrals. They might, when ruined, be put to other profitable uses, for their stones make elegant building material, and their closes and surroundings take up acres upon acres of soil which could produce wheat and barley. Not all the natives are æsthetic. The Continent does not have these storied ruins and hence does not have to meet the question of their support. It is all right to maintain them and we desire them to do it well, and, therefore, it is proper to charge a moderate admission fee to "coachers" and to poachers of every kind.

Leaving now this spot where Robert Neville, for such was the name of the really great Earl of Warwick, made and unmade kings, "the fairest monument," according to Sir Walter Scott, "to ancient and chivalrous splendor which yet remains untouched by time," we turned our horses sharply to the left to make the northerly short cut by Guy's Cliff to Kenilworth. We could have driven two miles easterly to Leamington and then to the north, and this we did at another time. The first and more direct route is five miles; the other about eight. If time permits, it is wise to take in Leamington, the fashionable spa of this part of England, whose saline waters have some, but in this day no great, repute, and whose chief local attraction is the Jephson Gardens. The Guy's Cliff road is, properly speaking, part of the famously "finest drive" to which reference has been made. The Guy mansion, which is connected with the legendary lore of the greatest of the Earls of Warwick, one is apt to miss as he passes by, for it is in some distance from the road. Still it is visible, for a moment only, through a little clearing in the copse.

Guy of Warwick, if he lived at all, died—according to the story—in 929. In selecting this spot for a residence he is said to have done so on account of its solitariness and the surrounding exquisite views. Four hundred years before his day the antiquary Rous was a resident in this locality and he stated, that on account of these two qualities, "solitudeness and the fine scenery," the spot was selected as the site of an oratory dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. The tradition is, that Guy as a recluse had for his dwelling a cave in the rock, and was accustomed to repair daily to this neighboring oratory for prayer, and that during his retreat his wife, in ignorance of his whereabouts, lived at the castle, although he went daily to beg bread at her hands. He was so completely disguised that his identity was undiscovered. At length, however, just before dying, he made himself known to her by means of a ring, at sight of which she immediately ran to his cave, arriving in time for a parting farewell. It may have been this story which gave Guy's Cliff its celebrity in the time of Henry V., as this monarch then visited the spot and it has been the scene of pilgrimages by both lettered and unlettered ever since. The present mansion is the seat of Miss Perry; it was once the residence of Mrs. Scott Siddons.

From now on the landscape, fresh, clean and green, with pretty woods and splendidly kept hedges, and the perfect roadbed, lined with huge elms, limes and oaks, made coaching a rhythmic music. How we sang together the familiar melodies of earlier days, as we bowled along over the same road which Queen Elizabeth took when she went to pay her memorable visit to Robert Dudley! That visit almost turned Kenilworth Castle, if not the world, upside down with



Kenilworth Castle.

feastings and actings, with tilts, tournaments and bear-baitings, with rope dancers and prize fighting, with bridal ceremonies by day and with wonderful fire-works by night. Who of the great spirits of English history has not been over this road from Warwick to Kenilworth? All through the Middle Ages and down to our own day, Warwick Castle and Kenilworth Castle, in former times both ablaze with splendors, in later times the one a ruin, but beautiful in decay, have attracted to them the knightly, the romanticly inclined and the intelligent. Kings and founders of empires were not too proud, nor lawgivers and statesmen too busy to make the journey necessary to see Warwick, home of an illustrious line of Earls, or Kenilworth, the habitation of the other Earl, who almost won the heart of the mighty Virgin Queen, the last reigning sovereign of the House of the Tudors. Kings lived at Kenilworth for over five hundred years before Robert Dudley, and every one of them traversed the road we were bounding over, but from that series of seventeen feast days beginning on the ninth day of July, one thousand five hundred and seventy-five, the fame of Kenilworth was a new event in the world, and thenceforward men everywhere wanted to see it just once before they were ready to die. Breathes there a traveler who has not seen Kenilworth, and he is a man to whom Scott is unknown and Amy Robsart not even a dream!

The town of Kenilworth is rather spruce and it seems to be in growing demand for the summer boarder, who has at last overrun all the out-of-way places in the kingdom, and has grown content again with quiet little homes on the outskirts of historic towns. We must drive clear through it, a mile at least, and then out into the country again on al-

most a by-road to reach the Castle. Sixpence at the entrance; then one enters a pretty garden, and passes through a small wooden gate, when suddenly he is by an immense and picturesque set of ruins, amid acres of greensward, on which sheep are feeding. Winding walks, huge buttresses, lofty towers, waterless moats. Glorious Castle, more than half overthrown, you are too big for details, too great with events of nearly a thousand years, too replete with scenes of revelries and statescraft, to be reckoned now as a mere mass of so many stones and dismantled chimney places. The great dining-room has too many secrets still hidden to make us wander far from it, though I did prefer to lie down—and we all did—on the succulent velvet, in the cool of the shade of the high walls, and look up into the tranquil sky, and wonder why everything was so silent. Where had all the great gone? Where were Geoffrey and the early Henrys, Simon de Montfort and the Earl of Lancaster, John of Gaunt and the Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth and the First Charles, and all those gloriously appareled knights, retainers, lackeys and beautifully attired women, who thronged these halls and meandered, hand in hand, about these paths, from donjon to lake, from barbican to terrace, from Mervyn's bower to the gardens and ancient stables, till the stars of night disappeared and the Day Star arose in the eastern horizon? Sitting there, on that turf of ages, I saw many an ancient scene. Memory is always vivid when the sky is bright and the air still. The one I called up first was that of the noontime of the Castle's history. There was no mistaking the characters, the dresses, the motives, the peculiar manners of those who trooped into the Castle grounds, and overflowed the lawns and elegantly lighted compartments on that

memorable Saturday in 1575. The Queen herself, never handsome, but decorated in silk and jewels, which dazzled the eye and too often the hearts of her votaries, followed the trumpeters and the barons, and, with her retinue, embracing four hundred servants,



Queen Elizabeth.

took lodgings in this vast fortress. The porter, who guarded the entrance to the tilt-yard, asked the meaning of this commotion, and then, on seeing the Queen, pretending he was ignorant of her coming, fell down, begged her pardon, and gave her the keys. Then, said the ancient account, six trumpeters "clad in long

garments of sylk, who stood upon the wall of the gate with their silvery trumpets of five foot long, sounded a tune of welcome." And so, " harmonious blasters, walking upon the walls, maintained their delectable music, while Her Highness all along the tilt-yard rode into the inner gate," where she was surprised " with the sight of a floating island on the large pool, on which was a beautiful female figure representing the Lady of the Lake, supported by two nymphs, surrounded by blazing torches, and many ladies clad in rich silks as attendants." The pageant closed with the splendid music of cornets, and there opened afterward vistas of bridges and offerings by heathen gods and goddesses, and there were guns and fireworks. This was but the opening day. Seventeen days' feasts which rivalled that of Belshazzar followed. I saw them as a panorama unrolling before the mental mirror. Tritons riding on mermaids, bears baited with bloodhounds, merry dancers in every conceivable costume, dinners that would have made a Cæsar envious, and suppers that Lucullus could scarcely have matched upon the Pincian Hill; theatrical performances lasting through twilight, starlight, midnight and dawn; one by one they troop on, real happenings, actual occurrences, historical pageants, all to show the respect in which the Queen held her distinguished host, her faithful friend, her lover, the Earl of Leicester.

> " But regal state
> And sprightly mirth, beneath the festive roof,
> Are now no more."

I once saw this same scene, in feeble portrait, yet with astounding effect upon the senses, acted in a theatre in Edinburgh. The Scotch are not supposed to be great supporters of drama, but they were out in great

numbers to see the play, and the glories of the scenes eclipsed most of those terrestrial events which are characterized as " wonderful " in the arts of the modern drama.

From Mervyn's Tower there is a widespreading



Mervyn's Tower.

view. Now it looks barren; much waste land, little wood, few picturesque settings, but the genius of Scott hovers about it as the wings of angels once panoplied the gates of Eden.

Did Amy Robsart ever inhabit Mervyn's Tower? Ah! the romance of it will never leave these ruins.

Her grave is over in Oxford yonder, forty miles away. She was once a living personage and she was the wife of Leicester; married to him twenty-five years almost to the day before these scenes of revelry



Amy Robsart.

just described. Her untimely death occurred at Cumner Hall, three miles west of Oxford. Did Leicester poison her? Did he direct it to be done? The world believes he did. But the world will never know.



The Lady Godiva Procession, Coventry.

V.—THE GEORGE ELIOT COUNTRY.

OXFORDSHIRE appears nowhere more rural and more enticing than on the direct road from Kenilworth to Coventry. Our horses seemed to snuff the exhalations from the hedge-rows and the ripening grainfields as we sped along at a noble gait over the hard pike, with the forest-covered hills in the distant west, above whose umbrageous shade the storm-cloud muttered. Was there to be an impending storm? It gathers quickly in this land; now appears the sun and now in a twinkling comes the downpour. A curious country, this, for all kinds of weather, and equally curious for legends and stories of thrilling scenes in the days before history was carved up into volumes. Druids were here; you can see their sacred cromlechs now. Students of the stars lived at Sherbourn long before the Herschels were at Staines. Lord Lovel's romantic death from hunger, and the finding of his body in the chair in which he died, has been handed down by the mouths of successive generations. The old, old mansion in which Pope translated the fifth volume of his Homer is a riddle which



Lady Godiva.

certainly runs back to the time of Henry IV. It was delightful, curious, exciting, to ponder over these things, as the patter of the hoofs of sixteen horses, drawing four splendid coaches, carrying one large family of friends, all Americans, fell upon the ear, and as I thought of them we dashed into Coventry just in time to escape a drenching.

None of the hotels of Coventry are extraordinary for size or modernness, but the "King's Arms" is large, hospitable and comfortable, and its meals in repute. But it also has a trade in "spirits" which rivals any which I have ever encountered. The elaborate bar-room, with massive and beautiful stained glass windows, is well patronized by day and packed at night with men and women struggling to allay their thirst. "Peeping Tom" had been a tailor exactly on that spot, and a bust of him appears on a corner of the present building. It is not stated where Lady Godiva lived, but as in the olden time the village had but one main street (now it is a city of fifty thousand), she must certainly have ridden down this narrow way, and, "clothed on with chastity" and her beautiful hair, gained the request which made her people free. It is a long stride backward to A. D. 1057, but as King Charles II. in 1677 gave permission for a first public reproduction of the extraordinary scene, and on the Friday of Trinity week every third year the professional show still moves magnificently on, it may be part history and part legend. Godiva is to be seen now in the Town Hall, but she has grown small and dusty with the march of the ages. That statute, if life-size and in white marble, would be extraordinarily beautiful.

Coventry is an active, pushing, bustling place, especially on a Saturday evening. We were there to

rest over the Sunday, but there was no quiet until midnight, if, indeed, soon after. Everybody was out to see the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker, and drunkenness and riotings were going on in the broad highway as if they were so many delightful recreations of some of the people. The first good English bicycles ever rode in America came from Coventry, and excellent wheels come from there still. Perhaps it is more famous for ribbons, but it manufactures anything, from watches to carpets, that tends to enrich its coffers. One thing alone should make Coventry historically famous. It is the little garret room in St. Mary's Hall (now used as the Town Hall) where the beautiful Queen of Scots was confined for eight months of her long term of imprisonment. Whoever reads the history of that lamented Queen with care may yet not be familiar with even the names of the various places where she was incarcerated from time to time during all those long nineteen years of her imprisonment, from 1568 to 1587; and, in fact, in no guidebook of Coventry which I have seen does it appear that one of these places was Coventry. Nevertheless she was taken there about the middle of February, in 1569, and somewhere about October she was removed to Sheffield. For about eight months, therefore, this little prison-place was doubtless her home. Inasmuch as, with all her faults, she evoked in her lifetime so many warm sympathies and kindled into enthusiasm so many knight-errants, and since her death her hard fate has touched with tenderness so many human hearts, it is curious that Coventry has not nurtured, with clearer knowledge and stronger faith, the recollections of her pitiful detention from the world in this little, dark and lonesome upper room of its municipal hall.



Mary, Queen of Scots.

Sundays were always welcome on our coaching trips, because it did become a little tiresome to bear the strain of the driving and of sightseeing combined, for days in succession. This was the first of our Sunday rest days, and for one I was sorry it was not at Stratford, or at some place more closely wedded to country quiet. In all my varying days of rest on many rounds of travel, from California to Russia and Palestine, I am unaware of more perfect worship-days than those one may spend in rural England, away from the madding crowds, where the tall tower of one country structure gives out its music an hour before the noon, and then again for vespers, and where amid the plain God's acre of their fathers and the bending yews, the simple folk of the parish gather in an ivy-mantled church of stone, erected hundreds of years before, to hear and ponder upon the Living Word. Out from the sunlight into the dark and solemn, or out from the gloom and dusk into the golden day, the senses take upon themselves wings of highborn thought, the soul melts the affections into tears, and Life and Death, God and Heaven, stand out like new orbs of the firmament, like new revelations from the Apocalypse.

Nevertheless I did find even in Coventry one church worthy of a Sunday visit. It is surmounted with an artistic spire nearly three hundred feet high, that for almost half a millenium of years has pointed its tapering fingers to the overarching heavens. In approaching Coventry three spires are visible, and by that title the place is often known to strangers: "the city of the three tall spires." Because St. Michael's was the chief of the three, I went to worship there, but the attendance was small. A red sandstone building may be architecturally perfect, yet there does not

seem in it the dignity and grace of the more subdued grays. At all events, St. Michael's had the form of a cathedral and the air of a modern edifice, and its very "sprightliness," as the guidebooks describe it, did not dispose us to feel within its walls, as certainly as we should, either the strength of its beauty or the force of its grandeur. The service was neither strong nor exhilarating, being a tedious choral performance. Apparently most of the auditors went to sleep. But there were two interesting features of the service, however, which may be named. Some benevolent man had left a fund a century or so ago, requiring that the income should be expended in bread to be given away freely, every Sabbath, to those who ask for it, and in the maintenance of the poor of the parish. On a tomb in the rear of the nave were stacked up many loaves of bread, and these, at the close of the service, were distributed to all who asked. Another donor, in a still earlier century, the Fifteenth, had provided the means to support certain old men of the church, and these beneficiaries—a dozen or more, dressed alike in long black robes—occupied the front seats during the services.

Monday morning found us eager to make a new start. Nuneaton, associated with George Eliot, was nine miles away; then Hinckley, and then Leicester. The day's journey was to be twenty-four miles, and it was a trifle rainy—"nasty," as we heard repeated over and over on the way. The only two things of interest about Nuneaton are that it has long manufactured gaudy ribbons, and that its vicinity was for twenty-two years the residence of one who, as a plain child and maiden, was known as Mary Ann Evans, but in after years as George Eliot. I wonder if a hundred of its enterprising merchants, officials and people

know to-day that this gifted author was once one of those who, as a little girl and as a grown-up woman, walked its streets and bought of their pretty fineries? Somehow I doubt about the fineries; hers was a spir-



George Eliot.

itual and not worldly fibre of soul. As she walked by their shops, I more than suspect that the gayer the ribbons the less she saw of them; the finer the draper's windows the more she dreamed of great and

lofty things. Had she ever written her full autobiography, I do not believe that her brief school-days at Miss Lewis's school in Nuneaton, influential as they were, carried with them so much remembrance of the town as of the people in the outskirts, where were her chosen friends. She loved those friends and they were in the sweet, wide country thereabout. In saying this one should not forget, of course, that her "Scenes of Clerical Life" give many interesting glimpses of the curious old church in Nuneaton, where the curate "preached his inaudible sermons," and of the "Bull Inn," the supposed original of the "Red Lion;" and of various town localities which can be identified with tolerable accuracy. But neither can one shut his eyes to her descriptions of "a dingy town, surrounded by flat fields, lopped elms and sprawling manufacturing villages, which crept on with their wearing shops till they threatened to graft themselves on the town."

Griff House, her early home, is quite beyond the outskirts, being full two miles south of Nuneaton. It is standing by itself, to the left of the public road as one drives northerly. We had at first passed it by inadvertently, but it seemed rude and cruel not to look with intelligent eyes upon the spot where, from six months of age to twenty-two, this gifted author had spun tops and fed the ducks, baked bread and made butter, and, after her mother's death, had her "inner solitude." So, for one, I left the coach and walked back to the lawn and the great trees, and the leafy bowers of this old manor house, which, however, looked as fresh and clean as if it had been set in only a few years before behind the noble firs and the one glorious yew tree. It was in 1820 when the baby was prattling behind its green shutters, within its thick

red walls, behind those small-paned casement windows; but, like all such English manors, the house is good yet for the lifetimes of many generations. A quiet spot; not extraordinary, but yet not ordinary in the beauty of its hedges and rosebushes, and its plentiful vines. There is a pretty iron fence in front, with a gnarled, old oak before it. Off in the short distance is a rich wood; on every side are uplands and valleys; everywhere is "the peace of God." Somehow I could not bring myself to feel that the child of this house



Griff House—Home of George Eliot. (From an Old Print.)

ever was a real child like others, and, indeed, that is almost the picture made of her by those who knew her in her younger days. One of her schoolfellows, who knew her at the age of nineteen, says it was quite "impossible to imagine George Eliot a baby; it seemed as if she must have come into the world fully developed, like a second Minerva. Her features were fully formed at a very early age, and she had a seriousness of expression almost startling for her years." And yet did she not write:

"One day my brother left me in high charge
To mind the rod, while he went seeking bait,
And bade me, when I saw a nearing barge
Snatch out a line lest he should come too late.

"Proud of my task I watched with all my might
For one whole minute, till my eyes grew wide,
Till sky and earth took on a strange, new light,
And seemed a dream-world floating on some tide."

Old Hinckley proved a most attractive spot for a luncheon; not that "The George" was more than a plain inn, but that an antiquarian and historian of the town, of unusual intelligence and full of genuine courtesy, always exhibiting the latter to strangers, invited us to his house and showed us the rewards of his industry and study. If Mr. Thomas Harrold is still living, I sincerely hope no American student of English history will pass through Hinckley and not visit that estimable gentleman. He had at his residence not only the old charter of Hinckley, date of 1604, and court rolls of the manor of that same century, but plenty of Roman and English antiquities, found within and without the municipal limits. Hinckley was probably a Roman settlement. The name may be Saxon. Eight hundred years ago it was "Hinchelie," and the barons of Hinckley, one of whom was high steward to the King at the Conquest, held it in possession at an earlier date.

When we mounted coaches about two-thirty o'clock or later, Deddington was outdone in the number of people who, at Hinckley, forsook all employment to tender us their goodwill. But the reason of it was in part that it was a "bank holiday." All trades and callings in the British Isles have their holiday at least once a year; some once a month, but most of them take a half-day every week or two. There are scarcely more holidays on the whole in Rome than in

England, the difference being that the one class is intended to be religious and the other recreative. It was in nearing this place that occurred an incident which furnished us with both amusement and enthusiasm. Mr. Franklin was never noted for understanding the right or wrong of the multifarious roads and lanes. As usual, he shouted out to right and left at passers-by: "Is this the road to Leicester?" One of the men thus accosted was on horseback, coming, doubtless, from that city. His answer was "Yes, follow me," and he veered around and led our exciting procession. And he led it at great speed. We followed as if on a race to get there first. Our flags were unfurled, and this rider at the front, previously ungraceful enough, sniffing the importance of his mission as a leader, straightened up, looked the picture of martial erectness, and cantered into town as if bearing news from some field of battle. He and we, we and he, seventeen horses, a lot of lumbering coaches and an excited throng of passengers, dashed around the turns and threaded the busy streets, to the music of wind instruments and the dismay of the towns people. It was a clean-and-clear two mile spurt. No wheel came off, nor did any man's cart or donkey-wagon fail to give us the whole field, while their drivers, amazed and dazed, looked on. It was pretty well on to sundown when we reined up before the "Bell," before which the tooting of the horns had called up another motley crowd of spectators. That and the "Stag and Pheasant" cared well for us, while the "Spanish Troubadours" at a public hall furnished us with relishing music during the evening.

Leicester has more people than the city of London had when the Earl, who made the name so famous, lived and played his part at the court of Eliz-

abeth. And for some reason or other it asks us to believe it was founded by King Lear, whoever he was, or whenever he is supposed to have reigned. It is a sad commentary on royalty that when King Richard III. was killed at the battle of Bosworth, (the night before which he spent at the "Blue Boar" inn in Leicester), he was buried in a stone coffin in the Franciscan convent, which afterward was used as a horse-trough! An inscription on a building adjacent to this burial-place still bears these lines: "Near this spot lie the remains of Richard III., the last of the Plantagenets, 1485." That was seven years before Columbus discovered the island of San Salvador. The city has some of its Roman wall, and the site of a once strong castle, and plenty of commercial prosperity.

St. Margaret's church of 1444 certainly deserves a look, as in the abbey that adjoined it Cardinal Wolsey was hastily buried. The account of that overreaching potentate's downfall furnishes pathetic reading. Deserted by his friends, hounded by his enemies, shattered in health, he was arrested at Cawood Castle in November 4, 1530, on the charge of treason. He knew this foretold his doom. He had fallen from the highest pinnacle; he was about to descend into the depths of an infamous end. He was taken ill, and with difficulty reached Leicester Abbey on the 26th, on his way to the Tower. "Father Abbot," he cried, as he entered that institution, "I am come hither to leave my bones among you." He felt that he was a dying man. He was assisted to bed. His last moments were spent in speaking of what he believed were his duties to his king and his country. "At eight o'clock on the morning of the twenty-ninth he died; and," says a writer, "within twenty-four hours



Street View of Old Hinckley - Our Arrival.

was buried in a rude coffin all that remained of the genius who made possible the glories of Elizabeth and the British empire of to-day." One may dispute the conclusion of the quotation, and yet on ruins of men and nations glories of empires are often founded. How God disposes when man proposes! Wolsey, it will be remembered, had constructed with great care for himself a magnificent sarcophagus. Lord Nelson, nearly three hundred years later, was put into that sarcophagus. Wolsey was laid without ceremony in a "rude" stone coffin, and where his remains are now no mortal man knows.





Where Robin Hood Met His Merrie Men.

VI.—LORD BYRON'S GRAVE AND NOTTINGHAM.

"O cold and cruel Nottingham!
In disappointment and in tears,
Sad, lost and lonely, here I am
To question, 'is this Nottingham
Of which I dream'd for years and years?'"

AS THIS was to be the last day of the coaching trip, it was looked forward to with unusual zest. We were to go twenty-six miles, with one breathing space at Loughborough, at the "King's Head." What king's head was ever there I did not learn. That town of eighteen thousand people had little with which to entertain us, but the air was tranquil and bracing, and at every village the sounding horns brought to the windows happy children's faces and rosy-cheeked young women, while men at trades left their benches, and clerks in shops their counters, to watch the progress of the strangers. An extensive coaching party like ours had never, perhaps, visited those parts; if otherwise, then curiosity had not died out, for everywhere were new life and animation manifested and crowds gathered to see the pleasant sight.

Probably the spectacle of so many ladies mounted high up in air behind such fine horses explained the excitement. English women walk, singly or in pairs, everywhere, but rarely, if ever, congregate in crowds on top of coaches. With every passing mile the tension grew stronger with the party. Laughter and song, happy voices and freshly manufactured humor, made those miles seem all too brief.

And now came Nottingham. The first sight of it made us ready to exclaim: "How sorry we are; the coaching is over!" The second sight ministered to our pride and patriotism. There, above "The George" hotel, floated the emblem of our country's greatness—Old Glory. Is there anything in the whole wide world so beautiful as the American flag? To a foreigner it means little except its bright colors and airy folds, but to us it symbolizes everything good and great, generous and noble, in country, commerce, community, citizenship. It is the personification of law, of liberty, of loyalty, of union. How we lift our hats more than to a prince or a king when we see that waving flag and remember that it is our flag, the symbol of our free religion, free education, free speech and exact equality of man with man. Colonel P., of Philadelphia, a great lover of fine horses and fine natural scenery, was so overcome by the sight of this flag at such an unexpected moment that he could have—I am not sure but that he did—shed tears. On many an occasion afterward, when speaking to audiences in our country about these coaching days, he rarely omitted to describe the scene of this American flag, waving high up in air on one of the main streets in Nottingham, as one of the delightful recollections of his life.

We had reached Nottingham about four o'clock. Hucknall was eight miles away by rail, five by car-

riage; could we leave the vicinity and not see Hucknall? In the morning we were obliged to hie away early, to other scenes not near. Must we then miss Hucknall? No, a thousand times no. Lord Byron's tomb —it must be visited. Or should it be Newstead Abbey? We held a "council of war." A few tireless ladies declared they could see both, and I believe they did. The rest of us chose Hucknall. I have a distinct recollection of the plainness of Hucknall-Torkard, to give it its whole uneuphonious title. Quaint, busy, work-a-day, practical, unpoetical, homely spot: one really wonders that it was considered a fit place for such a poet. Westminster Abbey had shut its door to the burial of the soldier-poet, who had almost hoped to be King of Greece, who had gone to Athens to draw his sword for liberty, and who had died after a delirium in which he was leading an attack upon the enemies of that country, with the words, "Forwards! forwards! follow me!" So the next best spot for interment was Hucknall, within sight, almost, of the home of his youth and of his best and happiest years. The short main street suddenly ends against the wall of Hucknall graveyard, within which, beside scores of graves, stands the small, gray, stone church we were to visit. The gate to the yard opened with ease, but the church itself was locked, and not a person was near. It was in the late afternoon and the lingering sun was pouring its rays on foliage and graves. It was so like the end of man, even of all great men, and certainly of such a man, born to nobility of estate, but who had forfeited the most of his exalted privilege, to come suddenly upon absolute and unspeakable quiet. I heard no bird, and there were not even human voices at that hour by the burial place of Lord Byron. In death he was silent; no

word could now reach him from the land of his former life, nor would voice or song ever come to us from him to tell of the mystery of Death and of the Judgment. When good men die we may grieve at their departure, but we are also thrilled at the future glories that we know await them in a world where the stars fade not and every afterglow is a new sunrise. But when those are snuffed away from Time, who, we fear, have made no known preparations for Eternity, we are aghast, and the silence is as of a tomb in a pyramid, or a grave beneath the waters of the sea. Byron was a genius who could wing his flight in poetic song like an archangel, but was not his quiver full of the arrows of a Lucifer? How much we have admired his vast expanse of extraordinary poetic energy and felt his power over the soul, as he swept the strings like a master! How much some of us have wanted to love him despite his faults of manliness and his too-frequent prostitution of splendid gifts! Yet here he lies, with no descendants to do him reverence, and with few visiting his tomb, except as we had come, strangers from a far-off land.

> He sleeps, the warrior sleeps, his knighthood gone,
> Leaving no word to beckon heartthrobs on,
> Nor pointing hand toward God and glorious dawn.

The sexton came, unlocked the door, and we stood by the plain pavement stone, in the chancel, near the altar rail, with the one word upon it, "Byron," and the date of his birth and death. This was all. Earth to earth, dust to dust; the end! I thought of the wreath of laurel which my friend, the American poet, who has been much like Byron in many respects, but with mellower nature and with more democratic spirit, carried from San Francisco in 1870 and hung above

the grave, but, of course, it had long ago withered and disappeared. His lines came to me, and the charity of them made me feel all the more kindly to the dead child of passion beneath the stone:



Lord Byron's Tomb.

"In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not."

There was a wreath of leaves in brass set in the stone about his name, the gift of the King of Greece. Eng-

land might offer such a tribute now, but it would not when he died. The poet's mother lies upon his right hand, his daughter Ada upon his left. I walked out of the quiet church with still heart and few words. I gathered a tiny daisy from the grass outside, and thanked God that, true as it is that the body must perish, equally true is the reflection that great thoughts live forever, come how and from whom they will, and that the immortal soul of any man, even of a little child, may, if He so will, become a flower in the Everlasting Gardens.

There are four memorable things to ponder over when one is at Nottingham. The first is, that a town so little heard of in America, supposedly small, has a population of a quarter-million of souls. It requires the census to believe it, though it covers much ground, the market-place alone occupying five and one-half acres. And it is the lace and hosiery metropolis of England. The second is that it was the birthplace of Henry Kirke White, the son of a butcher, who, in 1800, at the early age of twenty-one, joined the great majority. Of him Southey once said: "He possessed as pure a heart as ever it pleased the Almighty to warm with life;" and of him Byron sung:

> "Unhappy White! when life was in its spring
> And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
> The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away
> Which else had sounded an immortal lay!"

His verses are now little read, but genius was on his brow. The third is that the Sherborne Forest is near, the erstwhile home of "Robin Hood and his merrie men." There is not a boy but has heard of Robin Hood, and in this very Nottinghamshire he reigned king of the forest for long and long. Seven hundred and forty odd years ago he is said to have

been born, and for at least five hundred years his free-and-easy wood-life has been the theme of nursery tales and children's prattle.

> "The merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell,
> And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell
> In this our spacious Isle, I think there is not one,
> But he hath heard some talk of him and little John;
> And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
> Of Scarlok, George a Green, and Muck, the miller's son,
> Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade."

Of course he was a robber, but what was that in the days "when knighthood was in flower?" The fourth is that here was strong and stalwart Nottingham Castle; not the present unimportant structure, palatial and commanding as it is, but a greater on the same site. Of it but a remnant is left—the bastian and gateway—which was not connected with the newer structure. This Castle was in its day a grand and magnificent defense, almost three times the size of the present one, and at least a thousand and fifty years have passed since its earliest stones were "a strong tower" for the ferocious Danes when they first came to the spot. King Alfred could not dislodge those Danes of A. D. 852 from this tremendous fortification, except by starving them into terms; and when the mighty Norman, William, looked upon its masterly position in 1068, he ordered the Castle built, which, in its glory, "was so strong by nature and art, that it was esteemed impregnable except by famine." The mighty Edwards and Richards worked upon it to repair the injuries of war and years. Parliament sat in it and Richard I. besieged it. Isabella, Queen, and the unprincipled Mortimer lived within its walls, and the tragic events there that led up to Mortimer's execution are among the most thrilling

of Fourteenth Century history. Here Edward IV. was proclaimed King. From it Richard III. marched with his army to the fatal battle of Bosworth Field. The proud Charles I. set up his standard in it at the beginning of his great struggle with his Parliamentary enemies. His death was the signal for its destruc-



Nottingham Castle.

tion and then this "bulwark of the Crown" perished. Splendid old monument of brave days, Nottingham would be proud to-day to have it intact, just as it came fresh from the hand of William the Conqueror; but "the mills of the gods grind slowly and they grind exceeding fine!"



Oxford from Christ Church Meadows.

VII.—THE FIRST UNIVERSITY TOWN.

HAVING RETURNED, the next season, to Oxford for a second coaching trip, I took a good look at that place, the most ancient University town of the land. Few travelers through Oxford by rail, or even those who pause there for a few hours or a night, appreciate, perhaps do not consider in thought, what this one spot is and has been to England, much less what it was originally designed by its founder to be. It had a charter and a castle, and a palace for the King, and Parliaments met there. But —who would now believe it?—it was also intended to be the greatest centre of trade in all the kingdom. It was to have been exactly what London is, the commercial metropolis of England. Providence—the short-sighted would say the university builders—decreed otherwise. Colleges went up and, in consequence, the markets went down. It was soon discovered that education and merchandise did not necessarily go hand in hand, and that the Thames at London was better fitted for money-getting than the banks of the Isis. So these plain meadows were

destined to swallow up the hopes of merchants, though giving in return the riches of knowledge to all future generations. The gold of the sciences began to be mined, but the gold of greed took its eternal flight.

Not the first, but the first large school in Oxford probably dates from 1130, over a hundred and twenty-five years before the foundation of a regular society of students at Cambridge. And the town itself is so old that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," which in this case may mean a little more than a thousand years ago, or may mean almost three thousand years ago. Somehow or other the Oxonians have a legend, which some people have tried to pass off as real history, that one Memphric, King of Britain, 1009 B. C., founded the town. If so, this was in the reign of King David, about forty years before the building of Solomon's Temple! In America we call a town aged when our great-grandfathers saw the first schoolhouse erected on the hill and the first church planted near it. In England a thousand years is but as our century. And certainly a thousand years ago in this our motherland there was such a flourishing civilization at Winchester and at Oxford that they produced one of the highest types of kings which the world has ever known—King Alfred the Great. He made Winchester his capital, but he coined money and encouraged learning at Oxford. That was a great day in its history when Oxford's liberal patron, Walter de Merton, changed the tastes of trade to a thirst for literary studies. He founded Merton College in 1264, and it became at once a University in full blast, and excelled all the other universities in England or in France. Its foundation decided the fate of the city.

In fact so suddenly did the school idea develop that every wealthy father and many poor parents in England felt it their chief duty to patronize Merton, and in its palmy days it is said that as many as 30,000 students were studying in it and in the accompanying schools and colleges which rapidly sprang up in Oxford. Now the number is about three thousand, divided among all the forty colleges.

But this early history of Oxford may be read in any encyclopedia. I was more interested in its associations with great men, who have made a high place in the world's catalogue of fame, and in the quiet attractiveness of its humble surroundings. So I looked well at its "setting" and then at its many shrines of genius. Oxford is in a plain. It is built on a simple reach of meadow bordering on the Cherwell and the Isis, the latter the local name for the Thames. Neither river is more than a "creek" at this point, and even where the one flows into the other, (the land thereabouts is too low for the town to push up to the junction), there would seem to be no reason to expatiate upon the size of the stream or upon the prettiness of its outlook. In every direction the land is flat; except that it was once a good fording place for oxen, "Oxen-ford"—Oxford—would probably never have been heard of, away from its locality.

Not during coaching days, but some years before, I first stopped at Oxford, with a single companion, to learn the whereabouts of the residence of Professor John Ruskin. Somehow I did not then know of that sweet Brantwood where he had his home nearly all the year around, but did know he was "Slade Professor" at Oxford, and supposed this quiet city was one of the proper places in which to make inquiries. The

first impression of that day was strikingly similar to that received in that equally famous, but much less ancient, university city of Leyden in the Netherlands. In the latter city everybody was in bed, asleep, at two in the afternoon. All business seemed suspended, and four or five persons at the most were visible in an hour's walk about the streets from the railway station to St. Peter's, and to the renowned "school of Grotius and Descartes," and on the return along the banks of the so-called "Old Rhine." It was at a similar period, the University being in vacation, and on the afternoon of a hot day, when I first sauntered down High street in Oxford. Of course I expected to find students absent, professors over in Switzerland, colleges tight closed, and the people taking it moderately lazy, without rush or levity. But not streets like those in Leyden and nearly like those in Pompeii! Here and there were policemen and a water cart, but few pedestrians and no purchasers seeking wares in the shops. We were the only guests at the "Old Mitre" hotel, and the sole person to greet us was the proprietor himself, who showed his patrons to a room and asked if we desired anything to eat. Adjusted as to surroundings, I made inquiry as to Professor Ruskin. "Never heard o' that man," was the laconic reply. We went into the street and hoped to meet intelligent men. There were no men there. We did, later, find a policeman or two, and, still later, some travelers like ourselves on foot, and a cart driver or so. Not one had ever "heard o' that man." A more systematic endeavor failed, for the university buildings were closed, the churches were impenetrable, and the whole town was asleep.

On beginning the coaching visits, Oxford, to the

sight, was the same pretty collection of spires and towers which had previously greeted me upon arrival. Here were the same blackened stone buildings, grim and ugly for the most part, which are called Merton and Lincoln, Balliol and Brasenose, and all those other colleges which make the town what it is, and that are everywhere, where you least expect to find them. We Americans in hunting up a college look for a campus and a hill, perhaps; but the English universities are put down plump on a street, just as a hospital or a club house, and the campus, if any, is in the rear, concealed from view. First impressions of these buildings are apt to be disagreeable. Whatever is commonplace is made public, and whatever is artistic is hidden. But before one leaves the surrounding grounds, which are at first out of sight, he is sure to see bits of landscape and of architecture surprisingly beautiful. Not an English home or ancient building in Oxford fails us when it comes to a quiet examination; they have peaceful, quaint, lovable quadrangles, or trefoils, or arches, or ivied elms, or something which make one glad he paused to "look within."

I wonder if the average foreigner has any correct idea of how many different colleges there are in Oxford? One big educational institution seems to satisfy many of the cities of the world outside of England, but not so at Oxford, or Cambridge. You meet them at every turn of the street, at every cross-walk, at every alley. Let me name a few only, as seen in a single drive; they will be examples of many more. Here is New Inn Hall, of exceedingly plain exterior. John Wesley and Sir William Blackstone studied within those gray walls, and once a principal, also named Blackstone, daily had the patience of

Job extended through thirty-seven years, for during all that period he was ready to teach and had not a single pupil. The ground it stands on is the same whereon Alfred the Great established his mint, to coin money for his realm. Opposite, behind a high stone wall, are two low houses with tiled roofs. They form the first Wesleyan chapel, built in 1760. Now comes St. Ebb's street, and on it stands St. Ebb's Church. That great preacher of Brighton, Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, had crowds flock to hear him during his early ministry in this very church. Beef Lane is nigh, and there stands famous Pembroke College. Pembroke, like all the other colleges, is built of a dark, soft sandstone, not at all pretty. It is a quadrangle. Over the entrance is a large bay window, wherein the great Sam Johnson sat and studied. Do you remember what Lord Macaulay said of him at this period of his life? "The needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate of Pembroke, haranguing a circle of lads, over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendancy." A more eloquent preacher of a higher type was George Whitfield a man of more infinite humor was Tom Hood; and both the sermonizer and the editor of "Fun" dog-eared books at Pembroke. Bishop Corbett, and Beaumont the dramatist, studied there with scores of other distinguished men. "The lion of Oxford" comes next and it is Christ Church college. It is the same regulation, dull-gray stone, "four-square" building, enclosing a court. Its fame is world-wide, and its bell, "Great Tom," of 17,000 pounds, is one of the wonders of the city. Cardinal Wolsey founded it. It names among its hosts of worthies Edward VII., King Leopold, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Philip

Sidney. If it stopped here it would have reputation, but William Penn, the "man of peace;" the two Wesleys, "rare Ben Johnson," Lord Mansfield, and, not least, John Ruskin, were students at Christ's. One man I have omitted: he whose name is second to none as orator and statesman wherever the English language is spoken—Gladstone. Turning off at Oriel street one sees Oriel College, five and a half centuries old. It is prospering with over four hundred students. This was Sir Walter Raleigh's college; also that of Bishop Butler, John Keble, Dr. Arnold, the Rugby Master; Bishop Wilberforce and Tom Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Great lights and great wits; many are the anecdotes told of them both in college and post-college days. The first large building on the left is the Corpus Christi, dedicated to "the most Holy Body of Christ," whence its name. Here John Ruskin really lectured in that famous Slade course. So he was not a resident at Oxford, but merely a visitor to lecture. The college membership of Corpus Christi rises to two hundred and fifty. Connected with this institution have been the geologist Buckland; the "learned and judicious Hooker," whose beautiful description of Law, as having her seat "in the bosom of God" every law student knows by heart; the poet Coleridge, and Lord Tenterdon.

Go down Merton street and there stands Merton College. On Merton's books we find Hervey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; John Wycliffe, that pioneer of the English Reformation, and Cardinal Manning, the late head of the Romish church in England. St. Alban's adjoins Merton and both Archbishop Whately and Philip Massinger, the dramatist, gave it fame. This is a good place at which

to stop and take breath, for we reach here a piece of grass land, "the meadows," flat but pretty. The Cherwell flows along, and a walk runs from it to Christ college, which is known as the Broad Walk. It is nineteen paces wide, lined with gigantic elms; Keats termed them "green robed senators." How many ponderous minds like Johnson's, and delicate ones like Keats', have been calmed and softened by the saunter down this quarter-mile path? There is not such another walk around Oxford, and every great and small name connected with the University has been breathed beneath these enormous limbs, "where mind woed mind in fond delight." "Dear old Magdalen College" next, with its three hundred and fifty students. Cardinal Wolsey was of the alumni. Not much to boast of and yet a ruler of rulers. The historian Gibbon is an improvement on the Cardinal, and the essayist Addison on Gibbon. Sir John Falstaff, the sturdy patriot John Hampden, the astronomer Earl of Rosse, Fox of the "Book of Martyrs," and, in late years, Charles Reade, were Magdalenites. This college has a high tower and is, I think, the most beautiful of all the Oxford group of buildings. Behind the college is the Addison walk, which the essayist made his strolling ground; and an equally learned writer, Sir Christopher North, who when at Magdalen was known as a great leader, trod the same favorite path. North is said to have jumped the Cherwell where it joins the Isis, and where it is twenty-three feet across. I should delight to be on the Isis in a boat, or even sit on its banks beneath the trees, on a first-of-May morning when the old and picturesque custom of singing the Te Deum from the summit of the Magdalen tower is observed. There are to be seen choristers in sur-



View of Magdalen College, Oxford.

plices, and grave professors and members of the University who have been privileged to secure a ticket. As the last stroke of the hour of five is tolled, they uncover heads and sing that grandly famous chant, amid the silence of the town, and with the fresh dew upon the meadows round. Tin horns follow up the "proclamation of May" in the streets, but they are soon drowned by the joyous ringing of the bells, which loud and long proclaim the day. The custom is exactly four hundred years old this year (1901), if we are to believe one ancient writer: and still, as heretofore, the sum of £10 is annually paid to furnish a breakfast and dinner to the singers. Returning up High street, we find Queen's college, where King Henry V., Edward the Black Prince, Cecil the eloquent divine, and others studied. An eagle is the emblem of this institution, and on the reading desk of the chapel we find inscribed, "The bird of Queen's is the queen of birds." At Christmas the boar's head is still served up at Queen's, as "a ryght merrie jouste of ye olden tyme."

I name other colleges hurriedly, though each has a history on which it would be pleasant to dwell. University college is one, having four hundred students and owning seventy-six hundred acres of land. Lord Eldon and Shelley gave it a name. All Souls has on its list Sir William Blackstone, Jeremy Taylor, "Night Thoughts" Young, and Muller. Lincoln college graduated James Hervey and Exeter, Davenant. Balliol graduated Dean Stanley, Adam Smith and Sir William Hamilton. Hertford college took charge of Dean Swift and Fox, the statesman, beside Sir Matthew Hale and Sir Henry Vane; New college, Sydney Smith; Brasenose, F. W. Robertson; Burton, Musgrave and Bishop Heber; Wooster,

De Quincy; St. John's, Hendrik Hudson and Shirley. Among other colleges unmentioned, Jesus is one. It is not easy to admire the nomenclature of "Jesus College." It somehow lacks reverence, especially when it calls up the verse of an old pamphlet of early days:

"Hugo Pressh, built this collesh for Jesus Creesh, and the Welsh geesh,
Who love a peesh of toasted cheesh—here it ish."

This college has had among its distinguished graduates Archbishop Usher and about twenty other bishops.

On the whole it seems there are about twenty-one colleges and six halls in Oxford, and they constitute what is known as the University. The students number only 3,000, not more than in two of the first American universities. Cambridge has seventeen colleges. So these two towns, whose combined population is not over 90,000, have nearly forty colleges, almost every one famous, and certainly every one older by from one hundred to four hundred years than the oldest college in America. No wonder the generations of students which have congregated in these two little spots have evolved by centuries of work some of the foremost men of Christendom, and by long practice such boat races as make history, and such general athletics as, in the matter of sheer endurance, put all the other nations of Europe to the blush.

Thus far I have considered but the intellectual fountains in Oxford. What of the religious associations, of the wonderful libraries, of the museums, of the clubs, of moonlight boatings on the Isis? These subjects are almost too innumerable to treat of other

than in a guide book. If one wants to become acquainted with Oxford, he must remain there at least a week or two, and carefully take up, one by one, the subjects in which he feels interested. For example, if he cares for the making of books, he must spend some time visiting the University Press in Walton street, which is supposed to be one of the most perfect printing establishments in England. It has been in operation since 1669, and has issued an enormous number of Bibles in different languages, as well as the learned lucubrations of the professors. If interested in libraries, he will not fail to go to the Bodleian collection, founded in 1320, and housed in a building whose erection was begun as early as 1445, although it was 157 years later before Sir Thomas Bodley of Merton college refounded and renamed the library. Then he wrote of it: "And thus I concluded at last to set up my staff at the library door in Oxon, being thoroughly persuaded that, in my solitude and surcease from the commonwealth affairs, I could not busy myself to any better purpose than by reducing the place to the public use of students." It contains 400,000 volumes and nearly 30,000 manuscripts, and is, next to the British Museum, the greatest collection in England. It will not be forgotten that Marat of France, who was murdered by Charlotte Corday, robbed the library when he was a tutor at Oxford, and suffered imprisonment in the castle for the crime. If one cares more for a museum, he should visit the Ashmolean, erected in 1683, which has many curiosities that cannot be seen elsewhere.

As to the vitality of the educational atmosphere, there are various accounts, each probably depending upon the point of view. One American professor who lectured there, recently wrote: "Some one has

wittily said that 'Oxford is a place where ideas are carefully and painlessly extracted.' I imagine I felt as a mouse which a professor puts under an air glass and exhausts the air. It suffers no pain, but simply stifles, as the vital, life-giving air is drawn off. They [the Oxford professors] had much learning, but little wisdom, and almost no real contact with daily work-



Driving About Oxford.

ing life. They had lived, and were living, the same life that their predecessors had lived for centuries, and the spirit has gone out of it; it is a dead thing. . . . I have often heard the word 'effete' used as a joke by Westerners toward the East and Europe. It strikes me that that word is just the correct one to apply to Oxford." Necessarily I am not posted on

the life, or want of life among the professors, but I am sure this view does not take into consideration the modes of English thought or the characteristics of English life. England is so filled with scholarly men who are graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, that it cannot be that the college ideals at the University are below those of the best American colleges, although, for the honor of our country, be it said, we have universities which are now better equipped, and which, in the nature of things, ought to produce better results than any of those in Great Britain.

It is in the University church, called St. Mary the Virgin, in High street, where this inscription on a marble slab always draws to it the votaries of historical romance: "In a vault of brick, at the upper end of this quire, was buried Amy Robsart, wife of Lord Robert Dudley, K. G., on Sunday, 22nd September, A. D. 1560."

A clerk to the council of Queen Elizabeth, one Rogers, once wrote what is often quoted in the town:

> "He that hath Oxford seen, for beauty, grace,
> And healthiness, ne'er saw a better place.
> If God himself on earth abode would make,
> He Oxford, sure, would for his dwelling take."

That is characteristically Oxonian!





Houseboat on the Thames.

VIII.—ALONG THE THAMES.

AFTER FINISHING a week of coaching from Oxford northerly to Nottingham, I had the fever to try it southerly along the Thames. I knew that the highway by the banks of that noted river was in great favor with the University undergraduates, and that picnic parties and artists went to Streatley, Pangbourne and Goring all the way from London—of course by rail—and day after day enjoyed a feast of good things for the eye, especially at Streatley. These two summer resorts were on this road. So I planned an eight days' drive, starting in at Oxford and this time making a real circuit, to include the Isle of Wight. We were to cover over two hundred miles with two coaches and a brake. The coaches were to be the same four-in-hands which had conveyed us to the forests of Robin Hood. The brake simply had two long seats lengthwise of the conveyance, facing each other, with room for two by the driver, and was not so enjoyable as the coach. The latter had the advantage of requiring only two horses,

and, while entirely comfortable, was less high than the coaches and so gave us less range of vision. Foster, unfortunately, was not this time one of the masters of ceremonies, but Mr. R. was along, and his English ways continued to amuse us. It doesn't take years for the average American of his mould to be-



Another Start Upon the Coach.

come just a little more English than the average native-born Briton. R.'s inflections, as well as his clothes, reached their goal before the end of the first twelvemonth of his now complete Anglicization. In order to make perfect satisfaction between the occupants of coaches and brake, a scheme of rotation of seats

was devised, and it proved successful. The company was divided into three sections. Each section took a coach or the brake for one full day, and the next day changed. As to the adjustment of each section, courtesy, usually, but, if not, then lot decided the matter, and in this and all subsequent coaching trips I never saw disagreement or disappointment.

Mr. Franklin seemed to be in his best mood as we left Oxford. The "King's Arms," where his daughter was hostess, had given us a royal lunch, at which we tasted the best home-cured hams we had ever known, and the local photographer had captured us just as we were mounted and ready to say "Go!" Mr. Franklin's face was this day unusually rotund, his silk hat had on an extra polish, and his long, yellowish overcoat, down to his feet, gave him the full air of a man of authority over well-bred horses and his assistants, which was all he assumed to be. He never cared a particle for natural sights, nor for historical associations, but he loved his "'orses" and was perfectly at home behind them. He was companionable, if you drew him out, and he was the soul of honor, but his early education had not been in the direction of the English classics, nor even of English politics. I could engage his attention on every ordinary theme of daily life, but never on any of the great men whose homes we wished to see, nor did he care for anything unknown to him unless he had proven it to be good. I suppose he would rather have driven five extra miles a day on a road he knew than to try a road put down on the maps as good, but which he did not know, and yet he always conformed to my requests. This conservatism was not his alone; it is part of the heritage bequeathed by his country to every native-born Englishman.

We bowled out of Oxford at a five-minute gait; just thirty-eight persons, every one the picture of animation, and every horse with bright harness, polished skins and erect heads. The whips cracked, the horns blew, the flag of our homeland floated to the breeze from the top of a fishing rod, and we felt ourselves possessed of some of the blood-royal, on the way, perhaps, to see our forefathers' mammoth estates in Wiltshire or in Hants. The day was one of those rare English midsummer days when the tonic of its clear, sweet air, redolent of hay and of a myriad of tiny white daisies, filled our minds and imparted to our souls unutterable peace. 'Twas—

"the bridal of the earth and sky,"

and I know good George Herbert, had he been still living beyond the western borders of Hants, to which we were soon to wend our way, would have been swallowed up this day in his thoughts of calm contentment toward God and man, as he listened to the voices of feathered songster, the hum of bee, and the cadences of the soft west wind. We could almost hear him in his medley saying:

"Hark, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring!
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is."

Everywhere were greensward, dense foliage, ripening harvests, flower-covered cottages, gentle streams, the latter one by one merging into the Thames. Once we saw a church so pretty that it seemed as if we must stop to worship in it.

The Thames is a curious river in all its course

from Oxford to the North Sea, but never more so than between Oxford and Dorchester, where it probably winds about for twenty miles to make seven. At Iffley, the first village out from Oxford, we were within rifle shot of the Thames; then we wholly lost it till beyond Shillingford. In the meantime it had



"Once We Saw a Church so Pretty."

coiled up as a snake in its rest from a gorgement. There is at Iffley one of the oldest churches in the land, an architectural curiosity, the church of St. Mary, perfect in specimens of early Norman. We saw it from a distance only and did not see "the mill," which is the object of such great devotion on the part of

Oxford artists. Before reaching Shillingford came Dorchester, ten miles from Oxford, and a half-mile off from the Thames. As we reined up before the small "George" inn, the whole party sprang to the ground and hastened into the Abbey church across the way. It was an unexpectedly charming church edifice. Dorchester is rated as having twelve hundred people, but where they were we could not guess; it is a town now humble and small as well as ancient. But what a history it has! For centuries before and until after the Norman conquest it was full of highly decorated churches. It was the seat of a Roman see, and its Abbey was the wonder of the kingdom. Its architectural features, as related to its early age (the present edifice dates from about 1290) was magnificent, and the size of the structure is still palatial, covering 10,000 square feet of ground. Happily the rector himself showed us over it, as it is now a regular place of English worship. It has a fine Jesse window in the chancel, five hundred years old, with effigies in stone of the descendants of David, and the general and detailed merits of pillars and roof and decorations engaged a full half-hour's attention. The tradition, perhaps the history, is that Birinus, a monk of the Benedictine order of Rome, who came to England as a missionary in 634, found here at Dorchester already a large Saxon settlement. Cynegil, the Saxon king, whom he baptized, and the monk together built an edifice on this precise spot and Birinus labored in it for fourteen years, dying two years later. Can one ever forget the luxuriant and massive chestnut tree against the western gate, or the picture together made by the tree and by the Abbey? I should love to have that scene every Sabbath morning and then esteem myself rich indeed. How many who now

worship there ever think of that exquisite bit of combined nature and art? Almost as memorable an event was the brief inspection permitted of the parish school, close to the church, where boys and girls of from eight to fourteen years of age were studying "The Three R's." The building was once the gate-house of the Abbey. A dozen tow-headed boys were on the floor, struggling with examples in arithmetic. The sight of us put them in merry humor, and the sight of them put us in fine spirits. We mutually smiled, but this, as to the boys, the teacher sternly reproved. Their seats were long benches and their desks of the same length, and as plain as ever were used in a common school-house in a wilderness. Evidently the parish work would fit no pupil for a high school in our country, but I presume the children were poor and were expected to obtain only the rudiments. The rector's wife appeared before we left, and, on her announcement that she was American born, we conceived an attachment to her which she reciprocated. She saluted our flag and we saluted her, and she told us our visit was much too short.

The fate of Dorchester as a city whose whole importance now is its Past, seems to have been brought about by two small incidents. The one has been alluded to; the mere transference of a bishopric. The other was the change in the use of a public road! There was "a Great Road" from London, which ran through it toward the north, and this brought business, people and goods to Dorchester. About the middle of the Twelfth Century that "Great Road" was changed; Dorchester was no longer on it. Then it began to decay until it became in a few centuries what it now is, an agricultural village, and if it were

not for its church, I doubt if anyone at all would reside there from choice.

Just below Shillingford we crossed the Thames; here it is a small stream, say only thirty yards wide. Then it bent clear out of our way till at Wallingford, the home of Sir William Blackstone; a town said to be mentioned in Cæsar's "Commentaries;" a place still possessing the scant remains of an old Norman castle of the Twelfth Century, in which the Empress Matilda took refuge till her son, Henry II., came to her rescue at the close of the Civil War of 1141. Unfortunately for my recollection of the life of Blackstone, I passed entirely through the town before it dawned upon me that his life had stated that this was his burial-place. I could then see behind me the spire of St. Peter's, which it is said he had erected when he was recorder of Wallingford, two years before his death, and underneath which are his honored bones. There was no time to return. Since then, however, I have passed this way again and again. The church is certainly worth a visit, if only to see the tomb of the great commentator. Blackstone lived across the Thames from Wallingford in Castle Priory, on a liberal estate (in acres) now or lately the residence of Hayllor, the subject painter, and next to the present estate of G. D. Leslie, the author. He must often have had Wallingford's main church steeple in full sight toward the sunset; perhaps it was one of the last earthly sights he saw. Born in London and left an orphan when twelve, he progressed so rapidly in the school in that metropolis that at fifteen he entered Pembroke University, Oxford. He gained his fame in London. I have often looked at the windows of his plain rooms in Brick Court, Temple, and wondered if it were true that Goldsmith, whose habita-

tion was in No. 2 on the floor above (up two pair of stairs, to the right) made so much noise with his revelries and mirth that the mighty writer of law commentaries was, as it is related, "vexed beyond measure." I judge that Sir William went to Wallingford, where an uncle resided, about 1750, at first to secure rest



Church of St. Peter's, Wallingford.

and quiet during certain months, then because falling heir to this estate. At all events, being charmed with the peace and rural beauty of the vicinity, he made it his last abiding place. His wonderful "Commentaries" are said never to have been intended for the press, but solely as lectures to his Oxford students,

for he became a member of the faculty of the University in 1758. He published the lectures in 1765 and 1769. He was only fifty-six when he died (in 1780), but he left a name as an author of common law which filled two continents with his fame. His four volumes are to-day to the law student what King James's Bible has long been to the English tongue, a "well of knowledge pure and undefiled." To the end of time it is doubtful whether any work treating of the same fundamental legal principles will ever be worthy of this monumental predecessor.

Towns shrink as well as grow abroad, and Wallingford is one which, if it lives long enough, may become unknown to the map makers. It formerly had not only Sir William Blackstone as its most distinguished citizen, but it had fourteen churches. Now it has about three churches and no men of whom the world takes note. In the days of Edward the Confessor it had two hundred and seventy-six houses paying taxes to the king; it can hardly have as many now. It did have a castle at the time of the Conquest, and it was one of mark; and a prison for princes. Now it has trees above a mound and a small bit of wall, and this is all to connect the town with those earlier ages.

The coaches hastened by Wallingford because of the long drive ahead. We were still sixteen miles from Reading, and the afternoon was wearing away. This portion of the road is wholly beautiful. There are constant glimpses of the river and of broad meadows on either hand, and we saw pleasure parties on small steamers on the Thames, who waved their handkerchiefs and shouted at us, perhaps because attracted by our flag. There were also houseboats here and there, and I quite envied those fortu-

nate enough to own one of them. At Moulsford, where the trial eights of Oxford University are rowed, and then at Streatley, there are exceptional views of the river. Somewhere near Moulsford a comical runaway, which might have been serious enough to have taken life, occurred by the wayside. A little donkey was before us in the road, attached to a small cart, in which was a woman, evidently a governess, driving, with two children, five and seven years of age. The donkey would not allow us to pass. Mr. Franklin tried twice to pass, carefully, and at last nearly succeeded, when the donkey started on a gallop as if to run away. The poor harness broke, and the donkey left the shafts. These, falling down, tumbled out the children on their heads, and also the woman, whose feet were high in the air, but who persistently clung to the lines as long as possible. The donkey ran fifty yards, stopped and looked around, as much as to say: "What is the matter, anyhow?" The children cried, one being slightly hurt on the head, but more frightened than injured. The woman refused to state if hurt or not, and her ugly temper and air of imperilled innocence compelled us to smile after passing her, even against our will. Of course we first saw that a passer-by had taken fraternal charge of donkey and cart and its late contents, and knew they would receive proper attention.

With the Thames lovingly hugging the road on the left, we spun along past fields of grain, poppies and English walnuts to Streatley, where, if there is a more picturesque, old-fashioned hotel than the "Bull" I have never found it. Architecturally and in its surroundings it is the perfection of artistic taste. Even in the backyard garden the flowers and the tiny retreats are so many unique treasure-troves to sight

and sense. Every room in the hotel was occupied with summer boarders, though the house was large. The small street leading to the river, and to Goring, on the opposite side, contained a dozen or more vine-covered and rose-ornamented houses, which, while humble enough in size, some kings of the earth would envy. We went down to the water and had a first row on the Thames. None will ever forget the exquisite combined pastoral and water scene, with the dipping bushes and the pond lilies in the foreground, and the square tower of Goring church, set between gigantic elms, in the distance. The old Roman road, the Ichnield, crossed the Thames at this precise point, and in the vicinity have been found Roman coins, pavements, structures and barrows. The horses needed a long rest at Streatley, and this gave us time not only to boat but to climb the high hill back of the village to secure a view of the whole charming valley. Such a view is rare. The historic river meandered in the centre, among fields full of clover and the scent of new-mown hay, and near and far wide-spreading trees, green as emerald, extended miles and miles away. Wild flowers and animate life were singing their songs together. Jean Ingelow knew just how to describe a scene like this:

"An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of bloom;
We two among them wading together
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet;
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

Now for the final afternoon's spurt to Reading. The road was as a marble floor. Resort after resort for

"Londoners," as all boarders here were termed, were passed; Bassildon; Pangbourne, with its notably fine boathouse; Purley Hall; Roebuck, where lived Pope's friend, Martha Blount; and soon the long stretch of brick rows, blocks and blocks of two-story houses, built all after the same pattern for working-men, which form the entrance to the city of Reading. We reined up before the "Queen's" at seven P. M.; we had left Oxford at one-thirty or later. We had coached about thirty-six miles, and rested on the way fully two hours.





"The Squirrels were Scampering on the Trees and Vines."

IX.—READING AND THREE-MILE CROSS.

READING IS at a proper distance from Oxford to make it a good stopping place for the night, but is too modern to be handsome and too historically dull to be attractive. It covers plenty of ground, for its main street alone seems to be an endless road after one first touches the suburbs and until he reaches the "Queen's." In most places a crowd collected as soon as the coaches were drawn up before an inn, but here either there was no curiosity in that direction, or everybody was better employed. The "Queen's" has a good name and is managed with fair oversight, but was too small for our sufficient accommodation and this not owing to meagre size, but rather to the amount of business travel to that city and the inadequacy of hotels. There is a good, but small, railway hotel, and one or two trifling ones beside, over butchers' shops or with other queer surroundings, and these undertake to care for the entire traveling public in that city of fifty thousand inhabitants.

Has Reading any attractions for the traveler except the Huntley & Palmer biscuit factory, employing perhaps four thousand hands, and the old Abbey? If it has, I did not see them. It does have a fine park adjoining the Abbey. But the Abbey itself is a

delightful ruin; not as large or well preserved as Tintern, or Furness, or Melrose, but in its way almost tantalizingly attractive. It is such a gem as it stands, that one wonders how magnificent it would be were its full walls and all its dimensions still visible, instead of the plain and pretty soft velvet sward surrounding its present small bit of ruins. Of architecture it has too little left to give an idea of what it was. What remains is covered with the best specimens of that incomparable ivy, which lends grace to everything old in this land of religion and story. And its history is equal to that of any of the abbeys, being a romantic, useful epilogue to prolonged good deeds and mistaken piety. Several times I have pondered over its long life and inglorious death, and always with thoughts uppermost of the Abbot whose beef Henry VIII. so hastily demolished, when that glutton had been a-hunting and was well nigh famished. Of course everybody has read the story, but it will bear telling once more. Henry was hunting in his Windsor forests and lost his way. He discovered at last that he was near the residence of the Abbot of Reading. Now Henry did not like the monks, but he did want a square meal, and he knew no Abbot house was without the choicest viands and plenty of them. So he made himself at home, disguised as a tired huntsman, and the two, the unknown king and the churchman, sat down to the repast. A sirloin of good dimensions came on and the king squared himself for the biggest share of it. The Abbot saw it disappearing fast, but kept his peace. At last, however, when it was nearly gone, he exclaimed to this stranger guest: "Well fare thy heart, for here in a cup of sack I remember thy master. I would give £100 could I feed so lustily on beef as you do. Alas! my queasy stomach will

hardly digest the wing of a chicken." The King pledged his host in wine and departed. A month or so later Henry ordered the Abbot taken to the Tower of London and fed on bread and water. When well empty the King ordered a sirloin of beef set before him, and the Abbot made of himself a glutton. Just as he was finishing the repast, the King sprang out of a closet and said: "My lord, deposit at once your £100 of gold, or else return not to Reading for the rest of your life. I have been your physician to cure your queasy stomach and now I demand my fee for the service." The Abbot returned to Reading lighter in purse and heavier in heart, for he loved his money and hated Henry well. It did not take long after for Henry to suppress the monasteries, but what became of the Abbot of Reading the story does not tell.

Queen Elfrida, wife of King Edgar, who founded Reading Abbey, also founded Amesbury Abbey for nuns, and, if both were really as an atonement for her sin of bringing about the death of Edgar's son Richard, she did a worthy deed and proved her penitence. Her nun's abbey the Danes soon burnt down. Then (1121) Henry I. founded a new edifice, but this time for men, and he endowed it with enough sources of revenue to support two hundred monks. There were few such rich and independent abbeys as this, for its superior could confer knighthood, coin money, punish criminals and otherwise lord it well over other inferior bodies. The founder gave to Reading Abbey, as a relic, the head of the Apostle James, without being too minute as to its origin, and the next Henry (II.), or his Empress Maud, added to it St. James's hand; and that hand, by the way, has at least a romantic history. It came over from Germany in a case of gold.

Richard I. had need for the gold, and took it, though he retained a little tinselling of that metal to cover the hand itself. One day the relic disappeared. About the beginning of this century it was discovered by workmen digging amid the ruins, and it can now be seen in the Reading museum. It is the left hand of a human being, half closed, with the flesh dried on the bones. King Henry I. and his two queens, Matilda and Adeliza, and his daughter Maud, also Anne, Countess of Warwick, and at least a half score more persons of note were laid to rest in the Abbey, but, alas! their bones have now no tombs above them, and perhaps they have been scattered to the winds.

It is interesting to muse by the Reading Abbey over the celebrated trial by wager of battel which occurred here in 1163, at which time Henry II. sat as judge. The King's standard bearer, Henry of Essex, was accused by Robert de Montfort of treachery and cowardice in an engagement in Wales. Henry did not deny that at the skirmish he had cast away the royal standard and fled, but he averred that he believed the report that his sovereign was killed, and hence the flight. Splendid must have been the scene; the King and the spectators in a circle, the two royal favorites girt with swords and armor in the centre, and the supreme moment at hand. The issue was to be death to one, perhaps death to both, and justice as to the scandal would thus be satisfied. Montfort won. He killed his adversary, or seemed to do so. Essex's body was delivered over to the Abbey monks for burial. The actual transaction occurred a little distance away on the island in the Thames by Caversham bridge. When Essex was at the Abbey he recovered! And, while he lost his estates, he was permitted to be a monk and there to end his days.

Reading had as many sittings of Parliaments between the Thirteenth and Sixteenth Centuries as it deserved, and they sat in the Abbey's great hall, the remains of which are now the chief of what is left of these interesting ruins.



Leaving the Queen's Hotel, Reading.

It is pretty nearly a straight pull south from Reading, of sixteen miles or more, to reach the old capital of the kingdom of England. The road, like the country, is rolling in places, and all the views rural and exhilarating. I was anxious to get a glimpse on the

way of Three-Mile Cross, and, sure enough, we passed directly through it. It is a straggling village, of no beauty, but of immortal renown. Miss Mary Russell Mitford, when she first moved there with her father, who, as a neer-do-well, had drawn a £20,000 prize in a lottery, and then left Reading and set up as a man of leisure in this unattractive village, wrote (it was in 1820): "We have only moved a mile nearer Reading—to a little village street situate on the turnpike road, beside Basingstoke and the aforesaid illustrious and quarrelsome borough. Our residence is a cottage—no, not a cottage, it does not deserve the name; a messuage or tenement, such as a little farmer might return to when he left off business to live on his means. It consists of a series of closets, the largest of which may be about eight feet square, which they call parlors, and kitchens, and pantries. Behind is a garden about the size of a good drawing-room, with an arbor, which is a complete sentry box of privet. On one side a public house, on the other a village shop, and right opposite a cobbler's stall." And here she was yet in 1850, thirty years later! Then, however, she desired to remove, but only to a similar place a little distance off, where she said in a letter to Mrs. Browning: "I only want a cottage with a good bed-room, a decent sitting-room, and, perhaps, two odd rooms, anywhere, for books; for I find upon taking stock that I shall have from 5,000 to 6,000." She obtained it and she died. So for the most of her active literary life, in fact from her thirty-fourth to her sixty-fourth year, Miss Mitford lived in this "series of closets" nearly all the time, with a father who was "the delight of the town loafers" and one of the greatest spendthrifts of his time, yet an educated and somewhat gifted man.

Then she went to die, hard by, in Swallowfield, where she wrote: "The scenery is delightful and the neighbors most kind and pleasant!" Poor, dear, good, proud, great soul; I pity you a life at Three-Mile Cross for thirty years. And yet what splendid friends she had to visit her. Here came the great of her country, and even Daniel Webster, whom she characterized as "the noblest looking man I ever saw, both in face and in person," went from London to Three-Mile Cross to see this wondrously bright woman. The square, stone house, of no pretensions architecturally, sets out close to the street and now bears the title on its front: "Temperance House," for it is an inn.

It had not been contemplated to leave the beaten route to Winchester, but a lucky inquiry as to how we might see the great estate of Strathfieldsaye, presented by the nation to the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo, led to our turning aside to pass directly through it. Few Americans visit it, but it is almost *par excellence* among the estates of the old world for naturalness of trees and fields. Sturdy old oaks, six feet through, have habitation here, and no doubt existed long before "the foremost man of his age" was born. The squirrels were scampering on the trees and vines. There are cedars of Lebanon over one hundred feet high in the park, and, it is said, some of the most superb tulip trees in England. There are also chestnut trees raised from nuts which were sent to the Duke from America, gathered from Mt. Vernon, trees planted by Washington's own hand. King George IV. and King William, and also Queen Victoria and her noble husband have each been entertained here. There were pleasant fields and herds of deer for the enjoyment of the heirs of the

"Iron Duke." What did the Duke do on this noble estate? Let us see. Says Timbs: "The habits of the Duke at Strathfieldsaye were quiet, unostentatious and philosophic. He breakfasted with his company at ten; retired to his own room afterwards; devoted several hours to his endless correspondence, except on hunting days, and went out, either to ride or to walk, about two. Seven was his dinner hour; and after tea he formed one at a quiet rubber of whist, when the stakes played for never exceeded five-shilling points." We had no time to enter the buildings, which were roomy but plain, and in which are the camp bed and other memorials of the Duke.

Names are curious everywhere, when you come to ponder them. "Strathfieldsaye:" what in the world could have originated such a name? I grew interested to learn about it. "Strath," or "strat" seems to have meant, originally, a "stretch" of ground, with elevated lands on each side. "Say" was the name of the original owner. So it was a level stretch of land, owned by Mr. Say: "Strath-field-Say." The name goes back far beyond the days of Richard II. The first Sir William Pitt, an ancestor of the Earl of Chatham, owned it in Richard's time. England took so kindly to the "Iron Duke" when Napoleon fell that nothing was too good for him, and on this great acreage an elegant mansion was to have been erected. But the mansion came not; the former long, low structure of stone still remains. It reminds one of Mount Vernon, because the main house is the centre of various outlying buildings, making up almost a little village of houses surrounding the mansion. The only great spectacle about it now is the splendid vista of trees and expanse of untilled ground. King William and Queen Adelaide,

and Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, were pleased to come hither to visit the "nation's favorite." Miss Mitford's letter to Miss Barrett (afterward Mrs. Browning), written in "Autumn, 1844," describes Victoria's presence, and how at the corner of the road Miss Mitford had all the children of Swallowfield, two hundred and ninety of them, "with hand flags of pink and white" march to the spot where the Duke took leave of the Queen, to do her honor. Our coaches passed the point of road where the event must have occurred, but it was as quiet as a spot in the wilderness. So do all great events pass and Nature neither makes ado over them, nor rears memorials.

It was full noon as we reached Basingstoke, and I found this to be a "right smart" place of eight thousand people, stragglingly and illy built, yet with a business air. There was an election in progress—had been for two or three days—for a member of Parliament, and the contest was sharp; furthermore, we were told there were inducements for votes not a few. I was accosted by one voter as follows: "I wish you'd a'vote for my mon; he's th' better of the two be far; he's not a Timperance crank." Did he suppose I could do it unchallenged? More probably he was only boozy. Rum was not scarce, if one could judge from appearances. The town boasts that its first charter came from Charles I., but it sent members to Parliament when Edward I. was king, three hundred and fifty years before; so it has an ancient history. We found "The Feathers" hotel to be well managed by a Mr. Aylward, who had made a tour in America as an organist a few years before, and who regretted that he had not remained under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. The lunch Mr. Ayl-

ward gave us was not unlike all others on our tours, but the "joints" were superb and the cheese tiptop. When we had washed our hands in the tin wash-basin in a small room, and wended our way into the low-ceiled, antique-looking dining-room, we had not looked for much that was appetizing, but we found it.

Aside from the election I was most interested in having a "tupenny" shave, for I have never had it done before quite so cheaply. The shave was well enough, though only about forty seconds long, but to wash my face afterward in a basin, and to dry it myself and to brush my own hair with no help from the barber, was novel, and so the twopence proved not so cheap. This often occurred later, but usually threepence or fourpence was charged. Speaking of shaving reminds me of a long discussion I once had in London with a first-class barber on the Strand, as to the desirability of barber chairs, American fashion. He held his own in the negative well, and these were his two arguments: 1. "Our people don't know of them." 2. "When they do, they won't have them." He then proved his point. Said he: "I was at the Chicago World's Fair. I saw your chairs, was delighted with them, bought two, and had them shipped to London, and put them where those two chairs are now," pointing to the plain, hard, straightbacks of the time of King Canute. "My patrons refused to sit in them. I had to sell them as second-hand furniture at nearly a dead loss." Englishmen not of the working classes do not go to barber shops; they shave themselves. And the laboring man wants his "tupenny" shave in the same way his grandfather had it.

Near Basingstoke, Æthelred and Alfred, in the year 871, fought a hard battle with the Danes fourteen days after the battle at Ashdown.

It is a beautiful drive of nearly twenty miles, almost as straight as an arrow, and over a nearly level road from Basingstoke to Winchester. We passed Stratton Park, the home of the Earl of Northbrook, and various well-wooded estates, and the country scenes are far-reaching and wholly English. At one inn, the "Cowherd," I think, there was a well three hundred and sixty feet deep and no water. We were told we must go a mile and a half to refresh the horses with so common a beverage. There was beer in plenty, however. Other curiously named inns were "The Flower Pot Inn" and "The Cart and Horse."

At last we entered the most interesting of the ancient capitals of the three old kingdoms, in the fusion of which blossomed into flower the ripened monarchy of a united England. Whoever enters it should tarry two or three days in order to become inbued with its former spirit and to be made familiar with its glorious and undimmed associations.



Ruins of Hyde Abbey. (From an Old Print.)

X.—THE EARLIEST ENGLISH CAPITAL.

AT WINCHESTER we drove to "The George." There are two excellent old hotels in the city and of them "The George" is one. The cordial welcome we received on a Saturday night made us feel most comfortable and eager for the rest of approaching Sunday. The host and hostess were peculiarly hospitable. It seemed in going to our room as if we were traveling a mile or less up and around stairs, and over alleys above the street, to reach our destined chambers; but when within them they were full of old-fashioned comfort. The dining-room was attractive, with its candles on tall candelabra. For we did have candles, in bed-room and elsewhere, and they took us far back to our grandfathers' days. The host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Pettit, were not over forty and thirty-five respectively, and really made themselves (most English proprietors do) agreeable; everything was not left to a porter. The exterior of "The George" is a plain three and one-half story building. It is believed the same site had a hostelry famous in the days of the Plantagenet kings. The

owners said that in Edward I.'s time a Montesfont family owned it, and it is on record that in 1410 one John Montesfont passed it over to Mark le Fayre, a leading Winchester citizen. That was in the days of Henry V., a hundred years before the first Tudor king came to the throne. Then, as now, it was bounded by High street, the Lane and Jewry street, and it was called "The Moon." By 1417 it became definitely known as "The George Inn." Other hotels, "The Sun," "The Star," and "The Chequer," were contemporary, as were two in the market-place, called, respectively, and perhaps appropriately, "Paradise" and "Hell." So, for four hundred and eighty-five years at least, the great men of the kingdom who came to Winchester, and the judges, barristers, and others who attended an important court in Assize time, roomed at "The George." What stories of such its walls might tell!

One can hardly realize or express his feelings at sleeping over night in an inn which was a hundred and fifty years old when Queen Elizabeth began to reign, and which had been eighty years in operation before Columbus started to find the New World. Every room seems to have had a name, and many such names still remain above the doors in queer old English text. For example, there are: "Adam and Eve," "The Mermaid," "The Fleur-de-lis," "The Bull," "The Lion," "The Green Dragon," and so on. Forty-six such rooms were mentioned in 1655. The inn, as it now stands, was rebuilt in the last century, but much of the old was allowed to remain. In the ladies' parlor are painted pictures on the wall, considered by many not unworthy of a Hogarth. I presume "The George" at Winchester has been known as well to every public man in London or vicinity from 1410



The Cathedral, Winchester.

to the present date as any spot in the kingdom, save Westminster Abbey and the Tower, and the thought of it was to me a mental vision like an ocean full of wavelets. An old, quaint spot; a good place to rest in on a Sabbath day.

Sunday morning proved to be as bright as it ever was in Eden. It soon found me passing down High street and turning through a small alley by the City Cross. The Cross is of the reign of Henry VI., who died in 1461, and is striking in its height and apparent antiquity. Through a narrow lane, and by greensward and magnificent rows of limes, I reached the Cathedral, which was over four centuries in building, or almost from the Norman Conquest (1066) to the Reformation. It is the largest in England, being five hundred and fifty-six feet long and two hundred and thirty feet wide at the transepts, and covers one and one-half acres. The only imposing view is on the north side; but the front is plain and substantial, though not wonderful nor splendid. Perhaps few would praise Winchester Cathedral, exteriorly, especially with its low tower, though it has some grandeur and is surrounded by scenes of quiet verdure and calm repose. The bells are sweet and loud, and, as they rang out long and clear and deep, their music that Sabbath morning made the day seem like a holy day. Their first notes came upon the ear like a celestial hymn. And the air was so cool, so calm, so sweet. If there was ever a moment in my life when the skies seemed to come down and touch the earth, woo it as a bridegroom his bride, and lift up everything fallen or worldly to heights of pure felicity and heavenly stillness, it was that morning, as the great bells gave the preliminary call to service. For a long time I stood still and mused upon the scene. Then another

and myself entered the edifice and followed the bell-ringer up to some rooms over the original Norman church, where he explained to us the machinery, which dispensed with manual labor in putting wind into the big organ. I observed that the architecture in this transept was clear-cut Norman and well preserved. But we soon passed out again to view the exterior, as service was beginning, and we did not then desire to stay. The day was warm as well as bright, and birds were singing in the limes without. Somehow I felt that the Winchester of the days of King Alfred was, for a time, in my possession, and almost realized how much the spot was to men in the days when it was Old England's capital. It was so largely Old England at this Winchester, instead of England of the present, that every thought of the mind and every emotion of the heart reverted to the feudal ages.

After luncheon, I visited the Great Hall of Winchester Castle, a five-minutes walk up the street, on a slight elevation of ground. The custodian could point out only the foundation walls in one small corner of the rear yard of the original Castle on this site. That set me to contemplating anew the history, written and unwritten, of this memorable city and especially of that site, and the more I meditated over it, the more there arose visions of days when the Cæsars came to Britain, when temples to heathen gods stood on the cathedral's ground, and when, on this very castle-site, Roman guards stood erect with shield and armor, with axe and bow. No one knows when first arose on that elevated bit of ground the walls that defended the city from the Danes, but they went up so early in the far-away centuries that all the history of Egbert of Wessex, of the mighty Alfred,

of Æthelred the Unready, of Canute, of Harold and of Hardicanute, flows to and from this central scene, as the waves of the ocean beat about the base of the Eddystone; and all the while the fortifications stood, first to challenge and then to protect the fierce kings of that unsettled era. For more than a thousand years Castle hill must have seen strife and blood in the view of Saxon, Danish, Norman and Angevine kings. It saw William Rufus start on that hunting expedition from which he never returned alive. Then came William the Conqueror, warrior-Norman; the walls that had witnessed many a battle were razed, and there arose on this same site a newer, stronger and more gigantic Castle, solemn and stately, after the manner of his day. A fitting memorial to the single-handed combat with which the issue of one of the early struggles had been decided on this precise ground by Guy of Warwick and the Danish giant! Surrounded by his palace, the residence of his bishop and the mansion of the nobility, William made the new Castle his home, the seat of his military strength, the beacon of his alien court. He probably erected the very same Great Hall in which we can stand to-day, and in the adjacent chambers the masterly mind of this foreign leader of new fashions and new decrees shaped into orderliness the marvellously untoward elements of his new kingdom. As I meditated further I discerned the stern figures of Henry I. of England, and of Matilda of Scotland, as they were joined in marriage in the old room near where that Round Table is now hung. The vision swept forward to King Stephen and that curious siege, when he captured the citadel from the Empress Maud, who, to save herself from becoming his prisoner, had her own living body carried out like a corpse, in a

leaden coffin, as the King took victorious possession. The scene shifted to the days of Robin Hood, when Henry II. was king, and to Richard the Lion-hearted, who, when he returned from his captivity, received his nobles in this same Castle. It moved on to King John, when the French Dauphin and the confederated Barons took hold of it in the Civil War; to Henry III., who held it long against his treacherous foes; to the three Edwards, whose rule covered a hundred years of curious story, and who here held their royal courts of the Fourteenth Century. And still the romance and the glory came not to an end. If the Castle foundations could speak, would they not continue to tell singular tales of Henry V., who received the French Ambassadors at Winchester; of Henry VI., who always resided on that hill; of Henry VII., whose son Arthur was born there; and of the merry Henry VIII., in whose latter reign came the Emperor Charles V. to Winchester to be entertained within its walls? Would it not tell of Philip of Spain and his wedding nuptials with Mary; of James I., who gave it as a present to Sir Benjamin Tichborne, and of Charles I., whose forces held it long for the King? There this site's magnificent history, stretching across fully fifteen hundred years, comes to an end, save as to the few remaining acres of ground, where now rest the elegant Town Hall and Courts' building and the uncompleted structure that King Charles II. began and hoped would rival the memorial of the Conqueror. It must have been annoying to Cromwell to be obliged to spend a whole week in laying siege to the old Castle; so he ordered it dismantled and the destruction of it began. Charles II. finished destroying what Cromwell did not, in order to erect something grander. He only succeeded in making a prison,

and eventually a ruin, because a fire demolished whatever was attractive in its weak and unornamental architecture.

I had been thus far meditating out in the open, in view of the original foundations and of Charles II.'s ruins, and where towered before me the massive walls



King Arthur's Round Table.

of the Great Hall. Then I went again to the Hall itself to examine that wondrous Round Table. What is it and what of it? Who made it and who sat before it?

King Arthur's Round Table!—the very name is of fascinating interest. Let the doubts thrown upon its age come to us as they will, why may we not hurl

them back from whence they came? King Arthur lived in the Sixth Century, Henry VIII. in the Sixteenth, and we are in the Twentieth. Who shall say that Henry II., when he rebuilt Winchester palace, loving the legend of King Arthur, did not hunt his domains through to find this relic of the merriest days of Merrie England? English oak, like the English nation, lives forever. It is not very probable that fourteen hundred years, or even one thousand years, ago, this Round Table was constructed, but what if it was a legitimate successor to an older one just like it, which the teeth of Time and Use had almost devoured? Anyhow, I like to think not only of the Henrys, but of Arthur and his jolly knights, as more than once gathered around some of the very oak in that table, when Merlyn was guiding the hand of state, and Sir Tristram, Sir Launcelot, Sir Galahad and Sir Percival had those astounding loves and battles which have filled with flowers the earliest era of British romance. I cannot like the prosaic antiquarian who would deprive me of the exquisite pleasure. I know that Mr. Smirke (smirky name, at best), the so-called "wisest" of the investigators who have bitten the edge off the table's age, fixes the date of its original construction in King Henry VIII.'s time, but then I suspect that Mr. Smirke is sometimes wrong. It is said to be written of in the days of Henry VI., and a bill of "repairs" to this "round Tabyll" is to be found in Henry VIII.'s accounts. So I think of it as even older than the days when Winchester had ceased to be England's commercial capital, and put it back at least some centuries toward the times when the Arthurian romances first came into circulation, say soon after the knightly days of William the Conqueror. For it is an unique and

ancient table, whose origin must have been royal and whose use curiously interesting. Some think it was "a wheel of fortune." Some a relic of the traditions of Celtic nations, when round tables were in vogue. Some the seat of justice, where not for joviality but for judicial decisions, there sat around it the king and his "four and twenty knights." As Henry VIII. paid a bill for its repair, as it is quite clear that Charles V. saw it when he visited Winchester, and as the former Castle on the same spot was that of the Conqueror, why may we not believe that in any event some early descendant of the Norman king was an occupant of this board, with his cabinet advisers around him? The legs of the table are gone and so it hangs up against the wall. It is painted to form a circle, and is divided into twenty-five white and green sections radiating from a centre, which centre forms a double rose. In the middle of the upper half of the circle is a canopy and a king beneath it, crowned and with an orb and a sword. There are words in black letters on the circle, each beginning with the letter "S," but to what they refer we are not told. Four other words follow and then this inscription in the inner circle: "This is the round table of King Arthur and his twenty-four Knights." It is said to be likely that these devices were of Henry VIII.'s time, but as to the table I am persuaded it is older.

The environs of Winchester are more than pleasant; they are positively picturesque. The view from St. Giles's Hill, especially, no traveler should miss. From this hill I had the best view of the Cathedral, the town and the suburbs. And that view was simply glorious! The minster, otherwise so plain in exterior, here becomes superb. The main street runs

straight before you and ends in the ancient, massive Westgate. Parliament Hall and the recently burned palace of Charles II. is on yonder hill, where also the heads of the three alleged co-conspirators of Sir Walter Raleigh were cut off after a form of trial. To the north lies Hyde meadow, where the body of King Alfred is blooming in daisies and cowslips, and to the south is Wolsevey Castle ruins and St. Cross's ancient hospital, both almost buried in heavy foliage. Green downs and rounded hills are everywhere beyond.

At nine o'clock on Monday morning the Winchester Cathedral was more carefully inspected, under the guidance of Mr. Henry Pottle, a verger whom at first I believed to be useless, but who proved to be a rather remarkable find. He had himself twice handled all the human bones of kings in the six wooden mortuary chests over the side screens of the choir, and the following inscriptions on these chests are sufficient to indicate their contents:

South Side. First Chest from Altar Screen.—"In this tomb rests pious King Edred, who nobly governed this land of Britain, and died A. D. 955." (Contains many thigh bones and two skulls).

South Side. Second Chest.—"King Edmund died A. D. 946. Edmund, whom this chest contains, and who swayed the regal sceptre while his father was living, do thou, O Christ, receive." (Contains five skulls and four thigh bones).

South Side. Third Chest.—"In this and the other chest opposite are the remaining bones of Canute* and

* "In June, 1766, some workingmen repairing Winchester Cathedral discovered a monument, wherein was contained the body of Canute. It was remarkably fresh, had a wreath or circlet round the head and several other ornaments, such as gold and silver bands. On his finger was a ring, in which was set a remarkably fine stone; and in one of his hands was a silver penny."—(Guide to Winchester).

Rufus, kings; of Emma, queen; and of Wina and Alwin, bishops. In this chest A. D. 1661, were promiscuously laid together the bones of princes and prelates, which had been scattered about with sacreligious barbarity A. D. 1642."

North Side. First Chest from Pulpit.—This chest, with its inscriptions, mingled bones, etc., is similar to the one last described.

North Side. Second Chest.—" Here King Egbert (A. D. 839) rests, with King Kenulph (A. D. 714). Each bestowed upon us magnificent gifts."

North Side. Third Chest.—" In this chest lie together the bones of Kinegils (A. D. 641) and Ethelwulf (A. D. 857); the first was the founder, the latter the benefactor of this church, father of Alfred the Great." (Contains two skulls and the most of the bones of two persons).

To converse with the man who could tell you that old Canute, the Danish King, measured " only five feet four," as proved by his skeleton, and who had reverently put to final rest the bones of the father of Alfred the Great, seemed like personally seeing, after death, those wonderfully historic characters.* The pages of England's early days were rolled back, and I seemed to face the very men whose lives and deeds have thrilled school-boys for a thousand years. Next to these chests, in interest, was the black tomb of William Rufus, killed in the New Forest while hunting (opened in Cromwell's day for its relics of gold and re-opened in 1868); tomb of Hardicanute, the last Danish monarch; Bishop Fox's and Cardinal Beaufort's chantries, built over four hundred years

*This verger, Mr. Pottle, is now dead, but I shall never re-enter Winchester Cathedral without remembering his kindly face and enthusiastic courtesy.

ago and far excelling more modern tombs in delicacy of fretwork and beauty of design; and Queen Mary's chair in the Chapel of the Guardian Angels, on which any one is permitted to sit. The marriage of Mary with Philip of Spain took place in the cathedral July, 1554. Bishop Gardiner is buried not far away. His is the tomb of a man who had transacted affairs of state with Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, Thomas Cromwell, Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, Cranmer;



Queen Mary's Chair.

who married Mary to Philip in the Cathedral, who was her chancellor, and who managed to die naturally. His chantry is worth a visit, and recalls the quotation of Shakespeare put in Gardiner's mouth as spoken to Wolsey:

> "To be commanded forever,
> By you whose hand has raised me."

Monday morning, like the day before, was a perfect song of the skies; the scene outside was full of

rhythm and within the Cathedral looked serenely beautiful. Through the great windows the morning sun flung its colors of ruby and amethyst on chantries, altar screen and tombs. Ere I departed the music of the organ, as it rolled down the solemn aisles, seemed like the ennobled voice of ten centuries, calling mankind to praise and prayer. It was a place for silence and for thought; a place in which to—

> "Speak low!—the place is holy to the breath
> Of awful harmonies, of whispered prayer;
> Tread lightly!—for the sanctity of death
> Broods with a voiceless influence on the air."

Benjamin West's picture of the "Raising of Lazarus," purchased by the dean in 1782, and hanging in the reredos until a recent date, did no discredit to that great American painter. I have seen it a number of times, but it is now absent; a wealthy American has presented it to the Hartford, Connecticut, Atheneum. That "Prince of Fishermen," Izaak Walton (died 1683) is buried in a chapel in the south transept, the slab on the floor reading:

> "Here resteth the body of
> MR. IZAAK WALTON,
> Who dyed the 15th of December,
> 1683.
> Alas! Hee's gone before,
> Gone, to return none more.
> Our panting breasts aspire,
> After their aged Sire,
> Whose well-spent life did last
> Full ninety years, and past.
> But now he hath begun
> That which will nere be done,
> Crown'd with eternal Blisse,
> We wish our Souls with his.
> "Votis modestis sic flerunt liberi."
> [Thus with modest vows his children wept.]

Bishop Samuel Wilberforce (died 1873) lies near by.

Jane Austin's grave I found in the north aisle, (died 1817). I missed the library, where the signature of Alfred, when a boy, could be seen, and the Vulgate MSS. of the Bible (Twelfth Century), but I saw those rough beams of English oak cut from Pempage Forest over eight hundred years ago, which still support the transept roof. It is stated that the first organ ever invented was set up in the Cathedral in 951, and it was thus described by a monk of the time in Latin verse:

> "Twelve pair of bellows, ranged in stately row,
> Are joined above, and fourteen more below;
> These the full force of seventy men require,
> Who ceaseless toil and plenteously perspire,
> Each aiding each, till all the wind be prest
> In the close confines of the incumbent chest,
> On which four hundred pipes in order rise,
> To bellow forth the blast that chest supplies."

The first Christian church planted on this spot was by Roman missionaries in A. D. 169, and hence for over seventeen hundred years the Gospel has been announced on this very ground. Plain, stalwart, venerable house of God, very sacred you are; every stone was built up on holy sod and by noble men, who, if not as great architects as some others, erected a vast and goodly edifice.

I have never had time, in several visits to this city, to look into Winchester College, dating from 1382, and which must be of unusual interest. Nor to examine St. Cross Church. Nor to do more than cast a passing glance at the ruins of Wolsevey Castle. But the whole vicinity is deserving of more attention than most visitors give to it. As to Wolsevey, where Queen Mary was when Philip came from Spain to marry her; where King Alfred compiled the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle;" where three hundred wolves'

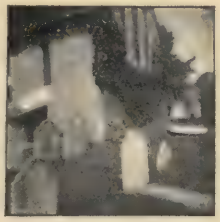
heads a year were ordered by King Edgar to be delivered to him annually so as to rid England of these pests (hence the name, Wolsevey Castle), a whole book could be written on it and all the facts might cast even the Arthurian romances into the shade. The city once was walled, but while one can never quite forgive Cromwell that he allowed his soldiers to demolish all the fine statues in most of the cathedrals, it was doubtless imperative to dismantle the cities where his adversaries were strongest, and so the loss of Winchester's walls was a necessary evil. It would be, to-day, an attractive addition to have the city still surrounded with its fortifications of stone.

Before leaving Winchester I decided to have our coaches take in the site of Hyde Abbey before making the drive to Southampton and the Isle of Wight. This Abbey was built by Henry I., in 1110, and, when in its glory, the body of King Alfred was taken from the New Minster, as it was called—a church erected close by the Cathedral and built by King Alfred, but whose walls have long ago passed away,—and reburied. Perhaps it was because the New Minster was to be pulled down and the Abbey was supposed to be something that would long survive it. As to the Cathedral it was not then begun, nor thought of by a hundred years. What a lesson to teach us how some things destined to be immortal may vanish as a cloud! The Cathedral is to-day the glory of Winchester; the Abbey is a stable. The Abbey had twenty-seven thousand acres of land from which it derived a revenue, and yet, stripped of every vestige of corporate right, it is but a heap of crumbling decay. Alfred's remains are said to repose beneath the plain slab just east of the parish church of St. Bartholomew (of 1154) near by the Abbey. Over this I then and since

have stood reverently with uncovered head. It is probable, not certain, that here the best king who ever ruled Britain awaits the final Resurrection. One will on such a spot recall the lines of Mrs. Hemans, beginning:

> "Spirit of Alfred! patriot soul sublime!
> Thou morning-star of error's darkest time!"

and feel that, perhaps, his spirit might not be so far away this millennial year! From near the plain slab I gathered white clover blossoms, a buttercup, a tiny fern, and leaf of yarrow, and, as I pressed them in my notebook and walked away, I called up afresh to mind all that I had read of the "First George Washington."



Grave of Alfred the Great.

George Washington indeed, but a greater than he! What a wholesome, mirth-loving, good, royal, manly man Alfred was every schoolboy ought to know. Washington saved his country, but Alfred both saved and made his native land; he was not only the greatest ruler of his time, but one of the best and wisest men of all time; pre-eminently the "noblest man that ever wore a crown." He had four-square common-sense, he had infinite tact and he possessed extraordinary learning. Not a flaw in his personal character. Not a deed is credited to his record which was not worthy of a man and of a prince. Alfred the Great was the peer of any prince since David in all excellencies, and if he had not greater genius than our Washington (though I think he had), he was in a position to work out vaster accomplishments, for he reigned almost thirty

years. With this view all the great authorities of the world agree.*

Consider for a moment just what this one man accomplished. England was conquered and enthralled by the Danes; he put them to flight and regained his country for his countrymen. At once he restored order out of chaos. He selected and confirmed the best of laws, and they are the foundation of the Common Law to-day. To govern it well, he divided the land into tithings, hundreds and shires, and gave to each proper magistrates. This is still the recognized mode of local government, both in England and America. Every citizen was registered; not to be, made him an outlaw. He impartially redressed grievances. He established courts of assize. He invoked trial by jury and by twelve freeholders. He removed from office the corrupt and substituted the incorrupt. England had no fleet; he built one. He planted Christianity where was barbarism. He made theft so odious that it is said there could be hung golden bracelets on trees by the highways and no man durst remove them. He made insecure homes secure. He translated works from the Latin and Greek. He wrote stories and poems, and even fables. He laid the foundations for the present English tongue. He rebuilt Winchester. He made London, which was insignificant, a great city. What that was princely and noble did he leave undone, so far as lay in his

*Mr. Frederic Harrison, one of the authorities of to-day on Alfred, said of him in an address delivered at Harvard College, March, 1901, that in each of his characters as warrior, statesman, hero and saint, "he was perfect—the purest, grandest, most heroic soul that ever sprang from our race." These were well-considered, carefully chosen words and there will be few to dispute his opinion. As to the final resting-place of Alfred's remains, researches are now being made at Winchester to see if the spot can be definitely determined.

power? The whole is best summed up in the well-known description of him by Sir Henry Spelman: "The wonder and astonishment of all ages! If we reflect on his piety and religion, it would seem that he had always lived in a cloister; if on his warlike exploits, that he had never been out of camps; if on his learning and writings, that he had spent his whole life in a college; if on his wholesome laws and wise administration, that these had been his whole study and employment." Reflections, while first standing near Alfred's grave, were overpoweringly strong, that Englishmen could do no better deed than to erect at Winchester to the memory of Alfred a monument worthy of a king. Happily, they have done it. In this year of grace, 1901, exactly one thousand years after his death, the tardy recognition of a great and free people is embodied in a colossal statue, the work of Thornycroft, admira-



Statue of Alfred the Great, by Thornycroft, (1901).

bly conceived and executed. It represents the king in helmet and cloak, raising the hilt of his sword, which is also the sign of the Cross. And yet! and yet! With all the ceremonies and the majestic figure on that pedestal, greatness seems never so great as when its robing is in plain simplicity. That smooth, flat, uninscribed stone in Hyde Abbey churchyard; that plain turf; the unadorned buttercup, tender fern and modest yarrow; the sweet, warm sunshine; birds carolling in the lindens near; silence: could anything more truly represent the sweetness of nature, purity of heart and plainness of life of Alfred, who, a thousand years ago, after years of war, fell asleep in a time of peace, bequeathing to the world the ploughshare and the pruning hook in place of a cruel sword.*

* "A most interesting memorial of Alfred is a jewel now preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It was worn by him, was lost at Athelney, and was found there unharmed in the Seventeenth Century. Its inscription, 'Alfred het meh gewircan' (Alfred had me made), affords authentic testimony to its origin." Illustrations and a representation of this jewel were on exhibition in the Lenox Library, New York, in October last.



"Boats in Full Sail."

XI.—ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

OFF AGAIN in the coaches, the town of Winchester being astir and agape at us as we passed. We should have stopped before St. Cross Hospital, a mile to the south, a unique institution seven hundred years old, founded by Henry of Blois (1136) and Cardinal Beaufort, to support "thirteen poor men" and also to give a daily dinner to "a hundred other indigent men." Every one still obtains, free, a horn of beer and pot of white bread on knocking at the porter's gate. But we passed it rather unawares. The first noteworthy sight, later, was that of a score of school-children running after us up the half-mile hill of St. Catherines, perhaps to see if pennies would be thrown out. Some one asked them what nation's flag ours was, and they did not know. From here on there was no special interest in the road to Southampton, distance a dozen miles from Winchester, but it continued to be as smooth as a floor. We went into the city and down to the docks with plenty of townspeople watching.

Southampton, as viewed from the docks or rail-

way, looks like a wholly modern, and, therefore, to travelers, an unattractive place, compared with other cities and towns of Southern England. But more careful study proves that it does have things of other than passing interest. And, first of all, is the spot whence the Pilgrim Fathers set sail. Not a local guidebook tells of it, but the location can be almost, if not quite, pointed out on the wharf just east of the starting place for the small steamer that runs regular trips across to Cowes. That was a great day for Massachusetts, for New England and for all the United States, when, on August 5, 1620, the "Mayflower" started from this point to bear a handful of religious men and women to the shores of the New World. The Thanksgiving turkey might be still unborn had that little craft not piloted those stormy seas and reached that stern and rockbound coast at Plymouth Rock! The Bar Gate of the Eleventh Century, with its Norman arch, is another object lesson for the antiquarian, as is the old Norman structure known as King John's house, one of the very oldest domestic houses in England. St Michael's church is old, very old, and its eagle lecturn of fine brass, excavated in late years from its hiding beneath the church, and its tombs, will bear study and awaken thought. So will Bitterne, a little place just across the Itchen east from Southampton, the precise place where the Romans had a permanent camp, and where Cerdic and Cynric, the Danish kings, landed in 495, when they came to conquer South England and to lay the foundations of the kingdom of Wessex. Eloquent of fated heroism is the fact that at Southampton Richard Coeur de Lion, with his Crusaders, embarked, when, in 1189, they started on that unhappy mission to free the Holy Land from the grasp of the Infidels.

It is but three and one-half miles from Southampton to the place where the old Cistercian monks from France had happy days, Netley Abbey, than which there is scarcely a more beautiful ruin in the realm. Except for a fort in the way, this venerable relic would be seen by all steamers which go up to Southampton docks, but now it is out of view.

It is true, nevertheless, that as a whole Southampton is chiefly, for travelers, a port of entry and embarkation, and I was glad to hasten from Southampton water and across the channel, three miles wide, to West Cowes, and there look upon a water-scene like one of Turner's pictures. It is "down" to get to the ocean channel, because Southampton is not located on the sea, but some ten miles from it on a broad estuary, formed by the rivers Itchen and Test, and Southampton Bay. It is a pretty ride to the channel, because of the shipping within view, and also because of the noble military buildings on the east side. When the Solent (as the channel is called, dividing the mainland from the Isle of Wight) is reached, Cowes comes into view, and when once West Cowes is reached, the view of the harbor becomes zestful and restful. At the "Gloster" hotel, facing the Solent, I saw that evening, after sundown, a picture such as I have not seen even approached in the best of Turner's sunset pictures. The mental mirror photographed it then, but my pen will fail to give it life and reality now. It was the Bay of Naples brought up to the coast of England. There, in the far western horizon, were the chalcedony of earth and the topaz of heaven, intermingled and suffused. Between that gorgeous panorama and where I stood were the silent artifices of men, the great ships, those voiceless personifications of the gods of the deep; and where they floated it was

as pellucid and calm as the sea of eternity. A dozen, two dozen, three dozen yachts and boats in full sail skimmed the watery surface as noiselessly as if they knew not sound of hammer, or 'longshoreman. Athwart the bosom of the bay were streaks and patches of the reflected deep oranges and reds of the skies of fire. Eastwardly, toward Spithead, where those brave men and many women—nine hundred souls in all—on the "Royal George" went down in 1782, there was the gray, almost melancholy, quiet of unmarked graves. North, in a line with that vast country of the New Forest, where William Rufus met his death, were only glows and afterglows, but they too became gold and then turned into blood, as the sun dropped down to and below the smoky atmosphere of the south of England. The effects of land and cloud and sea, congeries of spirits, reaching up and reaching down in awful colors, such as only an English atmosphere seems possible to portray, were indescribable. As I watched the heavens, every yellow point and spangle had turned into crimson, and by reflection every wavelet was transformed into the blood of Egypt! Land of goodnight and of farewell; sky of twilight and of beckoning; sea of reflected eternities! Those ghostly boats before me, those strange, weird, marvellous spectres beyond me, that unutterable silence of death around and above: was I in heaven, or on earth, or in neither? Suddenly a band of music broke forth into sound, just beneath my bed-room window. The town band! I wished for the moment there had never been such a thing as earthly music. Here were the matchless heavens and the overpowering sea, a sublime canticle, a marvellous spectacle, an overwhelming poem, unfolding glory upon glory in absolute and majestic quiet. But puny, vain and self-import-

ant man must come into the scene and disturb the serenity, break up the harmony, quench the spiritual and the adorable, and all for a collection of a few sixpences and shillings!

All the leviathans of the deep that steam between New York and Southampton, or Southampton and France, come through this body of water known as the Solent. It is the headquarters of all English yachting, and being also in the immediate proximity to Osborne Castle, it will be readily understood why the marine sights at Cowes are favorite ones for an artist. There are terraced gardens running down to the sea, with plentiful vines, and between the active life at the seaside and the more quiet and peaceful one of the cottagers on the hill, I should consider Cowes a delightful place, both for business and for residence.

Before leaving Cowes to coach on the island, a general word or two about the Isle of Wight may help us to appreciate it more. It does not figure much in the usual histories of England, perhaps because it is so small. It is only thirteen miles broad and twenty-two long; not big enough for one county, so it belongs to Hampshire, on the main land. It has one hundred and forty-six square miles of land; smaller than any county of England, if we except Rutlandshire. But from Roman days—four hundred and fifty years the Romans held it in possession—till now, it has been set aside in a measure from all the rest of England by Saxons, Normans and Englishmen as a place of residence for the wealthy, as a seaside resort and as a winter retreat. It is warm in December, yet cool all the year round. Its coast is nearly everywhere abrupt, and as the central part of the island rises at one point to the height of eight hundred and

thirty feet, it presents all the rolling features of interior England. After seeing its numerous high hills I cannot wonder that there were in the days of the Edwards more than two score watch-towers on their summits, where the flashing beacons at night signalled from one to the other, and across to the mainland, the approaches of naval enemies; nor that, with all their onsets, the French in the times of the Henrys could not make a permanent foothold on this bit of territory, which they wished to own and plunder. This rolling surface makes it fine coaching ground. One must have ups and downs to enjoy coaching to the utmost. Fine old Roman villas, remains of thoroughly ancient castles, seaside towns of extraordinary beauty, valley towns as fair as any in Great Britain, are all found in this small piece of land. As we shall see, there are individual spots of scenery, natural and artificial, which are as dreams "of Ormus and of Ind." As Drayton long ago sang of this Island:

> "Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,
> And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace."

Somehow or other an English coachman will not be induced, either by promise of reward or by affection to his patrons, to arise at an early hour in the morning, put horses and vehicles in readiness, and, by the time the sun is up but a little way, the dew still on the grass and the air purest and sweetest, push on toward the halfway point of the day's journey. It is no attraction to him to be told he can make a longer nooning for both men and beast; he simply will not budge. In midsummer the sun is up at three and does not set until nine. We had hoped sometimes to have been off by six at the latest, and

to have sped along through the narrow hedge-lined lanes to the songs of morning birds, when the fresh atmosphere was redolent with the breath of barley and of new-mown hay. But do what we could, say what we would, it required almost superhuman effort to have the words "All aboard!" pronounced before nine o'clock, when the sun was fully five hours high. Mr. Franklin always insisted that the air of the early morning had too much fog to be healthy; that in any event it required all the preliminary hours before nine to have the horses in fine trim, the axles well greased, and the other paraphernalia entirely ready. The truth is, it is an English habit, born I know not when, but grown out of aristocratic ideas, to retire late at night and arise from the bed in the middle of the forenoon. No English hotel would welcome a body of guests a second time, who insisted on a regular breakfast earlier than eight o'clock; with any landlord nine or ten is the fashionable hour. If we ever talked of starting early, everybody objected; the proprietor of the coaches and all his men; the proprietor of the hotel and all his waiters. So in time we learned to submit and felt ourselves lucky if we could make a mount at not more than the third hour from the noon.

It is a drive fit for the gods, that eighteen miles to Freshwater Bay, directly across the island. The capital town, Newport, is athwart the path, but no other settlement of size or importance. The wide Medina river, a full quarter-mile across for most of the way, is unfortunately out of sight, though parallel with the road, for the railway has pre-empted the lowlands along that curious body of half-salt and half-fresh water, and the driveway has been kept to the higher level. The public road is an exceedingly an-

cient one. To the right we passed the prison of the island, where we saw many convicts in the fields work-



The Keep, Carisbrooke.

ing in gangs. Behind it were the trees of the great Parkhurst Forest. We scarcely paused at Newport, but hastened on to reach Carisbrooke Castle, which

lifts its massive walls high upon a hill a half-mile east of the little village of Carisbrooke. As one nears it there is in the background a sweet picture: the church of Carisbrooke with its grand square tower; the stone cottages clustering around it; fields of pasture; a brook of pellucid clearness. Before is that exalted mound, with the Castle upon it, the banner of English authority waving above the ramparts. I could hardly believe, as I walked up the rugged ascent and saw the towers and battlements, and entered through the gateway of splendid architectural proportions, that this was a dismantled fortress and, for all war purposes, a veritable ruin. Some other real and unruined castles have fine positions and great natural strength—Edinburgh, Stirling, Durham, for instance—but none has the intrinsic beauty, nor extrinsic dignity, when viewed from any point, of Carisbrooke. It shows off at once its glorious antiquity. It presents at a glance a forefront of imperishable associations. Two thousand years have come and gone since the first earthworks were raised on this spot by the oldest known inhabitants of South Britain—the Celts—and the lords and overlords, the nobles, the princes and princesses, the kings and queens, who have passed within its environments of earth and stone, could neither be named nor numbered.

Whitgar, a rude Saxon chieftain, is said to have given his name to the spot—Whit-garis-burgh, corrupted now to Carisbrooke—and it is likely enough, for there is a very ancient chronicle which reads: "This year, (530) Cerdic and Cynric conquered the Island of Wight, and slew many men at Wiht-garasbyrg." Fire and sword, famine and time, have conspired to rend it, to demolish it, to make it a memory

of the ages, but without avail. Deserted, it is not desolate; devastated, it has still on its brow the repose of eternal defiance. When the sun shines in its broad arena, and the rooks are building happy nests in the plentitudinous ivy on gate and walls, it is as calmly magnificent, and, to appearances, as impregnable as when the great Fitz-Osborne, marshall of William the Conqueror, erected the ancient keep, or Queen Elizabeth the loopholed towers, or when the soldiers of Cromwell beat their roll-calls during the long imprisonment of King Charles I. Take it all in all, there is hardly a finer ruined fortress in all Great Britain than this of Carisbrooke. Grand without being melancholy, except by its connection with the fate of the young Elizabeth; majestic in situation; wrapt in the solitude of its own inherent dignity, its stern battlements have been the admiration of fifteen generations of people. If one scans back over all the centuries since some sort of fortress crowned the hill, sixty generations of men are not too large a number to embrace the sum of those who have seen nations rise and fall while this covert for heroic knights remained erect and puissant. Always the pride of the inhabitants of this lovely island, its pomp has vanished, but its glories yet throw long shadows over all the land.

I was glad to begin my investigation of this enormous fortress by making a circuit of the walls. Entering by the bridge which crosses the moat and by the Queen Elizabeth gate, marked "E. R., 1598," and then through the still more venerable wooden double-doorway, the age of which cannot even be conjectured, a narrow stairway took me to the top of the ramparts, twenty feet high and eight feet thick. Then appears an entertaining view. So wide

reaching, so tranquil. The tall, white church tower at Newport and the tiled roof houses; the two towers of Osborne in the far north, and also the waters of the Solent; the village of Carisbrooke close by; everywhere undulating downs and valleys of great fertility. There were dense forests to the northeast, and noble hills toward the south. Surely, except for his being a prisoner of state, with the prospect that his head must be laid beneath the axe, Charles had opportunity, when he was permitted to walk upon these walls, to look out "where every prospect pleased, and only man was vile."

What about King Charles in this Castle? He entered it the thirteenth of November, 1647, after fleeing from his palace at Hampton Court, near London. He came to the coast to escape to France. No vessel appearing, he threw himself upon the mercy of the Governor of the Island, Colonel Hammond, an honorable and kind-hearted man, who felt his first duty was to the Parliament in power and his second to the King. He was lodged in the Governor's house—Montacute Tower—and Parliament voted five thousand pounds per annum for his household expenses. Ample, one would suppose, to maintain his dignity within fortress walls. He was not even a prisoner, except that he could not leave the island. He went hunting in Parkhurst Forest. He had time to read, to write a book as to his "Solitude and Sufferings," and even to hold the semblance of a court. Gentry came to him and kissed his hand, and those affected with the "king's evil" were touched and (said to be) healed. In a moment of cowardice, a repetition of former displays of unheroism, he planned an escape. It failed. He planned another, this time preparing to go through the window of his bed-

chamber, on the first (we should call it the second) floor of the Governor's house, to let himself down with a silk cord, cross the castle-yard in the darkness, scale the outside walls by means of a rope, mount a horse, reach the seaside, and take a boat for France.



King Charles the First.

March 20th, 1648, was the date set. Charles did get his head through the window bars. Then he discovered his body was bigger than his head and would not go through! To think that a king should know less of plain physics—or solids, rather—than did

an ordinary boy! It is hard to believe the record, but the facts are well attested, for Cromwell learned of the circumstances and a letter from him concerning it, dated a fortnight later, has been published. Charles's residence now had to be changed, and what is at present called "The Prison of Charles" was fitted up for the state prisoner, and beneath his room a sentinel paced night and day. He planned escape again, this time proposing to remove a window bar, and get away almost exactly as before. On May 28th he succeeded in severing the bar. The soldiers who were in the plot were below ready to aid him, and the king actually got through the window. But he saw more sentinels than the customary ones. The Governor had learned of the scheme and had frustrated it. Thenceforth there was no hope. The island was now excited, soldiers were everywhere, rigorous measures for his security were adopted. In November he was taken to Hurst Castle on the Hampshire coast, then to Windsor, then to his place of execution in front of Whitehall. This latter is history which all the world knows well.

But what of Princess Elizabeth? Charles never could see his children when at Carisbrooke. His farewell to them—a memorable farewell—took place at the Palace of St. James, in London. Eighteen months later Cromwell had the Princess Elizabeth and her younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester, confined in Carisbrooke. Elizabeth was less than fifteen. She was so sweet, so gentle, so religious, that her last days, like her previous life, won to her memory the affection of all who love the purity of girlhood and the unaffected piety of devoted youth. Of delicate constitution, the chilly and fireless room to which she was consigned so quickly undermined her health

that, ten days after her arrival, she had taken a cold from which no physician's skill could relieve her. One month a prisoner; then the good hand of God took her to Himself. The story of her death is so touchingly pathetic that I want to give it in the words of an English writer, as I found it in a pamphlet when at this fateful Castle: "The sun was nearing the west, and its mellow tints and declining rays were just brightening up the little room and penetrating the chamber, whose aspect invited their coming. From its window she gazed upon the calm of an autumnal afternoon. It was rest—harmonious rest. It was the even-song of Nature, chanted in purple, crimson and gorgeous tints. Ever and anon voices came from the little church, and sounds of praise fell upon her delighted ears as she composed herself to read from her treasured Bible; her sole companion now, save Himself, who is the 'Living Word,' whose presence ever makes the written Word so real. She had found the 11th chapter of Matthew, and her eyes were resting and her heart was feeding upon the sweet words, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and her heart's pulsation ceased, her dear face fell upon the page, and her sweet life was breathed away amid the fragrance of these words: 'I will give you rest.' How truly was this the vestibule of heaven! And so unseen, unnoticed, the flower faded. Elizabeth fell asleep almost within three weeks of her arrival." Another account says: "No one was with her at the moment when her gentle spirit took its flight; she was found reclining on her couch, her cheek resting on a Bible, open at the passage, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour,' etc. This Bible had been given her by her father with these words: "It has been my great com-

fort and constant companion through all my sorrows, and I hope it will be thine also." In the dramatic sketch of "Elizabeth Stuart" by Windus, she is made to say, at the last:

"I cannot sleep. I feel a strange unrest.
I'll try to rise and consolation seek
From my dear Book. Its pages open here.—
'Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest.'
And now the words seem blurred. I cannot read.
Some gentle influence has bound me 'round.
My lanquid limbs are sinking to repose.
Who calls? . . . The light grows dim. . . . I cannot see.
Father, dear father, wait. . . . I come to thee!"

Her body was taken by devoted hands and laid to rest in Newport churchyard, September 20, 1650, and in 1856, two hundred and six years later, it was marked with a monument of white marble, sculptured by Marochetti, and paid for by the good Queen Victoria. The young Duke was kept two years at this castle, and then was permitted to join his mother, ex-Queen Henrietta, in France. Of course I entered the little room of four stone walls with no speck of furniture within it, where she died, and took a single leaf of ivy from the window-sill.

The Well House, of the Sixteenth Century, (succeeding two previous structures), with a well one hundred and forty-five feet deep, is as odd as it is historic. It is seven hundred and fifty years old, and since 1588 the windlass has been turned by the identical fifteen-feet draw-wheel now used, the motive power being a donkey, whose hereditary name is "Jacob." One "Jacob" died in 1877, aged forty-nine years. The present "Jacob" had been in service four years, succeeding one who fell off the walls and ended a long and useful career. When I saw him at the wheel he hesitated when the "Now, Jacob," reached

his ear from the keeper, but soon faced about, entered the wheel, and expended five minutes of severe toil in lifting a huge barrel full of water. Then he quickly tripped out to chew on a wisp of hay. He had an older companion, "Ned," to alternate with him at the wheel, but I did not see "Ned" at this first visit.*

After the Castle, and flooded with its associations, we hastened on foot down the hill to the village, remounted our coaches and were off through Brook and Brightstone to Freshwater. At Brook, a lady teacher, with school-children by her side, rang the school bell in honor of the American flags we carried, and we doffed hats to them. "Do you know," says Carnegie, "why the Americans worship the starry banner with a more intense passion than even the Briton does his flag? I will tell you. It is because it is not the flag of a government which discriminates between her children, decreeing privilege to one and denying it to another, but the flag of the people which gives the same rights to all. The British flag was born too soon to be close to the masses. It came before their time, when they had little or no power." Somewhere near this point of the day's tour we passed another lot of school-children, near a public school, as it was the noon hour. One of the party thus narrated in a letter to his newspaper at home what occurred: "They were bright-looking youngsters, and surrounded our coaches as they were standing in the street. The question was asked of them what flag was waving above the coach? They replied in chorus, 'American flag.' 'Who was it that fought with England?' was asked. 'The United States.' 'Who got whipped?' was the next cruel question.

* For another notice of this Castle, see Chapter XXIII.

There was a moment of hesitation. 'The right answer means a penny,' said the interrogater. Then a bright-eyed youngster said, timidly, 'England.' It was an effort; the love of their country is strong even with the children."

The ground between Carisbrooke and Freshwater is rolling, fruitful, and with no special attractions except those inseparable from English scenery. There were thatched-roof villages, people whose dress was rather peculiar, and here and there snatches of the salt air from the ocean toward which we were hastening. The names of the old inns were, if anything, more odd than usual; the titles, or many of them, running back to the days of the Plantagenets. I have often wondered why it was that village inns, and even the hotels in the large cities of England, have such queer names. The commonest known, perhaps, are the "Red," "White" or "Black Horse," the "White" or "Black Swan," the "Blue Jay," the "Bull," the "Cow," the "Lion," etc., named after animals and birds. In this one day's coaching on the Isle of Wight I noted such oddities as "The Cowherd," "Brown Jug," "Antelope," "Dog and Cart," "Bleeding Horse," "Malt and Shovel." One writer in a Boston newspaper undertook some time ago to explain some of these by declaring that they were corruptions, but in the majority of cases his explanation probably fails. He instanced, for example, "The Buck in the Park" as derived from "a heraldic sign, a hart, cumbent, on a mount, in a park paled;" "The Bull and Mouth," from "Boulogne Mouth;" "The Devil and Bag of Nails," from "The Satyr and Attendant Bacchanals;" "The Cat and the Wheel," from "Catherine's wheel." It may be so, but I rather suspect there is in many cases a history connected

with an inn, or of the man who first opened it, which induced him, or which induced one of his successors, to put up the sign which now gives characterization to the spot. The English are quite peculiar about their signs, and a host of queer placards on fences and advertising cards in the newspapers prove it. Perhaps none more so than the one to be found until lately over one of the most renowned cemeteries in London itself (Bunhill Fields): "This graveyard is intended by the Corporation of London as a recreation ground for the public."

Freshwater Bay has a fine hotel and beautiful grounds, but the locality seemed to be rather bleak, though sheltered by the indentation of the coast from the rougher winds. Vegetation is not rank, and the chalky cliffs are high and jagged curiously. Off in the water are tall arched rocks, the waves having beaten against them through the ages till there are immense perforations, and around them we saw the spray, like clouds of mist, and in the niches and in the air the ever-present sea-birds. One looks out from the summit southerly and easterly toward sunny France, but sees no land; all is ocean, with the same undulations that have heaved their disquietude since the early morning of Earth's first creation. Eternal dithyrambs of music. Terrestrial harmonies never ceasing by these shores. But out in the deeps, none the less audible to ears attuned to the finer chords of the silences, are the watery infinitudes.

"Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill:

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

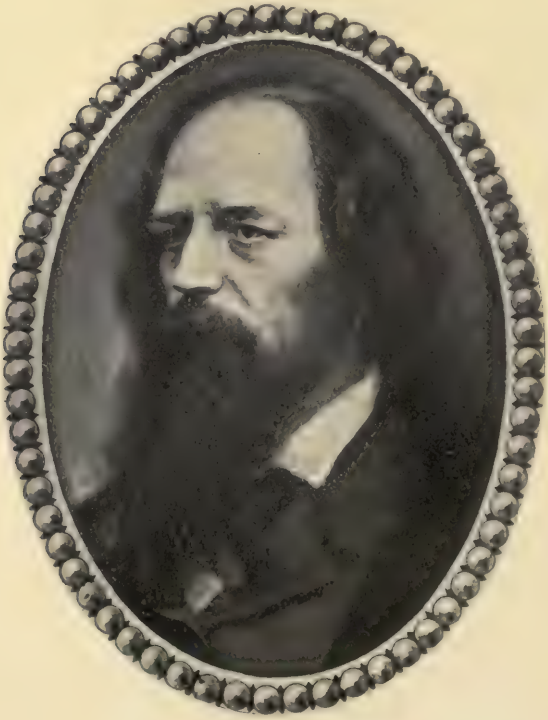
"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender glance of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

I do not wonder that Tennyson once loved the outlook from these high, white levels, with the sea in the foreground and the verdure-crowned hills and valleys behind; with the merchant ships of the nations passing to and fro every hour, and with the innumerable wild flowers in the velvet turf always beneath the feet. It is a banner spot for orchids and seaside plants, and especially for the tiny purple, or white, or yellow "darlings," that dot the grasses and make of the green robe of the uplands the delicately tinted and scented garment of many colors, which gives happiness to the poet, and to the lover of Nature sensations of keenest joy. Back of the residence he delighted to call his own, his "Farringford," and where he resided continuously from about the year 1851 to 1869, is an immense forest and behind that a glen. Here would have been a grand spot in which to die: the great fir trees surrounding and the moaning of the seas in front. Had he this, or a similar ideal, before him when he wrote in his sweet Ænone:

"The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawn and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.

"The purple flowers droop; the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love."

But he had chosen Haslemere, in Surrey, instead, for his life's last decades, and it was there, with moonbeams lighting up his room and with Shakespeare being read to him, that his pure, great soul went out on



Lord Tennyson.

that October night in 1892 to the gloriously tranquil port whence no traveler returns.

Farringford was hidden behind the deep wood as

we drove from Freshwater to Totland Bay. From the water I have often seen the beacon-spot where the granite memorial of the poet has been erected by the devoted offerings of his friends. His house, too, with cleared grounds in front, is wholly open to the sunshine and to the breezes from the sea. In this house he had received Longfellow, Sumner, Bayard Taylor, Holmes, Phillips Brooks, all Americans, and Prince Albert, the Duke of Argyle and many more of his own countrymen.

The road soon discloses new visions of sea beauty, as it approaches Totland Bay, and the eye sweeps almost from the Needles to Round Tower Point. We might have driven straightway north to Yarmouth, but we went directly west to Middletown and beyond; then changed our course toward Yarmouth and began the long drive eastward to Shallfleet and Parkhurst Forest, and so northerly and easterly to West Cowes, making a circuit of forty miles, (around half the Island), in a single day. As I have looked back upon it since, I believe this return drive was as charming in all its features as that on any single roadway we had previously gone over in our many coaching days. There was only one really steep hill in it, but everywhere ups and downs, gentle as those in sunny lives, with fringes of wood and meadows, outlooks on hedge-rows and rich acreages, peeps over walls at pretty farm mansions, occasional Wesleyan chapels, and every now and then a long and narrow lane of greenery, so sheltered that one would suppose it must lead directly on to some "Audsley Court" where, as the Tennyson lines picture it:

> "By many a sweep
> Of meadow smooth from aftermath, we reach'd
> The griffin-guarded gates, and passed thro' all

> The pillared dust of sounding sycamores,
> And cross'd the garden to the gardener's lodge,
> With all its casements bedded, and its walls
> And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine."

Every moment, almost, it seemed as if we must turn in to such a place; but I fear it was a phantom, for the reality came not.

Churches that are pictures of stone in settings of emerald—temples half art and half nature—the like of which for external charm, notwithstanding their plainness of architecture, I have never seen in America, are so plentiful throughout the land in which we have been coaching, that I would not know where to name one as excelling all the others, but one of the notable ones to hold in memory was that at Shallfleet. The ivy was exquisite, in arrangement and depth of color, and the whole effect of church and churchyard as we passed by was too pleasing to be expressed in words.

The horses and ourselves were tired as we drove into Cowes about half-past eight in the evening, but the special supplementary dinner served for us at the "Gloster" took away weariness and gave us zest for another half-hour of evening music by the band, and then for comfortable beds. I have not heretofore specified any menu served to us at an English hotel, so perhaps this one will be interesting. It was not extensive, for the regular table d'hote had been finished earlier in the evening, but it was choice and appetizing:

MENU AT 8 O'CLOCK.

"Soup—Julienne.
"Fish—Fillets of Brill, Tartar Sauce.
"Entree—Sweetbreads with Mushrooms.
"Roast-Ribs of Beef, Horseradish Sauce; Ducks, Apple Sauce; Peas and Potatoes.
"Sweets—Black Currant Tart; Milk Pudding.
"Cheese."



A Typical English Home.

The proprietor of the " Gloster " is one of the cleverest men in the hotel line I ever met abroad. He once visited America with a sick brother, and he remembered having—so he told me in a real hearty and fraternal conversation we had in the evening—at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, sweet corn, " and I thought," said he, "it was one of the best things I ever ate." I suggested that canned corn would be better than none, but this dish he had never heard of and it is a total stranger to England. This reminds me that we never met a landlord who had seen a sweet potato unless he had been to America, and, as few of them have visited this country, the rule was almost without exception. An aged landlady in the Lake region begged me at one time to send her one by mail, after questioning me as to whether it was a white potato with a sweet flavor. Our own wide range of vegetables would astound the plain English natives, and even the gentry, because the most of them are as unknown as is the corn or the sweet potato. But I hasten now to say farewell for the present to Cowes, and to a very picturesque and dainty island.



Choir Boys.

XII.—SALISBURY, OLD SARUM AND STONEHENGE

WHEN WE left Cowes by the ferry steamboat, the proprietor of the "Gloster," who had placed on his flagstaff during our period of stay the American flag, saluted us by dipping the colors. He held the Stars and Stripes in his hand and waved them up and down most vigorously as a farewell. On reaching Southampton we again mounted coaches and were speedily off for Salisbury, the day's drive to be twenty-four miles, mostly in Wiltshire.

The first eight miles to Romsey contained nothing deserving of mention. The road is level, with some hills off to the right, but a flat country to the left. I regretted that time did not permit for an excursion to the direct west and southwest into the New Forest —called New, like many other things in England, because it is so very old!—where William Rufus came to his untimely end August 2, 1100; whether by his own hand or by the arrow of a misadventurous fel-

low-sportsman remains to this day a mystery. At Romsey we lunched at the "White Horse"—and a good house we judged it to be. Then, as we had not the time to drive over to the estate of the late Lord Palmerston, known as the "Broadlands," whose name is one of the chief modern associations of Romsey, (his statue is a prominent figure in the market-place), we spent an hour and a half in visiting the attractive Abbey church of Sts. Mary and Æthelflæda. This, when an Abbey, embraced a convent of not less than one hundred nuns. One day in the year 974, so the legend tells us, "Abbess Elwina was praying before the High Altar, while the priest was celebrating, when she saw over the priest's shoulder a vision of S. Æthelflæda," (the daughter of Alfred the Great, who had founded the Abbey and led here a life of devotion, according to the rules of Saint Benedict), "rising out of the altar, and received from her a warning that the Danes were coming again to destroy the Abbey. She was 'not disobedient to the heavenly vision,' but, gathering together all her valuables, she betook herself with the nuns to Winchester. When they returned the Abbey was in ruins."

It was a great surprise to find such ancient and such characteristic architecture in Romsey as this Abbey church. A thousand years ago, when the barbarous Danes overran nearly the whole realm of England, and when Ely and Peterborough and other such beacon-centres of piety had gone up in fire and smoke, the good King Alfred overcame the invaders and pushed back heathenism. That was in 878. Alfred died and his son Edward reigned. Then, in 907, the first foundation stones of what later became this splendid gray Abbey were laid. It was before the days of the cathedrals. How could builders then have



The Abbey, Romsey.

erected such a magnificent pile? Of peculiar interest to our eyes now are the two crucifixes of stone then carved by hands which have so many centuries been dust. The chief one, called the Great Crucifix, now let into the outside west wall of the south transept, where the sunlight of day can kiss it, represents not a dead Christ, but a living one; on the Cross, yet reigning. The head is erect, the eyes open, the face full of sweetness. Battered and worn by time, it still shows that the newer idea of the sculptors had not then come into existence in the graven figures of the Crucified one. The figure is also unique in that above Christ is the down-reaching hand of God, extending from a cloud as if to say: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

St. Margaret, of Scotland, had a sister Christina, and she was Abbess of Romsey eight hundred and five years ago. To this Abbey came William Rufus to sue for the hand of her niece, Princess Matilda. The Abbess looked upon the match with aversion. Says the Chronicle: "Hastily commanding the Princess to put on the nun's habit, and go into the church to prayers, she said to the King, 'Come into the cloister and look at my roses.' She kept him there until it was too late to see the Princess, and he went away disappointed. He may have been even then on his last fatal journey to the New Forest; in any case his death happened very soon after, and Henry I., seizing the crown at Winchester, hurried down to Romsey, and was accepted as the husband of the Princess, who is known to history as 'Good Queen Maud.'" This history, and much more, made the columns and stones of Romsey Abbey a place of great enjoyment; and the more so, perhaps, when I remembered that far away in the Isle of Wight, from which I had just come, these

stones were dug out of the quarries and carried over to Romsey. So surely did these old first kings of England feel that they were building for all time! And then how well they builded. The massive walls, the solid piers, the exact sense of proportion everywhere, the tremendous height of the roof, these and the whole beautiful Norman architecture move to admiration. Of course, I also saw the auburn locks of hair of an early age, dug up from the floor below, and which the verger always shows; but this was curious only and of transient interest.

Until a high plateau of poor chalklands, near Salisbury, is reached, the road from Romsey (fifteen miles) is exceptionally beautiful, being heavily wooded in spots and full of smiling streams and estates. On the hill, some two miles out, there was a view backward toward Romsey, embracing the Valley of the Test. It was just before reaching Emley Park, an estate to the left, which was the southern home of Florence Nightingale, and at the gateway of the pretty lodge of which we stopped to gather souvenir leaves and flowers and to inquire concerning her. A little girl said we could enter, and wished to open the gate, but time forbade.

Lady Ashburton's estate—her husband was once Minister to the United States—was passed to the left; an attractive spot, with plenty of larch forests here and there, and well-lined avenues of trees shading the way.

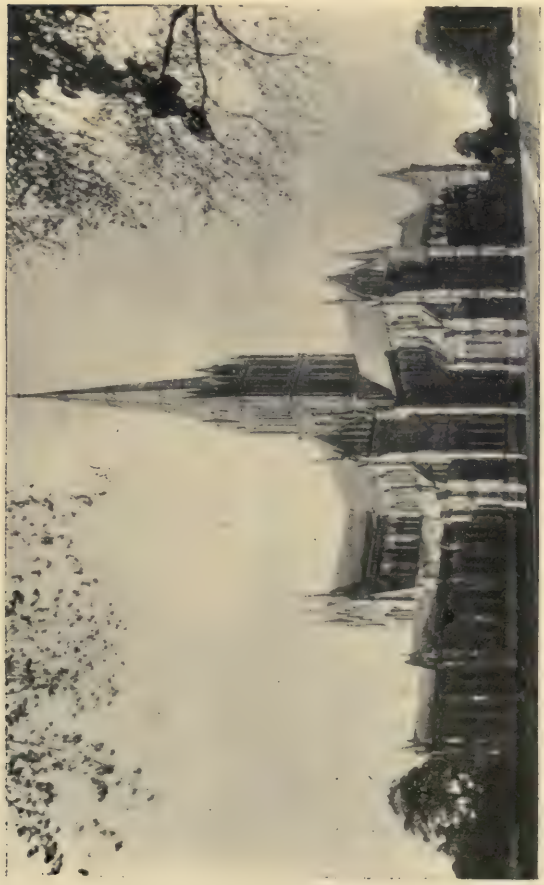
This was another perfect day for driving, and the green sward and harvest fields everywhere were tremulous with alternating sunshine and shadows. We could sing with Adelaide Proctor:

> "God's world is bathed in beauty,
> God's world is steeped in light;

It is the self-same glory
That makes the day so bright,
Which thrills the air with music,
Or hangs the stars in night."

We saw, as a rarity, a field of buckwheat, and, at a centuries'-old inn by the wayside, drank good milk. A park with tame deer pleased us, when suddenly we reached the plateau referred to, which, in fact, was at the edge of Salisbury Plain.

Now Salisbury's slender spire broke in upon us to cheer us amid what seemed almost desolation. It was beautiful, and yet at first disappointing. That term disappointing could never be applied to it after the whole Cathedral had been taken into the vision. But this was not until the twilight hour, for there was no view of the building when we entered the quiet, sleepy town, and swept round the corner by St. John's street to the "White Hart" hotel. The town was, indeed, asleep, for it was Wednesday afternoon, and it was a holiday. Stores were all shut and the people napping or away, at least invisible. The "White Hart" had a good reputation and we liked it, even though, like Winchester's "George," there was not yet sufficient ambition in the hospitable owners to put gas or electric light in the bed-rooms. When will candles be relegated to the tombs of the old Plantagenets? After dinner, in the coolness of a long twilight, I walked to the Cathedral close and saw, from the northwest entrance, the whole magnificent building, a glorious spectacle. Unlike most other cathedrals, it immediately appeared to be all grace and beauty. The noble, open site has much to do with this, yet what other cathedral would look so well just there? "All its lines," we have been told by Prof. Hoppin, "are elegant and pure." "It is divinely tall and most divinely fair,"



Salisbury Cathedral from Best Point of View.

has been Mrs. Van Rensselaer's description; "nowhere else does a work of Christian architecture so express purity and repose and the beauty of holiness." "Salisbury," she continues, "is the very type and picture of the Church of the Prince of Peace." One can hardly realize that the octagonal spire in the centre runs up to four hundred feet above the ground, but it is easy to be seen that this spire makes and crowns the glory of Salisbury.

So in the peace of this calmest of evenings, I walked about the close-shaven close; surveyed the composition lines, (unlike other cathedrals it can hardly be seen in parts); noted the royal oaks and, still more royal, half-dozen cedars of Lebanon; looked at its plain front and also, opposite, at King John's abode, a unique mansion of the Fourteenth Century; saw the plain house in full view of the Cathedral, which Oliver Wendell Holmes occupied when in Salisbury, and went back to the hotel for rest and thought. Salisbury minster was in my dreams that night, with its saintly purity and its one long finger pointing starward, and I hoped that its inspiration might ever after quicken new aspirations for the Heaven toward which it soars!

Next morning I again walked to the Cathedral. On the way I noticed everywhere order and neatness, both in the shops and out. How could it be otherwise? Does such a noble edifice, with such a heavenly spire, influence those who daily see its exquisite proportions and shapely grace, and make their souls clean and pure, their habits modest and their whole lives filled with perennial joy? Be this as it may, Salisbury is a quiet, subdued, and, I judge, a religious place; a garden into which, if any evil spirits have crept, brave efforts are made by men, women and little



Salisbury Cathedral from Across the Avon.

children to cast them out. For even the children seemed clean, contented and happy, and the influence of such is as of angels of light. On the way to the close I inquired concerning the house, if still standing, wherein the genial Addison wrote his delightful essays for the "Spectator." No one could tell. Even the local antiquarian failed to furnish a clue. I also knew that Massinger, the poet, and Fielding, the novelist, had resided in Salisbury, but of neither of them could I obtain a trace. Somewhere here I should have gained facts to throw light on the building connected with the first publication of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," but, alas! Salisbury was given over to the one thing—the Cathedral of St. Mary, the legitimate and actual successor to the remarkable structure of the same name at Old Sarum, and as graceful a poem in stone without and within as this world contains; and I could learn of nothing else.

Minutely, I do not intend to describe any English cathedral; that has been done by too many pens which are fitted to such a task. And so I refer in briefest terms only to that of Salisbury, perhaps the gem of all. I saw, of course, the Eleventh and Twelfth Century tombs of the first two Bishops of Sarum; the tomb of the first Earl of Salisbury, who was a son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamond, and one of the Cathedral founders; a finely carved, modern pulpit, by Sir G. G. Scott; and the two fine chantries of 1430 and 1520. Other things seemed less noteworthy, except the Chapter House, eight hundred years old, and full of historical scenes from the Creation to Abraham, and of such monks and gargoyles as put our company in the gayest of humor. The interior of the Cathedral, as a whole and in part, is remarkably ornate and chaste. Everything looks fresh,

though nearly six hundred and fifty years old; it has been so well taken care of. That portion of Salisbury close within the Bishop's yard was altogether the most lovely and satisfying of any cathedral close I have ever seen, and even that portion which is on the more public side of it, the usual approach, is charming from its very magnitude, though it does not rival Winchester's in the luxuriant growth of trees. Probably the finest external point of view is from a spot across the Avon, from the meadows, but no prospect from any part of the close itself is without its calm and noble impressiveness.

Very near Salisbury is Bemerton—to the west. I should have liked to have gone there, if only for a momentary glance. It is the place made famous by George Herbert, one of the sweetest singers who ever lived; and, near by, Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia." But there was not time. I should never pass that way again and not arrange to peep into that parsonage alongside the "little lane," wherein the modest, quaint singer could write such gems as those which are so dear to the world. For instance, the lines beginning:

> "Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright."

or:

> "Let thy alms go before, and keep Heav'n's gate
> Open for thee; or both may come too late."

Herbert, I believe, has no grand monument to commemorate his virtues, but, like King Alfred, he needs none. One cannot but admire the love the Bemerton community still bear him, two centuries after his death. A sweet flower is that of remembrance; none other so sweet blooms above a good man's sacred dust. To

be enshrined in the hearts of the people of England and the world is to have a tomb more enduring than granite and richer than gold.

It is a brief two miles, I should say, from Salisbury to Old Sarum, due north, though the guidebooks persist in calling it one. If you were not looking for the locality of this utterly deserted city, you might easily pass the place by and notice only a large, hilly mound; that is, if you take the road around the rising ground to the east, which is the usual course to reach Amesbury and Stonehenge. If you go westward around the same spot, the site becomes so prominent that it can hardly escape you. Nevertheless, as a city site, as a sacred temple, as a citadel of strength and power, as an inhabited place, it is but a huge mound, showing some few stones where a castle stood, and otherwise, as at the time of this visit, a wheatfield, and patches of grass full of red poppies and daisies, with

> "Quaint enamel'd eyes;
> That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
> And purple all the ground with rural flowers;"

and thistles, tangles of foliage, and a few rabbits and birds of song. But the bright sun shines over the mound as fair as it did six hundred and forty years before, when the city was disrobed, and when the conspicuous Cathedral and all that remained gravitated to a new spot—Salisbury—because of internal dissensions. Pitt had indeed represented Old Sarum in Parliament long after, but owners of the vacant land had to leave their homes and meet here to elect him. Then, as now, it was desolation, like "the plains of Moab over against the Dead Sea."

Once by the mound it must be ascended if one should comprehend where he is. Then the whole con-

tour of the spot is striking, conforming to the outlines of ancient wall, moat, cathedral site and all that constituted what must have been a noble stronghold, cast high up out of the plain, in part by Nature and in part by Art. An extraordinary relic, which sends the mind whirling back to days far antedating the more modern English cathedrals, and, indeed, all English history. Before even Vespasian was general under Claudius Cæsar, Sorbiodunum (as Old Sarum was then called) existed, and, if its earlier population could speak, I doubt not the mystery of Stonehenge, seven miles northwest of it, would be more clear. Vespasian captured it, and he must have considered it an important centre, for, later, five Roman roads radiated from it. It was one of the ten British cities in which Roman law prevailed and justice to its citizens was not a myth. Its history afterwards becomes obscure, until the Saxon era, when Cynric, founder of the West Saxon kingdom, mastered its fortress. Two centuries later the Christian church of St. James was endowed, and in a century more, (871), when the good Alfred the Great ascended the throne, he is said to have added the outer entrenchment. For the next two hundred years it was strong and weak by turns. It grew as a city and was devastated, and grew again, and this brings us to the time when the Cathedral was consecrated (April 5, 1092), and when the Episcopal See was removed to Sarum from Sherborne. This was two centuries before any of the great English cathedrals were completed. Old Sarum church was, therefore, in high repute as a forerunner of great things in stone in the ecclesiastical world. It was two hundred and seventy feet long, with two towers, with a Galilee porch, a chapter house, a sacristy, and the usual features of a permanent church home. It had a close,

two cemeteries, an embankment and ditch, and all the paraphernalia intended for long life and a large worshipping audience. An exact plan of Old Sarum city, as lately drawn by Mr. Frank Highman, of Salisbury, in 1899, from ground surveys and from ancient descriptions, which is also supposed to represent with some degree of exactness the city and castle in A. D. 553, is interesting and should be purchased at Salisbury before one visits the lonely hill.

Perhaps the most memorable date in the history of Old Sarum was ten years before the completion of the church, when William the Conqueror came to meet the representatives of all the counties of his kingdom, for homage and the submission of their lands to the yoke of military tenure. "They all bowed themselves before him," says the Saxon Chronicle, "and became his men and sware him oaths of allegiance that they would against all other men be faithful to him." One can still see in mental vision the striking spectacle: descendants of past Druids; living Saxons and Danes; fathers, and children who were to be half Normans, half Angles; and their children; then knights, nobles, courtiers, priests, all the citizens of the city. A motley company, a sad company, they gathered before the mighty William and humbled themselves in the dust of the centuries; hearing in their ears—one can believe—the knell of their own hopes, but not yet catching the tolling of the death-strokes of the entire Acropolis. Osmund, who had come with the Conqueror from Normandy, a military man and Chancellor, was second bishop of Sarum, and here he lived long to enjoy high honors and a good fortune, for William out of love for him gave him great possessions. Osmund finished the Cathedral and in it his bones were interred, after his death at a venerable age.

The curious may yet see the slab which covered his body in Sarum, in Salisbury Cathedral, to which it was transferred after the newer edifice was completed. The grave itself was uncovered in 1835, but was empty. Great state trials occurred under Osmond's prelacy in the days of William Rufus. When Henry the First took the throne he frequently held court at Sarum. Prelates, barons, feudal retainers, soldiers, lackeys were in Sarum. These were days of "princely pomp and churchmen's pride," and we may doubt if in all Britain during several centuries there were more glorious events happening than on this same round hill of a few acres in extent. Then the downfall came. Bickerings and quarrels, of course, between military men and ecclesiastics. It was found that the Cathedral was on a hill where the winds were strong and cold. "When the wind did blow," says the old tradition, "they could not hear the priest say mass." And there was no room for the city to grow except upon the plains outside. The situation led to plans for a new edifice, and it was decided to erect it where Salisbury now is, on the banks of the Avon. Could it be that present Salisbury owes its origin in the past to the north wind? "What has the house of the Lord to do with castles?" said Peter de Blois, canon of the Cathedral; "it is the ark of the covenant in a temple of Baalim. Let us in God's name descend to the level." And descend they did. In 1220 Salisbury Cathedral began to arise and about 1250 it was completed. No other minster in the world was built in so short a time. At once the old city was abandoned as a populous place. Then it was abandoned altogether. The very stones were removed to build up a new town. The fort continued to be garrisoned by soldiers, but for nearly four centuries past the birds have twittered and the

red poppies bloomed over the dust that wholly buries from view all that once constituted the streets, the market-place, the homes of thousands of brave, living Saxon men and women.

It is, indeed, a marvellous spectacle of absolute and irretrievable disaster. Everything gone, like snow of April or a prairie swept by fire. Only, instead of real desolation, there is the beauty of the velvet turf and of the wild flowers of summer. The sheep graze in the moat and by the escarpments; birds whirl and circle where the incense of altars ascended heavenward; and pilgrims like ourselves stand there with wondering and with wandering eyes, seeing no signs of human life this side of the one tall spire of that lovely successor to the Osmund edifice two miles across the fields.

> "Here stood the City of the Sun: look round!
> Dost thou not see a visionary band,
> Druids and bards, upon the summit stand
> Of this forsaken but majestic mound?
> Dost thou not hear at times the acclaiming sound
> Of harps, as when the bards, in long array,
> Hail'd the ascending god of light and day?
> No! all is hushed; death's stillness, how profound!"

It would be interesting to tarry to notice the other really great men whose names were connected with this spot, and show how the term "rotten borough" was first applied to the ruined site, when nobody lived there except a few tenants, although it returned men to Parliament; but we must mount the coach at the hill's foot and hasten on toward Amesbury.

It is a bleak and inhospitable country between Sarum and Amesbury. The wind swept strongly from the north, and the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" was suddenly but really before us, with his faithful dog and sheep, just as, no doubt, he has been on these up-

lands for two thousand years. To the traveler the story of Hannah More and this quaint scene is welded vividly together. The sheep were on the knolls, the shepherd and his crook were near them, and the sheep-folds of wicker work were numerous. It seems singular that in the fat, juicy pastures of English vales few sheep are seen, but many on the uplands and hills, where "storms beat fiercely and the rough winds blow." If anything, the ground slowly ascended as we proceeded, but on the whole the Plain is pretty level. The eye sweeps in a good many miles mainly over limestone lands, not well fertilized and not very productive. A real contrast, this, to the fields between Romsey and Salisbury. One of the things which marks a more striking difference is that no fences whatever, no hedge-rows, no stone walls are anywhere visible. The "Ingoldsby Legends" correctly describe it:

> "Oh! Salisbury Plain is bleak and bare,
> At least so I've heard many people declare,
> For I fairly confess I never was there.
> Not a shrub or a tree,
> Nor a bush can we see;
> No hedges or ditches, no gates and no stiles,
> Much less a house or a cottage for miles."

Amesbury is a small place, the most striking feature of which to us was that it was the only town in England where at the main inn we were refused a repast. We drove up, first, to an exceedingly pretty post-office and then to the "George," and requested that in the course of an hour or two, when we should return from Stonehenge, we should be served with hot joints and coffee and, when this was not acceded to, on account of the alleged lateness of the notice, that anything warm might be substituted. But the refusal was

absolute. The undertaking was too great, or the disposition of the host too slight. Did he stand in fear of our American appetites? If so, why not have increased the two-and-six-penny charge to ten shillings? We did find an attractive church in the town, later, and we did learn of the existence there of a most interesting Abbey, but of this presently.

The coaches now turned abruptly to the left and westerly toward Stonehenge. The bleak Plain was, for a brief hour, left behind, and in its place were hills and charming forest trees. Then the Plain came



"An Exceedingly Pretty Post-office."

to us again, just as abruptly as on leaving Old Sarum. The moment we reached this desert-looking land we saw, to the right, those two lines of heavy embankments where the Roman general, Vespasian, is believed to have had his camp, the particulars of which no chronicler of his time seems to have preserved. It was not incongruous to have pointed out to us, later, a large field a little further to the north, where the English soldiers meet every summer for their annual drill, and where on another occasion I saw Red Coats by the thousand. In the distance the stones of Stone-



Stonehenge.

henge seemed to be not large, but, being on rising ground, were visible for miles away, except where small forests intercepted. Close by they proved to be as immense as they are unique and mysterious.

It was curiously, strangely gratifying to confront these old, old landmarks, about which antiquarians have puzzled for over a thousand years, but of which the most that can be said with accuracy is, "They are prehistoric; that is all we know." Said Samuel Pepys more than two hundred years ago: "God knows what their use was! They are hard to tell, but yet may be told." The history, or rather the unhistory, of Stonehenge, is, paradoxical though it seems, a long and old story. While the consensus of opinion seems to favor that these stones were erected for religious purposes, under the direction of the early Druids, many writers have ascribed them to various nationalities and different purposes, dating anywhere from Adam to the Fifth Century. The most singular notion, perhaps, was first disclosed in a lecture by a learned man about eighty years ago, who declared that the barrows of tumuli surrounding this "Temple" accurately represented the situation and magnitude of the fixed stars, forming a complete planisphere. Eight hundred of these, he said, could be seen by the unassisted eye, and he thought he traced fifteen hundred, the smaller representing stars too minute to be observed without some instrument similar to it. This appears to be rather fanciful; less so, perhaps, would seem to be the following from Mr. Higgins' work on "Celtic Druids:" "The most extraordinary peculiarity which the Druidical circles possess, is that of their agreement in the number of stones, of which they consist, with the ancient astronomical cycles. The outer circle of Stonehenge consists of sixty stones, the base of the most

famous of all the cycles of antiquity. The next circle consists of forty stones, but one on each side of the entrance is advanced out of the line, so as to leave nineteen stones, a Metonic cycle, on each side, and the inner of one Metonic cycle, or nineteen stones. At Avebury we find all the outward circles and the avenues make up exactly six hundred, the Neros, which Josephus says was known before the flood. The outer circles are exactly the number of degrees in each of the twelve parts into which, in my aerial castle-building, I divided the circle, viz., twelve, and of the months in the year. We see the last measurement of Stonehenge, taken by Mr. Waltire, makes the second circle forty; but for the sake of making the two cycles of nineteen years, two of the stones, one on each side of the entrance, have been placed a little within."

Who were the Druids? The earliest inhabitants of Britain, whose religious principles were, in divers respects, similar to the Brahmins of India, the Magi of Persia, and the Chaldeans of Assyria, whose leading principles were the unity of the Deity, His perfection and attributes, the transmigration of the soul, and its immortality. Rewards and punishments had relation to a future state. One of their most sacred solemnities was held on the sixth day of the moon in each month, and to be excluded from this was one of the severest of punishments. The gathering of the mistletoe at the beginning of their New Year was also a ceremony of importance. Druidical rites were usually held beneath an oak, or in sacred groves of oak. Mr. Ferguson, the able author of the " Handbook of Architecture," in the " Quarterly Review " for July, 1860, held to the theory that Stonehenge was erected after the Romans left the country. But Sir John Lubbock, in a later lecture, expresses the opinion that Stone-

henge belonged to the Bronze Age, a supposition which he said was borne out by the large number of tumuli which are to be found around it. Mr. Cunnington, an able local geologist, says: "To my mind geology proves Stonehenge to have been originally a temple, and neither a monument raised to the memory of the dead, nor, as suggested by the late Rev. E. Duke, an astronomical calendar or almanac. In either of these cases there must have been no motive for seeking the materials elsewhere. The Sarsens would have answered every purpose, with less labour



Studying the Stones.

and with better effect. But if these were the sacred stones of some early colonists, a superstitious value would have been attached to them, and great care and labour bestowed on their preservation. There can be little doubt that the small monoliths are older than the outer circle and trilithons, and why may they not have composed a very ancient circular temple before they were brought to Salisbury Plain? Why may not these have been the original ambres, or anointed stones, around which the present circle was raised, when or by whom who can tell? It is, I think, probable that both the circles and the ovals were set up

(as they now stand) about the same time; but I contend that the smaller and older stones had sacred, though to us mysterious, value attached to them." Mr. John Henry Parker, of Oxford, author of a "Glossary of Architecture," says: "In the Oriental language a circle of stones was called a Gilgal, and in Scripture there was every reason to believe that such a place was a circle of stones. A Gilgal was a temple where holy rites were celebrated, where the army met together, and was also used for a place of burial for the chieftains; and if they put all things together, and took into consideration that the Celtic tribes were sprung from Oriental origin, it was clear that Stonehenge was a Gilgal, and was erected for the purpose of celebrating holy rites, a place where the army met and where the chieftains were buried. They might, therefore, call it a burial place, or House of Commons." When our Nathaniel Hawthorne visited the spot in 1855, he preferred to believe the stones were erected to commemorate the victory of Hengist.

I counted seventeen upright stones and six imposts. The upright average sixteen feet high and are eighteen feet in circumference. No ordinary appliances could have brought them to the spot, nor erected them with the imposts. The stones came from the general vicinity and were not "dropped there by the Devil," nor carried from Ireland.*

*I have visited this place at least twice since this first coaching tour to it. Now it must be full of added interest, because on the last day of December, 1899, perhaps during the last minute of the last hour (for there was no human eye to see, no human ear to hear) one of the great stones fell. This fall has called attention to the fact that "Avebury Circle," of similar stones, once numbering six hundred and fifty and now only twenty, was doubtless superior as a work of art to Stonehenge, but has nearly disappeared, and that in time this strange sight will also have become a thing of the past, unless prompt measures are taken to preserve it.

Stationed on the elevation of Stonehenge, the eye takes in a wide sweep over Salisbury Plain. Half a mile to the north lies the ancient Cursus, or race-course, enclosed between two parallel banks, running east and west. It is 110 yards in breadth and a mile and two-thirds in length. In the time of the Romans this course and its surroundings must have been crowded with chariots, horsemen and spectators, watching the competition for the prizes. Here it is where tradition fixes the spot that the fatal banquet took place, at which the Britons were treacherously slain by Hengist and his Saxons in 472. Far beyond lies the Camp of Vespasian, and still beyond the vale of the river Avon, where the bold hills and numerous picturesque woods appear and close in on the horizon. The eye has a still grander sweep over to the north and west, and whatever the character of the scene once, it is now one of complete solitude. Tupper's expressive lines are good reading here:

"That there were giants in the olden time,
These stones cry out; whether before the flood
(As some have dreamt) in Earth's majestic prime
The sons of Tubal piled up here sublime
What ever since in mystery hath stood
A miracle; or whether Merlin's rhyme,
Or patriarchial Druids, with their brood
Of swarming Celts, upreared them;—here they stand
In Titan strength enormous, wonderful,
The great primeval glory of our land;
And, who can guess how stained with innocent blood,
This Golgotha, this place of many a skull,
Is peopled now with terrors of the past,—
Poor ghosts, that howl on every driving blast?"

We now drove back to Amesbury to forage for a noon meal. The only opportunity seemed to be at a grocery store, where poor biscuits and good cheese were in abundance. Some of the ladies found a wom-

an, in whose house they obtained a cup of tea. One of my comrades was a counsellor-at-law, of some age, plenty of experience, and mountains of common-sense, and he concluded the luncheon was not of half so much consequence as a good nap on top of the coach. And there I found him, in the public street, in front of the "George," just as soundly dozing as if—well, as if "drunk as a Scotchman." It was almost ludicrous to see a sober, thrifty and sweet-tempered Pennsylvania lawyer napping on the king's highway in so public a place, but I presume he reasoned that if an inn will not admit you, and you are tired even unto sleep, and your only couch is a coach, what else in the world are you to do?

The Abbey has been referred to. Some say it was antedated by a monastery for three hundred monks, founded by Prince Ambrosius about A. D. 500, and destroyed by the Saxons at their invasion. However this may be, the more historic Abbey, with its memories of fair nuns, and, later, of Prior and Gay, make reminiscences of Amesbury tender, if not altogether wholesome. It was over a thousand years ago (980) when the queen dowager of King Edgar came hither to found an abbey, and that she succeeded we know, for old chroniclers tell of the lovely looking nuns who made its charming cloisters merry by their presence, including one royal woman of whom all the world has heard:

> "Queen Guinevere had fled the court, and sat
> There in the holy house of Amesbury
> Weeping, none with her save a little maid."

Perhaps the beauty of these nuns contributed to their downfall, for when Henry II. heard of their staying out once over night, he dismissed them without the

usual warning, although it seems to have been understood that the Abbess was the chief offender in point of bad morality. This was in 1177. But other nuns soon filled the places of those dismissed, and in course of time this Abbey was a retreat for an unusual number of well-born and high-born ladies, and one of the richest nunneries in the land. Had it not been for that merry but cruel monarch, Henry VIII., who shall say that princesses and duchesses might not now be abstaining, or seeming to abstain, from the sins of the world behind its walls? But like all abbeys, this one came under the act of suppression and it became in time private property. It was at Amesbury where Eleanor, sister of Prince Arthur; Mary, daughter of Edward I.; Eleanor, Queen of Henry III.; Katharine of Aragon, and similar titled ladies took the veil. Here some of them lived; here most of them died.

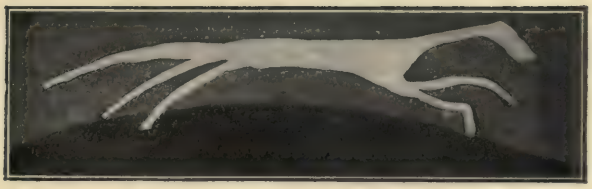
It was at this Abbey, an estate of 5,296 acres, where the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry resided about a century and a half ago, that the poet Gay, during a long visit, wrote the "Beggar's Opera." If Prior on a similar visit did not manufacture poems in the same beautiful location, it was because he was too much interested in exploring the interesting region roundabout. The room where Gay had his study is still shown, and near it is the room, where, says Thackeray, he "was lapped in cotton, had his plate of chicken and saucer of cream, and frisked and barked and wheezed, and grew fat and died." The Earl of Somerset, the Aylesburys, the Boyles, the Queensberrys, and, in late years, the family of Sir Edmund Antrobus owned the Abbey estate, and I hope the pleasure to be derived from it has been commensurate with its size.

As the next chapter will show, we went forward

from Amesbury to the east and north. But on another day I drove back to Salisbury by the westerly route and found it to be a road which ought not to be missed. It is through the valley of the Avon and, besides a special charm in the drive, it is a noticeable place for hares, which I saw scamper about by the thousands. It was during this ride that I first heard the English skylark. No one who had ever read a description of his song could mistake the first sweet notes, high-keyed, jocund, startling, inspiring. There is nothing else in bird-voice like it. The little brown fellow suddenly rose up from the meadow, and sang as he soared. He rose almost straight toward the zenith, and his joyous music, with its swift cadences and full gamut of melodies, thrilled the hearers, every one. We stopped our coaches to listen. Higher and higher, yet the song grew hardly fainter. Astonishing, that this little throat could warble such penetrating bird-notes in cloudland, so that the sounds of all other birds and all human voices near were insignificant in comparison. When I could not see him, being lost in the sun's rays, and, as I fancied, a quarter-mile above the earth, still he sang, and the sparkle and the loveliness of it haunted me all the afternoon long. Afterward I heard repeated in other places in this same part of England the same exquisite song—to which I know nothing else approximate—but never elsewhere than in southern England.

Five miles from Stonehenge, Heale House is reached, where Charles II. spent some days after the battle of Worcester. It is an admirable example of an Elizabethan mansion, romantically located near the foot of a glen. When nearing Salisbury, Old Sarum is seen to better advantage than from any other distant point. A little west of this locality is the ground

which Richard Coeur de Lion employed for those chivalrous amusements which excited the interest of the whole kingdom, and it is still known as " The Valley of the Tournament."



Night View of "The Great White Horse."

XIII.—"THE GREAT WHITE HORSE."

FROM AMESBURY to Marlborough is a rather severe drive of about twenty-four miles. It is a delightful one, however, in part along the Avon, and also through the queer villages of Tigheldeau, Nether Avon, Upavon and Pewsey. Nearing Marlborough we saw a most ridiculous incident. There is a steep and interminably long hill to descend to reach the valley in which Marlborough is located, and it was considered best for all to get off the coaches and to walk. The coachers frequently walked up heavy hills, but rarely down any. This, however, looked dangerous. Several of us, to cut off the distance, went across a field, which was fully as steep as the hill. The grass was wiry and slippery. One young man, who did not care to put on brakes, found himself going so fast that he could not stop. Presently, with a slide, whizz, sizz and tumble, he made a complete somersault or two and landed at the bottom, badly shaken up from head to heels. We were in horror at the apparent catastrophe, until he threw up hands as a sign that he was at least whole and had no bones broken. But his spectacles were in one place, his

pocketbook in another, his watch in another, his hat was lost, his miscellaneous pocket things were everywhither. It took a search of some minutes to discover all these lost articles. "Marlborough Hill," when spoken of after that, was the general signal for uncontrollable laughter on the part of all but the victim.

We reached the town at almost half-past seven in the evening, after a stupid drive through and a mile beyond the village. Mr. Franklin insisted we had not arrived at the place and would not make inquiry. It was one instance of where it is not prudent to be unwilling to ask questions. It was humorously interesting afterward to hear his explanation of how he had misunderstood the signs of a boy, whom he had interrogated when entering Marlborough, as to where the hotel was. The coach never appeared to me so much of a machine as when it was flying along into a town, and when Mr. Franklin would shout out to the first passer in stentorian tones: "Which way to the 'H'angel,' or the 'Garter?'" and, from apparent sheer inability to stop the procession long enough to have the answer understood, would drive on pell-mell, just as wise as before putting the interrogatory. Within twenty miles of Oxford he knew all the hotels. But, like many Englishmen, he had never been much farther from home than London, and his instinctive knowledge of locations was nihil. We many a time lost the road, until I came, at last, into the habit of having a map of the county spread open before me, and watched all the turns with the assiduity of that domestic animal whose feline eye is ever toward the hole of the mouse. I remember once in Buckinghamshire shouting out, as we approached an unusually sharp turn, that we must go to the left. But it was down grade and the momentum carried the coach and horses

past the corner. The way was too narrow for turning around; in fact, it requires the width of about two ordinary English highways to get a coach-and-four reversed. So we all alighted, the horses were unhitched, the coach was cranked, backed and pulled around by hand, and at last we were pointing toward the right goal.

At the "Ailesbury Arms" some of us were made comfortable through a rainy night. Others, quartered at the "Angel," were not very happy. The town has a main street wide enough to turn around several coaches at a time, and while, generally speaking, it is not as quaint as its age would indicate, the place looked purely townish. It looked sleepy, too; dull, ugly, yet substantial.

Marlborough has a fine old history before and after the Civil Wars. Henry I. kept his Easter there about 1109. Henry III. had his Parliament sit there to enact "the statutes of Malbridge," the old form of the name. It had a notable "Castle Inn," formerly Lord Seymour's house, whose namesake, the "Castle and Ball," still entertains travelers. Evelyn dined there in 1652, when that was "one of the finest inns of the three kingdoms." But somehow we preferred the "Ailesbury," because said to be better kept, and one must go by reputation in selecting inns in a foreign country. If, however, the old "Castle Inn" itself had been open for guests, surely we could not have passed that by, not only for Thomson's and Evelyn's sakes, but because many generations of great men had placed their names on its historic pages. "Why," says Tristram, whose "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways" contains many a good story of ye olden time, "why, the mere writing of the names would make history, and a more suggestive one than

many chronicles of the kings. Chesterfield and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu making for scandal and the waters; Walpole reclining in his chariot, meditating his ailments; Llwyn, most good-natured of voluptuaries, who, however, liked to see a man hanged; Sheridan running away with his beautiful wife; Garrick posting to Bath in search of new talent and to depreciate Barry;" and he also mentions Byron and others. " The names of the visitors at this celebrated inn," he adds, " are written in the letters and diaries of three generations." Lord Chatham once had the gout when on his way from Bath to London, in 1762, and " he made it an insistive condition to his staying at the ' Castle ' that every servant in the place, from the waiter to the stable boy, should wear his livery." This advertised him and the hotel throughout the whole country. There was a " Hart Inn " here when Pepys visited it sixteen years later than Evelyn, and he describes it as a good house. The old " Castle Inn " is now part of the College, and it is this institution which gives Marlborough its present character as a staid and useful place. It is a school only fifty-five years old, but already one of the largest in the kingdom. When Lord Seymour had the old inn as his mansion, and the Countess of Hertford presided over the guest-chambers, the poet Thomson was a visitor and there composed a part of his delightful " Seasons."

Six miles west of Marlborough is Avebury Circle, believed generally to be older than Stonehenge, and, by some, to date from the time of Abraham. It was out of our way and so these remains, Adamic, Noahic, Abrahamic, Druidic, or otherwise, we did not see.

The next morning we got off unusually early, for we all needed to reach Wantage by two o'clock to catch a train for London. This day was to end our

second season's coaching in this part of England. It was a good twenty-five miles drive in the roundabout way we took, but the weather was fine and cool, and everybody, horses included, was in excellent spirits. How we did make the dust fly in our hot haste! There were hills in abundance, for we were in the hilly part of the county of Berks. From Marlborough to Lam-



"How We Did Make the Dust Fly."

bourn, the place where we expected to lunch, was a crooked route. I endeavored to shorten it by a cut through Ramsbury Manor, but learned a lesson by it, which is that private estates are not intended to be driven through without permission previously obtained. The incident furnished the only excitement of the day. The new route was really taken because some bicyclists passing by advised it. It gave us a

river and meadow drive of unusual charm. But at the outgoing gate an old man stopped us and refused to allow the coaches to go through. He insisted that there was a notice by the gate of "No Admittance." Mr. Franklin insisted as correctly that the other end of the manor contained no such notice. The affair became warm, when driver R. of the second coach, whose level American head came to the fore, dismounted, got down to business, and proposed to go and see the owner, Sir Francis Burdett, and report the gate-keeper. This opened the gate! Ramsbury village will chiefly be remembered for its monkey and trained canaries, and its fine old witch-elm.

The view before reaching Lambourn was supreme above all views we had had, if not in extensiveness, certainly in beauty. The grain fields and harvests and the peculiarly lovely situation of the town in the valley, will long be photographed in memory. The street was full of children and our coach Antiquarian found the village rector at hand to escort him to the town church. Most of us hurriedly obtained luncheon at a neat, good inn, where was not only an excellent meal of good bread, marmalade, cheese and milk, at one shilling each, but where some old paintings, a large and finely polished old sideboard, pretty old plaques of hammered brass and other rare antiquities attracted our attention.

And now for the last eight-mile pull to our journey's end. The day was the quintessence of beauty. What an inspiration in the very inbreathing of the pure, cool air! On every hand were serene and cheerful views of valleys and hills. The whole country breathed history, Roman and Saxon. If we could only have paused here longer and hunted up more of the landmarks of English progress, which local history

states are on every side. We had not proceeded far when the distant hills near Uffington gave us a clear and noble view of "Alfred the Great's White Horse."



Stopping a Moment at a Wayside Inn.

A lordly animal he was: three hundred and seventy feet long! That excels all the mastodons, whales and horses ever written of by the scientists and geologists;

and yet it is a verity. A thousand years old and more, but still in existence and as much alive as ever. There are comparatively few American travelers who have seen this "White Horse," as it is not on the usual lines of travel. More of them have seen a similar representative of a man, known as "The Long Man of Wilmington," on one of the chalk hills in Kent, when approaching the southern coast near Berwick. That is two hundred and forty feet high, cut out of the side of the chalky hill, and is believed to antedate the days of Cæsar. Perhaps King Alfred took his cue from the Celtic giant, in patterning the horse. In any event there is good reason for the Berkshire yeomanry to be proud of their equine treasure. What little was known of this older Uffington animal was brought out in print about the year 1857, when there was a celebration of the event by the people of Berkshire, and when, as a result, Thomas Hughes wrote his "Scouring of the White Horse." He based it upon the tales afloat in the White Horse region, and also upon ancient chronicles. The earliest written record of the Horse is in a cartulary of Abingdon Abbey, now in the British Museum, of date about 1171. But there seems to be every reason to believe that this equine goes back to Saxon days; to the times of those great Berkshire battles in which that Christian king, Alfred, with his brother Æthelred, fought against the pagan Danes and finally "walloped" them well on White Horse Hill. It is just a bit uncertain where one or two of these battles occurred (there were nine in one year, and each was fought to the finish), but that of Ashdown, which turned the tide for Alfred, was probably near Uffington. That spot, where six pagan earls fell, says Hughes, "was Alfred's crowning mercy; and so he felt it to be, and

in memory of it he caused his army (tradition says on the day after the battle) to carve the White Horse, the standard of Hengist, on the hillside, just under the Castle, where it stands as you see until this day." This was in the year 871. Hengist had been the Danish general to first overrun Britain four hundred years before, and Alfred was the first native-born general able to cope with Hengist's successors. Ever since Alfred's day the Horse has been more or less regularly "scoured." That is, every quarter-century or less the people of Berks, who have prided themselves on the relic, have had a festival day, when prizes would be given for manly sports, in honor of the old victory, while men with shovels and picks would dig out anew the trench deep into the chalk and bring into relief again the marvellous old animal. The white chalk of the figure, exposed to the width of ten, and to the depth of two or three feet, contrasting with the green of the hillside, made it a conspicuous object, visible miles and miles away, but it would get dingy and grown over until patriotic and local pride called in the "festival" to whiten it again. In 1736 an antiquarian wrote that this "scouring" was an "old custom," and there are printed records of it in 1755, 1766, 1776, 1780, 1785, and every few years thereafter. Times do not change much as to the occupations of country people on such holidays. The notice of one of the scourings is not very unlike what I have seen advertised in America for a New Year's day, in a village in the Middle States:

WHITE HORSE HILL, BERKS, 1766.

The scowering & cleaning of the White Horse is fixed for Monday, the 27th day of May, on which day a silver cup will be run for near White Horse Hill by any horses, etc., that never run for any-

thing, carrying 11 stone, the best of two three miles neats, to start at 10 o'clock.

Between the heats will be run for by poneys a saddle, bridle, & whip, the best of three two mile heats. The winner of two heats will be entitled to the saddle; the second best the bridle, & the third the whip. The same time a five Thill Harness will be run for by cart horses, etc., in their harness & bells, the carters to ride in smock frocks without saddles, crossing & jostling, but no whipping allowed.

A flitch of bacon to be run for by asses.

A good hat to be run for by men in sacks, every man to bring his own sack.

A waistcoat, 10s. 6d. value, to be given to the person who shall take a bullet out of a tub of flour with his mouth in the shortest time.

A cheese to be run for down the White Horse Manger.

Smocks to be run for by ladies, the second best of each prize to be entitled to a silk hat.

CUDGEL PLAYING for a GOLD LACED HAT, & a pair of buckskin breeches, & WRESTLING for a pair of silver buckles, & a pair of pumps.

The horses to be on White Horse Hill, by nine o'clock.

No less than four horses or asses to start for any of the above prizes.

This whole neighborhood is historic ground. Very near is the "Blowing Stone," where, if you blow into an aperture, the trumpet-like tones are—the neighbors say—"audible for several miles." It is just a bit of red sandstone, about three feet high and broad, and two feet thick, pierced on three sides with holes, and when blown with a powerful pair of lungs it does give a dull, moaning sound, but I suspect not even King Alfred could have made it heard at Uffington. The tradition that that King used it as a bugle with which to call his troops together is pretty, even if it be not quite true. Below the White Horse is a curious deep gully, called the "Manger." One side of this hill falls in sweeping curves and is called the "Giant's Stairs," and the other side is called "Pendragon's Hill," after a traditionary chieftain buried there. Near by is "Wayland Smith's Cave," mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in "Kenilworth." Tradition says

it was formerly inhabited by an invisible blacksmith, who good-naturedly shod any horse that was left there, provided a piece of money was left at the same time to defray the cost of his labors. Uffington Castle, about seven hundred feet square, is on the site of a Roman camp, but it is not an attractive ruin.

Wantage is the birthplace of King Alfred, and, for that reason, if for no other, is entitled to the veneration of every English-speaking man or woman. Here the young prince first saw the light in 848, (or 849), an event celebrated in 1848 by the erection of a grammar school by popular subscription. The town has his statue, unveiled by the present King Edward VII. in 1877, and the work of a nephew of Queen Victoria, Count Gleichen. It bears the inscription: "Alfred the Great, the West Saxon King, born at Wantage, A. D. 849. Alfred found learning dead, and he restored it; education neglected, and he revived it; the laws powerless, and he gave them force; the church debased, and he raised it; the land ravaged by a fearful enemy, from which he delivered it. Alfred's name shall live as long as mankind shall respect the past." What is known as "Alfred's Well" is believed to mark the site of the birthplace, but, of course, this is traditional, and, therefore, chiefly conjectural. When Alfred died he gave to his wife by his will "the home at Wantage," but just where it was and what it was is not known. On the whole the town itself, says a late newspaper writer, "does not contain many reminiscences of the Saxon King, although his name is often used by the inhabitants for distinguishing places of business. The Alfred's Head is one of the inns, and a grocery store goes by the name of King Alfred's Stores. There is a petrifying stream, which for many years has received great attention from tour-

ists, because it runs through a red brick well, which is called King Alfred's Bath. It is, however, certain that the bricks are not two hundred years old. Several years ago, when there was a celebration in honor of the Saxon King in Wantage, it had been arranged that a procession should be formed to Alfred's well, but much confusion was caused by the fact that a rival well had been found. The good people of Wantage were divided, and some went to one well and some to the other, to the amusement of those who had assembled to enjoy the proceedings." There is a parish church in it, "one of the quaintest in the country," it is said, and of the Thirteenth Century, but I did not see it. The newest thing to be said of Wantage, perhaps, is that it has given shelter to and taken the shekels from the modern, uncrowned king, Richard Croker, who has made Moat House one of the fine residential places of Berks. The inhabitants of the parish are delighted, for he has paid them good wages and given them long jobs, just as his practice has been in that great centre of Tammany's recent enthronement, New York City.

Wantage is in a charming locality. The town of thirty-eight hundred people is not so beautiful, but the views of hills and valleys around it are singularly attractive.



A Glimpse of Windsor.

XIV.—THE HENLEY RACES AND WINDSOR CASTLE.

ON THE first week in July of the year succeeding the driving tour, of which the preceding narrative gives account, I was again able to arrange for a tour by coaches, three in number, beside one brake, beginning at Oxford. It was for a third drive through Central England. We first drove about the old University city again, and then, at two o'clock, the fourteen horses and their drivers being impatient to point noses toward Reading, we made the start. The brass and nickel of the harness and the coaches and the coats of the horses shone, it seemed to me, with new lustre that day. Even the drivers in their long, tan-colored coats and high-up, spotless, polished boots, looked unusually well groomed. Was it because, this time, they were to watch the races, and also get pretty close to the real residence of the Queen? The English will dress for those two occasions. The sky was somewhat leaden. There were forebodings of rain. What if the whole week should prove stormy? But as no

previous coaching week had, we did not borrow trouble.

The route to Reading has been described. We had the same delightful experience at Streatley, as before, but, this time, we did not leave there until about six o'clock, after doing some rowing on the Thames. It was also after we had heard that just a little while later than the hour we had left Oxford a terrific thunder shower had burst over that town, deluging the streets, and with enough fierce lightning to destroy several buildings. Also, after news reached us of the terrible defeat of the Yale crew at Henley. But this last bit of news did not quench our eagerness to see Henley next day. So, without rain upon us, with, in fact, a bright declining sun, and with bugles blowing and our flags flying, we left Streatley and hastened down past Pangbourne and Moulsford to Reading; the "biscuit town of Reading," as one called it. It was seven-thirty in the evening when we dashed up to the "Queen's," and the welcome notice "dinner has been waiting half an hour," found us well prepared to do it justice.

The Reading hotel was not presumed to be different from what it was a year before, and yet it was. For the dinner was not served to us in the dining-room, but out "on the green." Will those who enjoyed that dinner ever forget the beauty of the green and the bewitching surroundings? It was just in the rear of the hotel, enclosed by its walls, and those of a high brick fence; secluded and composed of a green as soft and exquisite to the touch as velvet. A huge, round tent was in the centre; the canvas in places turned up to let in light. There, on camp chairs, before a regularly spread feast, we had a menu fit for a king, but the practical features of it were not so sat-

isfactory. One of the party, a bonnie-minded clergyman, not at all hard to please, thus graphically described the meal: "Ye shades of Delmonico, what a repast! Steaming soup, first; great plates full of it. How our eyes dilated as it came toward us. But what coughing and sneezing and sputtering as, one after the other, we tasted the concoction. White pepper, black pepper, red pepper, tobasco, curry sauce? What had they put into it? It could not be eaten. And so, after the fashion of the King of France, who marched his ten thousand men up the hill and then marched them down again, the grim-looking, un-Frenchified, swallow-tailed waiters, who had set the soup before us, took it away again. Then came fish—three or four kinds upon one platter; good as far as it went, but so inadequate for our needs. Then roast beef, not the typical English joint, but a half-cooked portion, evidently hastily prepared for the emergency. Then cheese, butter, crackers and undressed lettuce. We waited for more; we could not be persuaded that the meal was over. And we might have devoured the tables or expostulated with the landlord had not the 'village band,' at this juncture, put in an appearance to play for us, and soon some of the younger members of the party were tripping 'the light, fantastic toe' and disappointment was forgotten." I quote this to show how even with the best intentions on the part of a landlord, a meal may not be as satisfactory as an elaborate menu presages.

The village band is an institution in every town and hamlet in England. It volunteers its services when numbers of strangers are known to be at a hotel, and then expects a collection. I have many pleasant reminiscences of these town bands at various places. They helped along many a weary evening,

and gave the people opportunity to dance occasionally, when they felt like it.

After the band, bed; but it was a curious experience that night to secure a bed. Every necessary place had been engaged for our big family, but every available place seemed to have been pre-empted by casual travelers, who drop down on Reading at times as if from the clouds. "The hotel accommodations always were inadequate," said a resident. I found it so, and should probably give this city a wide berth on a future expedition, although it is fair to say that the Henley races had brought in an unusually large crowd for the week. Next morning it was almost jocular—to the questioner, never to the questioned—to hear the inquiries as to whether one's friend was "over that cigar shop," or "in that reception-room of such a club," or "in the Bull Inn," which, by the way, was as dirty as an Arab hut.

Henley was ten miles distant. It was not on the program, but I persuaded Mr. Franklin to put it there, and the offer of special "pour boire" for some additional miles over the daily contract pleased even the drivers and lackeys. The direct route is by Caversham and Shiplake. But for some reason we chose the road to Twyford, which was a blunder. It was a blunder, first, because we subsequently returned to it from Henley, and we might have diversified our route; and, second, because if we had not seen an apparently comfortable hotel there we might have dined at a better when luncheon time arrived. We found Henley full up to the brim, with horses, wagons, carts, brakes, coaches and people. Long before reaching it the dust and animation of vehicles on the roadway proved we were drawing near to a vortex of excitement. Almost sixty years (from June, 1839) had



Between the Races, Henley-on-Thames.

passed since these annual July races were begun at Henley, and yet the same contrasts of wealth and fashion with plainness and poverty are to be seen on every day of the week set aside to aquatic sports. Henley has a population of five thousand in ordinary times, and probably fifty thousand when the crews are racing. No games in Roman days occasioned more betting, or general stir upon the populace, than do these modern races. Even from Ireland there were beggars, and, of course, there were representative onlookers from America and many parts of the earth.

The sight was one long to be remembered. The river is not wide; not half as wide as one would suppose it ought to be for a good, square race, and it gently bends at this point. Any small boy could throw a stone across it. The course is also short, (perhaps a half-mile long), beginning just below the Henley bridge, which latter is an old stone structure of four arches and a balustrade, an ornament of architecture likely to stand for another semi-millenium of years. I stood a long time on the bridge to see the various boats. Until " time " was called, the little stream was packed with boats and steam launches, chiefly the former, which were adorned as if for an aquatic bal masqué. The ladies in them were dressed in the latest Parisian fashions, with bright colors and gay French or Japanese parasols, and their brothers, husbands, friends or beaux were in the nattiest summer costumes, with red, blue or yellow neckties, and soft white hats, or none at all. Hither and yon they flitted just for pleasure and to be in the midst of gaiety. There were cloudless skies and a bright sun. If there is ever smoke or fog at Henley, it was absent on this particular day. Along the banks were row on row of bright, cheerful, happy men, women and children,

each eager for the next contest, and each with his favorite contestants. We have such crowds in our land, but there is a distinct difference. One of our party aptly said: "You could see and feel the difference better than it can be described." Let me quote once more from the description of my clerical companion: "Soon the boom of a gun is heard. Steam launches, running up and down the river, force the boats toward either bank. A course is cleared through the



"Leander is Ahead."

centre of the stream. Another gun. Leander, the crew which outrowed the Yale boys the day before, and New College, are contesting for the prize. Here they come, with steady, even swing, side by side, apparently. No, Leander is ahead. Leander crosses first. The Yale boys are pleased, for it proves that the crew which outrowed them the day before was a crack crew. The English cry: 'Bravo! Bravo! Well rowed, Leander! Well rowed!' And almost

before you could look again the river is black once more with boats." I saw this single race. It was not America's day; that was the preceding day when the English won. This time the different English college crews were contesting against themselves, and of course with us the interest in the result was not intense.

We were off for Twyford, a five-mile heat, for luncheon. Twyford, which, of course, means "two fords," is on a little branch of the Thames, known as the Loddon, and while it is but a cross-roads hamlet of perhaps a dozen houses, it boasts of two hotels. One inn to a town would never satisfy the wants of travelers or of topers in this land of itinerants and tourists. Perhaps there is a rivalry between "publics," as all places with bars are termed, which tends to enhance business. With our fourteen horses to care for, and a party of hungry Americans, it was natural that we should hope for plenty of courtesy, if not of provender, but we received neither. "Can you give me a glass of water for one of the ladies?" was one of the first inquiries of a gentleman of our party. "Is that all you want?" was the reply. "Yes." "Here it is; tu'pence, please; it's a bother to furnish everybody with water." "Can I wash my hands in this bowl?" "Yes; thri'pence. And we shall have to charge you sixpence for getting that mark on the tablecloth." A few began a quiet game of whist while waiting for others to finish lunch in a corner of the parlor. "You will have to put that game up; no one is allowed to play here without a license." Great was the law, and greater still the charges at the "King's Arms" hotel at Twyford. We never forgot it. It was so unusual, so contrary to English hospitality, which elsewhere we found to be as genuine

as it is proverbial. My clerical friend in writing afterward of this curious scene, added a bit of history as to another and private house in Twyford, which made the spot as green in the memory of a few as the "King's Arms" was black in the remembrance of the many: "In marked contrast to this sole instance of such ungracious treatment was the experience of two other members of the party. Strolling up the road a little, they came to a small thatched cottage, by the gate leading up to which a woman was standing. 'My good woman, do you know anyone hereabouts who would be willing to make us a cup of tea? You see there are quite a number of us, and the accommodations at the hotel are hardly sufficient. We do not want much. Only a cup of tea.' 'Why, yes,' was the cordial response; 'I think we can make it for you. Can't we, mother?' And, as she spoke, she turned toward a white-haired woman, who had been attracted to the door. 'I am sure we can. Come right in. You look dusty. Wouldn't you like water and a basin and some towels? Make yourselves at home. You are from America? My old man always wanted to go there. He is too old now. He is in the garden with the flowers. He loves flowers. You'd better come into the front room. You'll find the rocking chair more comfortable. Our house is not grand; but it is homelike. You'll have some bread also, won't you? And a little cake? We pride ourselves on our tea. My oldest daughter is housekeeper to Lady Somerset. And this daughter has worked for Lady Somerset, too. Take another cup. I'll make a fresh drawing. It's no trouble. Tea is not good after it has stood. How much? Well, I don't know. Would three pence be too much for all?' They gave her sixpence each. They went out with her to see the 'old man' in the garden. They were

feasted with cherries and loaded with flowers. And when, a little later, the coach rolled by, the old man, his wife and his daughter were standing at the gate to wave good-bye to the three who felt that they had been generously admitted to an humble, but yet neat and attractive English peasant home."

The next ten miles was up a three-mile hill and then on a level stretch through a long and lane-like road, approximately near Maidenhead, to Windsor. It was a pretty drive throughout, with many a quaint hamlet through which we dashed at splendid speed so as to reach Windsor before the dinner hour. Some miles before we reached the residence of royalty we saw the court flag floating from the familiar Round Tower, the old Norman structure that had so proudly dominated the landscape in this region for eight and a half centuries. There it stood, up on the hill top, overlooking all the landscape round. Proud, erect, stalwart tower, symbol of monarchy, but also of human liberty; how can we wonder that English hearts have grown self-reliant and English eyes have become tender with tears, when they have looked upon its embattled cresting and seen the quartered flag of the lions spread to the breeze, over the spot where their gracious Queen had so long spent her sweet life and gathered about her an honored court. At the time of which I write she was living; now she is radiant in another sphere.

"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen.

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will
And compass'd by the inviolate sea."

I saw nothing as we neared Windsor except the Castle, and thought of nothing save her whose presence made the town what it was, and whose personal character had in such a great degree made England renowned.

There are few better hotels in the kingdom than the "White Hart" at Windsor. It directly faces the main street and the railway station, and also the walls of the Castle itself. From its front door you see the high battlements, but not the highest or sternest features of the Castle. The best view of that, if you wish to look upon strength and dignity, is from a point beyond the railway near Windsor. The less stern view is from the Windsor Great Park on the side directly opposite from the railway. This Park has always belonged to the Queen as crown property. It was almost a shock to find the town cringing up so closely to the Castle itself; an attachment to it, as it were. But once ascend the hill and look off from the north terrace, or from the Round Tower, and the town disappears. The view is over and beyond it, or away from it; you would not know a town was near. The outlook from the terrace is extensive in one direction, but once ascend the tower and it becomes vast in every direction. Off to the south lies Runnymede, where King John wrested Magna Charta from the barons. Not far away from it Charles Fox had his home, the man whom our Revolutionary heroes always remembered with delight, for he was the one conspicuous friend of America in that long, long struggle. Far out beyond Eton College, which is so close by, is

Stoke Pogis, and over yonder on the cliffs is Cliveden, home of Mr. Astor, formerly residence of the wealthy Duke of Westminster, where those early Norsemen, who sent an expedition up the Thames to gather booty, buried their chief in a giant mound, with masses of gold and delicately wrought work, and where no doubt he sleeps unto this day. Frogmore, where rest Prince Alfred and his devoted consort, Queen Victoria, is just below in the Great Park. If you look far enough and the day is at all clear, there will be discerned on the far horizon the yellow smoke that rises above the mightiest city in the world. The landscape is everywhere dotted with oaks, limes and innumerable hedgerows, and little and big forests. The Thames winds in its serpentine course, and as it creeps off into the distance looks like a thread of silver. There are no sterile patches, no uncultivated tracts of cleared land, but everywhere meadow and forest, all as green as emerald, and as stately, quiet and cheerful as if the whole were a private estate. Surely this locality never knew the drum-beat of war, but only the conquests of peace!

The Normans were no weak builders. They were great architects and prophetic seers. They fortified summits strong by nature and made them almost impregnable. They knew war would continue and they arranged for it. Their two strongest towers were at London and Windsor. But they also made Durham, Carisbrooke and Edinburgh as we still see them. Each was as majestic as it was enduring. The fairest view from any is from Windsor, and this, perhaps, together with its proximity to London, has made it the favorite residence of the English kings since the days of the great William. I have referred to the Round Tower as if it alone of the Castle structure is mem-



Windsor Castle.

orable. But the assembled whole of the vast mass of buildings that cluster around it, or that extend down past St. George's Chapel, is full of dignity and majesty. There are other towers and apartments, both state and private; in fact, the Castle site alone covers thirteen acres of ground, and the Great Park eighteen hundred acres, so that, in all, King Edward now rules at will nearly three square miles of buildings and land when he is in residence at Windsor.

It is a good plan to consider a little what the history of such a spot is, before one enters any of its interior rooms. The exterior looks so fresh, in the main, that a stranger to its history will scarcely believe its age. There are no semblances in this regard between Edinburgh Castle, or the Tower of London, admirably preserved as they are, and this Castle, because they show age and this does not. Whether it is the quality of the stone, which is probable, or renovations of its surface, which would also explain it, it is certain that it is difficult to connect Windsor, when your eye is upon it, with any Middle Age fortress whose history has thrilled the readers of books from the day of William the Conqueror to the present time. Yet in reality Windsor not only dates from William's day—and as a fortified site from Roman times—but the old Saxon kings, among them Edward the Confessor, held court within two miles of the spot (at Old Windsor), and from William's time till now it has been the abode of almost every English sovereign. We may picture these curious kings and queens of post-Norman days at Winchester, at Woodstock, at London, at Hampton Court and elsewhere, but Windsor was the central fortress, castle and palace; it has memories of almost all of the blood royal. Edward I. and Eleanor had chivalric spectacles and tournaments in this

Great Park. Henry I. and his queen resided here. King Stephen assured Henry. II. that this Castle should belong to him and his successors forever. King John made it his home, when those famous conferences of peace were held at Runnymede. Henry III. built a chapel where the Albert Chapel now is. Edward I. and Edward II. were constantly here. Edward III., whose native place it was, added to the structure much of its present extent and grandeur. Richard II. held in Windsor Park his jousts of "forty knights and forty squires," "to be apparelled in green with a white falcon." Henry VI. was born within these walls. Edward IV. made St. George's Chapel what it now is. Henry VII. constructed the present Chapel of the Tombs. Henry VIII. built the gateway and held his court at Windsor. Edward VI. was hurried hither by the Protector Somerset from Hampton Court in the middle of the night, when the boy-king exclaimed: "Methinks I am in prison; here be no galleries, nor no gardens to walk in." Elizabeth made the gallery and frequented the Castle and its terrace many and many a month. James I. was prisoner here, as was Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Charles II. used it for his summer residence and decorated its state apartments, and here gave "little dinners" to his Nell Gwynn. George II. began to restore it in nearly all its parts. William IV. had some share in the same work. Last and best, everybody knows that Queen Victoria and her royal Consort spent most of their days in this grand building, finishing its restoration at a full cost of four-and-a-half millions of dollars; and that both Albert and Victoria are entombed within sight of its towers. Is it any wonder that Edward VII. will make it his permanent abode? Where is there a structure in all the world more closely con-

nected with sovereignty than this? Where a similar castle that has not been overthrown?

Of all the incidents, romantic and real, connected with Windsor, there are at least three to appeal to the imagination and to the romancist's pen. The first is that relating to Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury, who, when bravely defending the Castle against her enemies, welcomed the King, but proved constant when his unhallowed love would have made her his bride; an incident which has long been connected with the institution of the Order of the Garter. Froissart tells it so naively and so quaintly that it well bears reproduction: "As soon as the lady knew of the King's coming, she set open the gates, and came out so richly beseen that every man marvelled of her beauty, and could not cease to regard her nobleness with her great beauty, and the gracious words and countenance she made. When she came to the King, she kneeled down to the earth, thanked him of his succours, and so led him into the Castle, to make him cheer and honour as she that could right do it. Every man regarded her marvellously; the King himself could not withhold his regarding of her, for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady: he was stricken therewith to the heart, with a sparkle of fine love that endured long after; he thought no lady in the world to be loved as she. Thus they entered into the Castle hand-in-hand; the lady led him first into the hall, and after into the chamber, nobly apparelled. The King regarded so the lady that she was abashed. At last he went to a window to rest, and so fell in a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all devised and commanded, then she came to

the King with a merry cheer, who was then in a great study, and she said, 'Dear Sir, why do ye study so for? Your grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to you so to do; rather ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you: let other men study for the remnant.' Then the King said, 'Ah, dear lady, know for truth that since I entered into the Castle there is a study come into my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse, nor I cannot tell what shall fall thereof: put it out of my heart I cannot.' 'Ah, sir,' quoth the lady, 'ye ought always to make good cheer to comfort therewith your people. God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doubted [feared] and honoured prince in all Christendom; and if the King of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you, as ye have divers times [ere] this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready.' 'Ah, fair lady,' quoth the King, 'other things lieth at my heart that ye know not of: but surely the sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness, and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so surprised my heart, that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead.' Then the lady said, 'Ah! right noble prince, for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, or that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me, and my lord my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and as yet lieth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, sir, ye should in this case have a small praise, and nothing the better thereby. . . . Then the King went into the hall and washed, and sat down

among his lords and lady also. The King ate little; he sat still musing, and, as he durst, he cast his eyes upon the lady. Of his sadness his knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be; some thought it was because the Scots were escaped from him. All that day the King tarried there, and wist not what to do: sometime he imagined that truth and honour defended him to set his heart in such a case, to dishonour such a lady and such a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him; on the other part, love so constrained him that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the King debated to himself all that day and all that night: in the morning he arose, and dislodged all his host, and drew after the Scots to chase them out of his realm. Then he took leave of the lady, saying, 'My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than ye have said to me.' 'Noble prince,' quoth the lady, 'God the Father, glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do you pure service to your honour and to mine.' Therewith the King departed all abashed." It is one tradition that Edward found the Countess of Salisbury's garter, picked it up, saw the smile of his companions and exclaimed: "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and then declared that this sentiment should be the sign of English chivalry. The motto of the Garter still is: "Evil be to him who evil thinks."

The next incident is that of the poet-king of Scotland, James I., who, when in his tenth year, while on his way to study in France, was captured and imprisoned by King Henry IV. in the "Devil's" Tower and remained a prisoner there for eighteen long and weary years. He saw walking in the moated garden

and at once loved Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and his poem to her is among the famous productions of royal pens. The Tower, he says, looked over "a garden faire," in which was—

"Ane herbere green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with treis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That life was none, walkyng there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espye.

"And on the smalle greene iwis issat
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear the hymnis consecrate
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

"And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Whereas I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly new comyn her to pleyne,
The fairest and the frest younge flower
That ever I saw (me thought) before that hour;
For which sudden abate anon astert
The blood of all my body to my heart."

And he thus described Lady Jane:

"In her was youth, beauty with humble port,
Bounty, richess, and womanly feature,
God better wote than my pen can report;
Wisdom, largesse, estate and cunning lure,
In every poynt so guided her mesure
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child advance."

Fate decreed that he should marry Lady Jane and it is said "they lived long in mutual love and sincere affection," but at last he died in that bloody tragedy at Perth, Scotland, where the assassin's dagger ended a sad but remarkable Scottish reign. The Scotch ballad about the heroism of one, who had her arm broken in an attempt to give the king time in which to save his life, is one of the lyrics not born to die. I give the

first and last of the verses, to call them up to the memory of my readers:

"If all were good as are the few,
The world were richer, rarer;
A lady true and brave I knew,
Of noble name the bearer;
Were men all brave, and women true,
The world would be the fairer.

"But she who through rough staple placed
Her arm so fair and tender,
Hell's memories has half effaced!
Their prayers should all men render
For Catherine Douglass, brave and chaste,
That God His peace may send her."

It ought to be added that the legends of early times made Windsor the place where King Arthur instituted his Order of the Knights of the Round Table, but if the fact of the institution of the Order by him could be proven, still it is probably a fable that he ever made Windsor one of his residences. Nevertheless, King Edward III. constructed a Round Table here when he established the Order of the Garter, and for it fifty-two oaks were taken from the woods of the Prior of Merton, near Reading, for which there was paid the goodly sum (for those days) of £26, 13s, 4d.

Naturally the first thing to do at Windsor is to climb the Round Tower. Then, on application for cards at the Lord Chamberlain's office, which are given free to applicants, there is admission to the state apartments. If the sovereign is in residence, admission is not given. If absent, it is, on certain days. These state apartments were formerly the private apartments of the sovereign, and the private quarters now were then the residence of relatives and dependants. In wandering through the state rooms, there-

fore, one may readily picture in those large and commodious parlors the red-haired, vixen-visaged, imperious, cozening, intellectual Elizabeth and her courtiers, Raleigh and Drake, Howard and Cecil, and her gallant Earl of Leicester; and even that later queer specimen of tyrannical power, the bigoted spendthrift, but virtuous woman, Queen Anne, who in one of the little chambers received that dispatch of Marlborough, which carried with it such ecstatic joy in all of England, that "Your Majesty's troops have had a great victory and Marshal Tallard is in my coach." Prince Rupert, fiery, daring, brilliant, who was once constable of the Round Tower, was a familiar habitué of these rooms.

And Shakespeare—why we know that he saw more of court at Windsor than he did of it anywhere else. Would not his masterful dramas, indeed, almost indicate that his whole life had been spent at royal courts? And yet it was not. So the last incident I will relate concerns Elizabeth and Shakespeare. The Marquis of Lorne tells with good grace of their relations: "Here we may think of her as telling Shakespeare, summoned to her presence, that she wanted a new play carrying on the description of the character of Falstaff, and again, only a fortnight later, the poet asking for an audience and announcing that he had the play ready for Her Grace's approval. Pym says that the Queen was very fond of having plays acted, and spent great sums on having them 'well mounted.' There was a stage erected, probably in St. George's Hall, on which there was frequent acting. 'For the actors a wardrobe was established, and for the stage scenes were painted. The Queen had also an orchestra, composed of trumpeters, luterers, harpers, singers, rebecks, vialls, sagbutts, bagpipes, mynstrels, dome-

flads, flutes. The charges for three plays performed before Her Majesty show payments of the officers, taylors and painters for making scenes of divers cities and towns, and the Emperor's palace and other devices, as well as money paid to carvers, mercers for sarsnet and other stuff, and lynendrapers for canvas to cover the towns withal, and other provision for a Play; and for a maske a rock for the nine Muses to sing on, with a vayne of sarsnet drawn up and down upon them. There were charettes for the goddesses, and devices of the Heaven and clouds.' So that more was done at Windsor to support by scenery the plays of Shakespeare than at the Globe Theatre he had in London, and he was doubtless able to direct here the artisans to provide whatever he called for. From that north terrace he must have retired from the Queen's presence, with quick step and eager eyes, through the lower ward to the 'Garter Inn' to perfect his schemes; and then with what a company he must have gone to see the preparations in the hall, planning everything, ordering everything, and occasionally taking advantage of a talk with Bacon to get hints how to enact on the stage the great affairs of state, which often give the spur to the actions of his characters."

On this spot one may think of the ill-fated Czar, Alexander II., of Russia, who was lodged in the state apartments during his last visit to England, his Cossack guards keeping watch in an adjoining room.

A minute description of what is shown in these state quarters it is not within my purpose to give. It consists mainly of paintings and gifts from foreign potentates and princes. While the rooms are extensive, well-adorned and give one a fair idea of a palace (only fair, because the carpets or rugs are usually removed and the furniture covered with linen when visitors are

admitted), yet they are in no wise comparable with the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, or King William II.'s Palace at Berlin, or with many another sovereign's home in other portions of Europe. About seventeen rooms in all are usually shown. They include the Audience Chamber, Presence Chamber,



Queen Victoria.

Grand Chamber, St. George's Hall, Grand Reception Room, Throne Room, State Drawing Room, etc. There are admirable illustrations of tapestry, a few fine ceilings, charming portraits by Van Dyke, Lely, Kneller and Wilkie, and fairly executed pictures by Rubens, Guido Reni, Rembrandt, Teniers, Poussin, etc. Van Dyke's well-known "Charles I. and Fam-

ily," and "Children of Charles I." are here, and his other works are excellent, as they always are. To my mind the best things are the views from the windows —of Eton and the meadows and forests—and the collection of gifts to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Jubilee. The armory is not, however, without some precious objects, among them an Italian artist's masterpiece, the shield fashioned by Cellini for Francis I. of France and presented by him to Henry VIII. on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and the armor of King David II. of Scotland, taken from him on that woeful day in 1346 when 20,000 English bows brought him to submission and he was taken to Windsor Tower, a prisoner.

I have spoken of the terrace. There are now gardens of some extent on the opposite side of the Castle, in sight of the present royal apartments, but while rather impressive in a picture, they are somewhat stiff in the reality. The Great Park beyond them is much more dignified and graceful. The Royal private apartments are plainer than many a rich man's home in Britain, and the inner court they partially surround is as bare as a desert.

It was a sad rather than a happy sight to see the aged Queen come out from these apartments to the court, enter a carriage with one of her granddaughters and go off on her usual afternoon drive to Frogmore. A little, bent, old lady, dressed in mourning, she was the picture of decrepitude and of weariness. Life as an occupant of the world's greatest throne had been begun by her so early, and its sorrows had touched her at so many points, that she seemed more ready to journey to another world than to remain in this. I peered at the spectacle over the iron fence separating the court quadrangle from where I stood, and rejoiced

that as a woman she had been one of the best who ever wore the crown.

The Royal Mews we did not see. The Albert Chapel and St. George's constitute the balance of the sights within the Castle walls, and these are rich, noble and interesting. St. George's Chapel is, in fact, more impressive and more worthy of an hour's study than many other more pretentious churches in England. For one reason, it is historically of intense interest. If the places where kings, queens and princes walk to the marriage altar have any fascination, this should be supreme in that relation. If the houses of God wherein these same human personages worship Him, either in spirit and in truth, or perfunctorily, become sacred to their subjects, St. George's should be pre-eminently so. It is a fair memorial, not grand, but rich and full of dignified grace. When one considers that Chaucer built it, himself laboring with his masons and carvers, and residing at the time in Winchester Tower hard by; that for five centuries its roof has rung with pæans of thanksgiving and praise over the victories and of dirges over the defeats of English armies; that would-be kings and queens and other members of their families have been baptised, and later married, at its altar; that funerals of state have been held there, including the gorgeous one of Henry VIII. and the very recent solemn one of Queen Victoria; that here have worshipped, behind that high Egyptian balcony, all the English rulers for half a millenium of years, while in the stalls below have sat, during that time, every illustrious statesman in the land, surely it becomes impossible to stand with uncovered head in such a place. Here one ought to catch the tremendous import of the onward march of civilization between the reigns of Henry I. and Ed-

ward VII., and grasp something of the significance of what first an absolute and then a constitutional monarchy means in the progress of the ages.

Naturally, one asks, who is buried in this Chapel? Are not all the illustrious scions of royalty in Westminster Abbey? Generally speaking, they are. But Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour lie in this spot, and his funeral, at least, was worthy of a romancer's pen. His body was brought to it in a stately chariot, with a crown upon the head, and under it a cap of black satin set full of precious stones. In "robes of crimson velvet furred with miniver, powdered with ermine, the collar of the Garter with the Order of St. George about the neck, a crimson satin doublet embroidered with gold, and bracelets of gold about the wrists, and with a sceptre, crimson velvet shoes and diamond rings," this poor, dead monarch, detested both in life and death, yet "merry" above all others in his days of much-marrying and feasting, was brought to the church, the chariot drawn by eight horses and each ridden by a child. The hearse had thirteen pillars and weighed four thousand pounds. The day after the funeral the body was placed in the vault "with pomp and reverence." The funeral of Charles I. was not so magnificent; it was the very opposite, for here on a snowy day a few of his cavaliers bore his remains, and buried them quickly from the public eye, and for two centuries they were forgotten. Then, the vault being opened, some one stole from it the severed pieces of the neck-bone and the lower jaw. Later they were recovered; the vault was again opened; the jaw, to which the beard still clung, and the bone were put in place; and now the whole of Charles, which is not dust, may, perhaps, rest there until the Resurrection. What a sermon

upon human vanity! In case of either Henry or Charles, no historian or mortal now lives who will say that the world was any better for their living in it! There are other interments, of course, and not a few. There is a great cellar, or vault, beneath the chapel, where the coffins are laid on shelves, but this is not shown to the public. There lie knights, bishops, kings, Among the monuments or inscriptions to the dead are those to the son of Theodore, King of Abyssinia, who "was a stranger" and the Queen took him in, and who died at the youthful age of eighteen years; to Sir George Manners; to the Bishop of Chichester; to Richard Beauchamp; to the Bishop of Salisbury; to the Earl of Lincoln; to Sir Henry Clinton; to the Duke of Kent (father of Victoria); and there stands in place the original tomb of King Edward IV. and his Queen. Probably more persons will stop to examine, however, the monumental group in white marble erected to Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., in the corner of the chapel. It is a thing of rare attractiveness, an exquisite specimen of the sculptor's art, the effect of which is heightened by the subdued sunlight that falls upon it through orange and purple glass windows. She is buried elsewhere, in Albert Chapel, now a memorial to the Prince Consort.

Albert Chapel and the Louis XII. Chapel, the latter in Paris, have always seemed to me as gorgeous specimens of the magnificent in adornment of small places of worship as the world has to show. Of course they do not compare in money value to the fabulously rich shrines of Moscow, but they are more to the average taste. They are not over-gaudy, and yet are royal and splendid. It hardly seems possible that wicked old Cardinal Wolsey built such a fine structure as the

Albert for his own mausoleum, nor that his marble sarcophagus should be now the same in which is buried, at St. Paul's, London, that famous admiral and warrior, Lord Nelson; but it is true that his energy and money did much to make the building what it is. Lord Bacon described it in his day as grander than Westminster Abbey. It was James II. who concluded to turn it into a Catholic church and the walls and ceilings were decorated by him. George III. finished its wonderful artwork, and put a vault below it, where his descendants, until Victoria, have been laid to rest: himself first, then George IV., William IV., Queen Charlotte, Queen Adelaide, and various dukes, princes and princesses of their line. Now, the chapel is particularly a monument to Prince Albert, and it is, as such, one of the most impressive memorials in Christendom, ranking next to that of Napoleon. With its vaulted roof of Venetian mosaics; its stained windows illustrative of the "Garden of Eden," "Garden of Gethsemane," "Garden of Joseph of Arimathea," the "Passion," and the "Garden of the Blessed;" other windows of heraldic bearings; inlaid wall pictures of engraved marbles; an alabaster canopy; a reredos of alabaster, and a floor of inlaid marbles, the whole is so effective as a work of art, so solemn as a place of silence and prayer, that it has a peculiarly devotional effect upon the soul. One is almost glad to get out again from it into the bright sun and under the open sky.

It is unfortunate that the average seeker after strong first-impressions of notable buildings should, as a rule, alight from the railway train at Windsor station, pass along that high and unornamental wall of the Castle grounds, and then first come before, or rather beside, this grand royal structure of Windsor

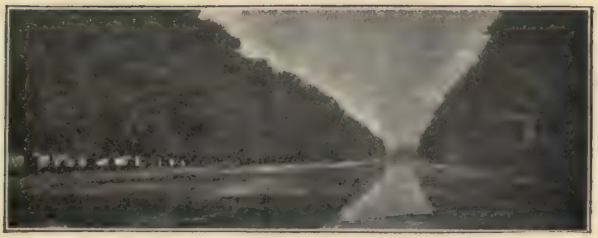
amid a medley of walls, gates, pensioners' buildings and rooms of ecclesiastics, and at last enter into it with no fine and appetizing glimpse of the whole splendid exterior; no real and correct idea of this majestic seat of the power of the empire. I caught some of the vast earth and sky lines of this depository of pomp and grandeur from the coach, in nearing Windsor, as one may, indeed, from the railway train if he is on the lookout for it, but it pays to go on all sides of the meadows and fields round about the Castle, and survey it from all points; to look at it by morning sunlight and by evening moonlight. Gradually, but certainly, one must then come to confess that what is disappointing when near is glorious when far off. That writer is not so much astray who began one of the numerous handbooks on this palatial monument by saying: "There is no palace of Kings so truly regal, so strikingly beautiful in its situation, so lofty and majestic, with its irregular but picturesque outline, as Windsor Castle." The situation is magnificent, but one must be away from Windsor to appreciate it.

All in all, Windsor and Windsor Forest will never die, if the verses in their praise by Surrey, by Pope and by that rarer master of flute-like song, Shelley, continue to be read by future generations. I do not know how the forest compares now with its more opulent days, but surely in Shelley's time it was a fairy wood, just as he described it, where—

> "Like restless serpents clothed
> In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
> Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
> The gray trunks; and as gamesome infants' eyes,
> With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,
> Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
> These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,

Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make network of the dark blue light of day,
And the night's noontide clearness mutable,
As shapes in the weiru clouds. Soft mossy bowers
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs the darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk rose twined with jasmine
A soul-dissolving odour to invite
To some more lovely mystery."





Bushy Park, Hampton Court.

XV.—RUNNYMEDE AND HAMPTON COURT.

THE FEUDAL days are gone. Scarcely their relics remain. Their deathblow was when Edward III. defeated Philip VI. at Cressy in 1346. And the early grandeur of monarchial displays in English-speaking countries will never come again. That met its fate when Cromwell's Parliament took off the head of Charles I. Beyond these two epochs stands Runnymede. That spot marked a beacon-light in the troubled waters of English history. The year will never be forgotten—1215. Almost seven centuries have come and gone since, but Magna Charta, guaranteeing as inalienable the right of trial by a jury of one's peers, and condemnation only by the law of the land; confirming the liberties of the church; prohibiting unlawful punishments; giving to men the right of absolute ownership in private property; requiring uniformity of weights and measures, and affirming municipal liberties, is, to-day, as bright as the sun and as fair as the moon. It is as much the panoply of human rights in America as in England, and it has been

enacted into law in many a state and country where strange flags float and curious languages are employed. Its creation as a part of England's fundamental existence was the precursor of liberty for all successive ages. "I must see Runnymede," was said, and so we left Windsor with the Stars and Stripes ready to unfold as we drew in sight of it, and of Magna Charta island. We passed through a portion of the Great Park, and crossed the Long Walk, with its double avenue of stately elms, planted in 1680, and then turned off to the south directly toward Staines. It is only three or four miles from Windsor to the Island, which is in the Thames, and has a pretty cottage upon it, but no other sign of life. The public road is some distance off, so that I could merely see the island. It is a little below, on the opposite side of the river, where is the meadow known as Runnymede. Here the Barons were assembled when the famous conclave transacted its business with King John. Now it is the spot of the Egham race course. When I saw it not a human being was in sight; the country generally in this region is flat and devoid of interest, except in the way of history. But what a page of history it fills! There is said to exist a large stone under the Island cottage on which Magna Charta was actually signed; if so it is a pity it is not exposed to public view, where anyone might stand upon it as upon Plymouth Rock.

A little further on, eight miles from Windsor, is Staines, an extremely ancient town, with its "London Stone," marking the extent of the former jurisdiction of the city of London over the Thames, and bearing this inscription upon its moulding: "God preserve the city of London, A. D. 1280." This fixes its age as of the reign of Edward I. From this stone



Magna Charta Island.

the name Staines is derived. It is a plain town of about five thousand people. From Staines to Hampton is eight miles, and the only interesting spectacle upon the road is the London Water Works. Perhaps most people who are familiar with Hampton Court Palace will remember the fine approach to it from Bushy Park, which, however, on this occasion we did not take. It is worth a long drive out of the way to see its one thousand acres, with its mile-long



The Coaches Leaving Staines.

horse-chestnut avenue, quite equal to any other forest in any part of the country. Hampton Court Park contains nearly six hundred acres, so that the two combined make sixteen hundred acres—almost three square miles—and constitute a favorite resort for "pensioners," who use it every summer day. The maze, which is quite near the Palace, and the grapevine, with a stem nearly a foot in diameter, planted in 1769, bearing yearly an immense quantity of black

Hamburg grapes (once twenty-two hundred bunches), attract constant attention from visitors. The French garden before the Palace, laid out by William III., with brilliant flower-beds, smooth lawns and charming trees, both native and foreign, is so restful that in it one may soon forget maze, grapevine, palace pictures and everything else. A seat in that garden under an umbrageous oak on a warm, sunshiny day, comes as near being happiness as one can now arrive at in this old luxurious spot of the time of Henry VIII. and his favorite Cardinal. If Wolsey had praised it less and had hired some eminent physicians of his day—supposing so wicked a thing were possible—to certify to the unhealthfulness of the locality, he might have passed more of his days there in undisturbed repose. But he got the advice of the best doctors in London to the effect that there was no healthier spot within twenty miles of the city, and constructed a building so palatial without and (for that time) so splendid within, that his merry master was unwilling to have Wolsey in a better residence than his own. Every one knows the story, how the gift came to be made to the King, and thenceforth it and Wolsey's "two hundred and eighty beds furnished with all manner of furniture," became Henry VIII.'s favorite home. It is ugly enough now within, but imposing without.

I wandered through its state rooms and found them, as on previous and on successive visits, given over wholly to a few decayed bedsteads and a large collection of a thousand portraits and other paintings, few of first-class importance except from a historical point of view, in which latter sense they are almost unrivalled by any other gallery in England. In other parts of the palace the pensioners—"poor relations," as often called—of the Queen were in possession, but

they were scarcely visible, and the air of the whole place was of a public spot for the people to come, do as they please, and go away. It is said there were fifteen hundred rooms in Wolsey's day; if so, every closet, chimney-place and window-pane must have been counted. Still it is a big, long, low, brick build-



Entering Hampton Court Palace.

ing, with three courts, and as Wolsey had eight hundred attendants, the outside appearance may be deceptive. Historically it is important, for here, after Wolsey, Henry VIII. lived and Jane Seymour died, and was thence removed to Windsor. Here Henry married his sixth wife, Catherine Parr. On this spot

Edward VI. was born and ofttimes resided. Here Philip and Mary lived after their marriage in 1557. Here James I. held the conference between the Bishops and the Presbyterians, which resulted in the subsequent translation at Oxford of what is known as King James's Bible. Here Charles I. resided during his honeymoon, and also when the plague drove him from London, and he often played tennis in the tennis court on the north side of the Palace, doing it even upon the day before he made his escape to the Isle of Wight. Here Oliver Cromwell lived and caught the ague from which he died, after, however, he had seen the marriage ceremonies of his daughter, Elizabeth, and witnessed in the same house the death of his favorite daughter, Mrs. Claypoole. Here, more pathetic still, Elizabeth held a council by which she condemned to death the Queen of Scots. The Commissioners of Trial had been holding a two days' session at Fotheringay, October 14 and 15, 1586, when suddenly Elizabeth determined to adjourn the judgment expected to be rendered to her Privy Council, which seems to have been held at Hampton, where the Queen then resided. On October 25, the Commissioners of Trial found Mary guilty and condemned her to the executioner's block. An unlawful, inhuman proceeding, because not a fair trial with accusers to face her; possibly best in the end for England, but certainly a crime against Mary and against law, and a stain on Elizabeth, which the rains of three hundred years have not washed away.

Our return to Windsor was by the same road on which we had traveled to Hampton Court, and was, therefore, somewhat fatiguing. Still the thirty-two miles of travel and long walks for this day found us at night not overtired, but eager to enjoy one of those

good meals at the "White Hart," for which it is famous, even if during the day the American coachman



"Those Blarsted 'Orses!"

was obliged to say repeatedly to Mr. Franklin: "I cawn't manage well, to-day, those blarsted 'orses!"



William Penn.

XVI.—STOKE POGIS AND THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

OUR COACHES went down the hill from Windsor to the Thames, and then, on crossing it, Eton was there, contiguous. The morning air was fair, the breath of the sunkissed winds from the west pure. Even the horses appeared to be in unusual spirits that morning, as if they, with us, sniffed from afar the regaling zephers from Stoke Pogis and from Chalfont St. Giles. It was to be a great day for coaching and for pleasure. I cannot recall in all my touring hours a brighter or more invigorating atmosphere than that of this day. And yet not a single hour of the five days set aside to this particular part of England was other than clear and brisk, in sky and on earth, with the brief exception of the clouds and storm which were in the far heavens when we left Oxford. It used to be said, is yet by some travelers, that England never has a whole week in summer without rain. But I have seen the grass so parched and yellow that it was a sorrowful spectacle; so dead, indeed, that I never saw and hope never to see its equal in the

States. Whole weeks do pass without rain, and I have even experienced days of almost unbearable heat as well as drought. At the time of this coaching tour it was extremely dry and dusty about Hampton Court and the vicinity of London. Not so at Oxford, and not so in Buckinghamshire.

We did not pause at Eton as time was pressing. The famous College is but a short distance from the Thames, perhaps a quarter-mile, there being a meadow between it and the river. At a distance its general appearance is that of another Hampton Court Palace. It is built of red brick with stone dressings, and has a variety of short towers and steeples. For over four centuries it has been one of the most renowned of English schools. There are annually nearly a thousand boys taught within its walls, some seventy of whom, wearing the traditional black gowns of earlier days and living in the college building, are students on the original foundation. All other boys live in the residence of the " masters " and are usually selected from the wealthy homes of the lords and dukes and other titled gentlemen of the nation. They wear silk hats and cost their fathers " from £200 a year up;" probably " up."

Less than two miles from Eton is Slough, a town of five thousand people, once home of Sir William Herschel, where he and his sister Catherine, who was almost as good if not as great an astronomer as her brother, watched the stars nightly together so many years. Sir John Herschel, Sir William's son, was born at Slough in 1792, nine years after his father's removal to that place, but most of his lifework, I believe, was performed at other places than at Slough, and with improved instruments. Catherine, upon her brother's death, returned to the place of her and of his

nativity in Germany. Sir William constructed at Slough, largely with his own hands, that great reflector, forty feet in length and four feet in diameter, which has usually been considered the most wonderful proof of his perseverance and his genius, and it is still preserved as a relic. But while this was a mammoth instrument and gave him much fame, his calculations of the sizes of the celestial spheres, the relations of constellations to constellations, and his discoveries in all branches of astronomical attainment, proved his mind to be the real source of his masterly acquisitions. Slough will be forever memorable as the place where for a period of at least forty years the science of astronomy leaped forward by strides and bounds. All three of the Herschels were as great prophets in their guesses of discoveries still in the future as any of those inspired men of the prophetic ages. Now the locality would be too smoky for good observations, but then London was not an inferno of engines and other consumers of soft coal. Besides, Slough was close to Windsor, and the royal patron of Sir William, George III., wished the astronomer to be as near to the palace as he could get, in order to acquaint His Majesty quickly of what was going on in the heavens. George was not such a pious man, but perhaps he was not quite sure that the astronomer might not foresee and presage the Day of Judgment.

It is a level road on to Stoke Pogis, which is only a brief two miles; that is to say, but four miles from Windsor. This I mention because transient visitors for the day to Windsor could not put in two or three hours toward sundown, after visiting that Castle, with more intellectual profit and charm than to drive by Eton and Slough to the scene of "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard." But first comes Stoke

Park, where Sir Edward Coke entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1601 so sumptuously that, to celebrate the entertainment, he presented her with jewels worth about £1,200. The old manor house is not now in existence, but the grounds are still extensive and pretty. When one reflects that, after the Virgin Queen, Charles I. resided in it as a prisoner; that its plucky owner refused to receive into it William III., although this "foreign King" was at the village hard by and simply signified his desire to inspect the old manor house; and that the present mansion owes its construction to an actual descendant of William Penn, it will be seen there was basis for our taking special interest in Stoke Park.

While I was musing upon its palatial lands, we inadvertently passed the point where we should have paused, and crossed the fields, to visit Stoke Pogis church. There was neither inscription nor sign to indicate that a plain stile must be surmounted, and that one must then go on foot nearly a quarter-mile across the green sward before reaching the long-famed spot. And so it happened that, after progressing a full half-mile beyond the proper gateway—a mere turnstile—inquiry was made of a passerby, the coaches were stopped, we dismounted and betook our way back for the looked-for entrance. Naturally there should have been grumbling for the long walk taken—almost two long "Virginia miles" in the whole—but there was too much good American sense for that. It was our first experience for the year in crossing an open English field. The grass was trim, and, except for a severe drought, would have been verdant. The surrounding beeches, oaks and limes were green, stately and solemn; there were overhanging clouds and, in the distance, the mutterings of a storm.



Church and Churchyard, Stoke Pogis.

The walk brought us to a great square monument placed out in the open field by Gray's admirers; not a very appropriate place, so far as I could observe. It is said to be a classic, and perhaps it is a fitting, monument, with a grove as a background and with the Stoke Pogis church in proximity, but it did not seem to me there was much in the monument that was appropriate. I presume it was selected because it commands a good view of the church and graveyard, but it seemed to be a stranger in a strange locality. It has plenty of quotations from the " Elegy " and other poems; the poet's name alone would have been more in keeping with his humility. We turned instinctively from stone to something more living—to the old yew tree in the churchyard hard by, under which we have been told Gray finished, if he did not there begin, that beautiful " Elegy." Here is sacred ground. The church is just such an one as you expect to find in England, away from the homes and haunts of men. Built of flint pebbles, with three low gable fronts, with long and narrow Gothic windows, with red-tiled roof and with the tower heavily draped in ivy, there are surrounding it tall trees, while a brick wall separates it from the so-called park in which stands the monument.

We entered the church, the door of which was unlocked, and later there came a woman to point out to us its historic pews, and to take our coin. There was the pew in which the Gray family had worshipped; another in which various members of the Penn family had listened to tedious sermons before the days when they proposed to hear those only which came spontaneously from the lips of men who had been moved by the Spirit. But all these failed to attract us as much

as the humble churchyard without, and we returned to the yew-tree and to Gray's own tomb:

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Dorothy Gray, the poet's mother, passed away nearly forty years before the son, and here, out-of-doors, beneath sun and shower, was the tomb which he himself erected and on which he placed that inscription which has been ever since the subject of so much praise and criticism: "In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful and tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." The death of his mother took place in 1753. Eleven years before, when, in the churchyard near (at Burnham), Gray attended the funeral of his uncle, Jonathan Rogers, the impression was formed which nursed into song the "Elegy." One would suppose that so short a poem (of only 128 lines) could be written in a few days, certainly in a week at most, but we have it on good authority that this "Elegy" was begun at Stoke Pogis in 1742, continued at Cambridge after the funeral of a dear aunt of Mr. Gray, and finished at Stoke Pogis in 1750. Its simplicity is its beauty and its pathos will live in the minds of men for ages to come. Our own Daniel Webster thought no other poem so good. How much or how little he wrote under this yew tree I do not know, but there it stands, dense of foliage, with birds twittering in its branches, and with nothing in its vicinity to disturb the calm stillness of the scene, except as travelers on a week-day wend their way to church,

or the country folk on Sunday gather to hear explained the Word of God.

Gray was, probably, at the time of his death, the most learned man in Europe. He was shy; he was sensitive; but he had the true poetic feeling. Many times he left the great, smoky city of London, then the headquarters of literary folk, and went down to Stoke, to visit three good ladies, whose peaceful lives were deeply interwoven with his own. He went, he says, to find everything resounding with the "woodlark and the robin and the voice of the sparrow." He went to visit his mother's grave. He went to finish the poem which has made him famous, at the place where he was born. He went to catch the inspiration of one gentle song in sweet, pensive mood, which was never after equalled until the days of Wordsworth. Glorious, charmed, bewitching spot, we left it only because we must. I am sure I turned away from it with the fascinatingly sad lines that the author of "Shakespeare's England" has put into imperishable prose upon my lips:

"Night is coming on and the picture will soon be dark; but never while memory lasts can it fade out of the heart. What a blessing would be ours, if only we could hold forever that exaltation of the spirit, that sweet, resigned serenity, that pure freedom from all the passions of nature and all the cares of life, which come upon us in such a place as this! Alas, and again alas. Even with the thought this golden mood begins to melt away; even with the thought comes our dismissal from its influence. Nor will it avail us anything now to linger at the shrine. Fortunate is he, though in bereavement and regret, who parts from beauty while yet her kiss is warm upon his lips,—waiting not for the last farewell word, hear-

ing not the last notes of the music, seeing not the last gleams of sunset as the light dies from the sky. It was a sad parting, but the memory of the place can never now be despoiled of its loveliness. As I write these words I stand again in the cool and dusky silence of the poet's church, with its air of stately age and its fragrance of cleanliness, while the light of the western sun, broken into rays of gold and ruby, streams through the painted windows, and softly falls upon the quaint little galleries and decorous pews; and, looking forth through the low, arched door, I see the dark and melancholy boughs of the dreaming yew-tree, and, nearer, a shadow of rippling leaves in the clear sunshine of the churchway path. And all the time a quiet voice is whispering, in the chambers of thought:

> "'No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
> (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
> The bosom of his Father and his God.'"

We drove on over the hard road, under the harmless crack of the whip, to a place whose name gave the title to the Earl of Beaconsfield, and whose noble church covers the remains of a greater than this nobleman of the Primrose, for that proficient master of the clearest English style and consummate orator, Sir Edmund Burke, sleeps at peaceful Beaconsfield. Beaconsfield is a town for the existence of which there seems to be no reason. It has no manufacturies, no men of wealth, no landscape views, no other single thing of consequence, excepting the magnificent stone church and the surrounding churchyard. The people are plain, practical, everyday workbodies, chiefly subsisting by reason of fine agricultural surroundings. As its leading and most kindly citizen, a Mr. Hedges,

expressed himself, "We are here, for we hardly know how to get away." But that church is an enduring structure, and a worthy pile to surmount so illustrious a grave. The sexton was not in sight, but Mr. Hedges, spying us out as strangers, offered to conduct us to and within its walls; and he pointed out to us, on the floor, the smooth bronze cover on which were in plain letters these three words, "Sir Edmund Burke." Just outside of the rear wall was a curious marble tomb, under which was buried Thomas Waller; so that Beaconsfield was the home of Waller and of Burke, and gave beside title to the most illustrious Hebrew of modern times, who honored his nation by his own nobility.

To me the most interesting character of the three men was Burke. In a sense he was not a great man, but he was the foremost orator of England and he lived here as approachable to all mankind as a country squire. We passed by the edge of the Burke estate just before reaching the village. Here the orator had entertained his compeer, Charles James Fox. Here he had received as a guest the illustrious Mirabeau. Here he had given parties to which had been invited some of the most famous men of the kingdom. Here he had reckoned without his host in figuring an enormous income to be obtained by farming, and to replete his most astonishing expenditures. And here, when he was tired, even though he could not earn half the money he needed, he could give food to beggars, medicine to the sick, talk weather and turnips with his farming neighbors, and walk under the shade of stately trees in the evening stillness, while "reflecting on the state of Europe and the disturbances of his country." Burke's estate had been the seat of Waller, whose house, or part of it, made his farm house, and Burke

had paid originally over $100,000 for those acres. While it never furnished him so much as his bread, he probably never repented the bargain, as he reported it in 1708 to his friend Shackleton: "I have purchased a house with an estate of six hundred acres of land in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London. It is a place exceedingly pleasant; and I propose, God willing, to become a farmer in good earnest."

Now we sped on to Jordans Burying Ground, where rest until the resurrection the remains of William Penn, of his two wives, and of five of his family. It is in an obscure spot. The stranger, without diligent inquiry, would never find it. Was it hid away where the worshippers might escape persecution? Was it placed beside the wood upon a by-road, so that the old Puritans could never find the adherents of new heresies? At all events, here is the plain brick meeting-house, and the little graveyard by its side, and not a man, woman, or child, nor a living creature in view. If worshipped in still, strangers, if not the worshippers must hunt for the place and will find it with an effort. As to the building, the doors were locked, the windows fastened, and there was no admittance to the sacred precincts. Each grave of the Penns was marked, but the stones were not placed there at the time of the burial. The prejudice of the Friends against gravestones has not yet worn away, and it is said that even to-day there is an occasional proposition before the Society that they shall be removed entirely, as not in keeping with the opinions of that religious organization. Some effort has also been made by the State of Pennsylvania to remove the actual bones, if they exist, of William Penn to Philadelphia. Happily this has not been successful.

Penn was buried there in 1674, two hundred and twenty-seven years ago, and all that can remain in the earth which could be taken to Philadelphia is probably that which one finds in the grass and the flowers above the mound.

The meeting-house is in the valley, near the foot of a very steep hill, with the woods of Wilton Park rising up to view on surrounding acclivities. There



William Penn's Grave.

is some likelihood that the house was originally, or later, an inn, because in deeds after 1709 it was called "The Three Compasses," but it was most likely a private house when the poet occupied it. This house, too, like the body of Penn, was thought of as a good thing to be taken bodily to America about fifteen years ago, when some enthusiastic Yankee wished to purchase it for that purpose. In looking up the history of the Quaker leader of great events in Pennsylvania,

I find that he was born and his early life was spent largely in London, but when he married he settled at Rickmansworth, Hertford, only five or six miles to the northeast of Jordans, and it must have been then, when he was twenty-eight years old, a young man, just free from imprisonment in London, that he began to worship in this neighborhood. Jordans was a spot where no intruding enemies to his quiet religious customs would come, and where he could meet with his brethren in peace and lay plans for the propagation of his faith, the release of George Fox—which he accomplished—and establishment of an asylum in America. At Rickmansworth he wrote controversial pamphlets and in public contested arguments with Richard Baxter. Penn, by purchase within the next four years, became one of the five owners of West Jersey, and later, in 1677, removed to Sussexshire. In 1681 he received the grant for Pennsylvania, and next year set sail for America, founded Philadelphia, put his colonial affairs in shape, returned to England in 1684, resided in London, where he lived thirteen years, removed to Bristol in 1697, and in 1699 was back in Pennsylvania, remaining there again for two years. After several changes of residence, he finally removed to and died near Twyford in 1718, and was buried at Jordans beside the graves of those whom he had most loved. He was a truly great man in so many ways that America can never be sufficiently grateful to him for his wise and noble services in the founding of one of its greatest commonwealths.



"Sweeter Than Any Other Ducks That Grow."

XVII.—CHALFONT ST. GILES AND AYLESBURY.

WE ARE now in the heart of real Buckinghamshire, and only a few miles from Chalfont St. Giles. Chalfont St. Giles! Strange, rather bewitching name it is; a straggling hamlet, with neither natural nor artificial beauty, but forever memorable as containing the cottage, now owned by the nation, which was the home of the poet Milton during the particular years when he finished "Paradise Lost" and commenced "Paradise Regained." I do not know that there is anything much historical connected with the village of Chalfont except this temporary habitation of Milton. But there is an old stone house near by, where Oliver Cromwell was entertained after the battle of Aylesbury. There is also an estate owned by the Fleetwoods, an early family of distinction, one of whom was commander-in-chief of all the forces raised in England, Scotland and Ireland during the Cromwellian period, and another of whom died in America, having fled from the wrath of Charles II. for having signed the death warrant of Charles I. One of Chalfont's fair daughters married Bishop Hare, "one of the two greatest critics there ever were in the world." Thomas Ellwood, friend of Milton, who rented the cottage for the poet and soon

after was imprisoned at Aylesbury as a sentenced regicide, lived probably only a mile or two away. Perhaps this is honor enough for one locality. But I should certainly never have cared for this particular detour from the direct road from Beaconsfield to Amersham, except for the memory of the grand old blind poet.

Milton was not a great man in the Cromwellian cabinet. He was merely Latin secretary to Old Ironsides, and possessed of no wonderful political sagacity, nor real political influence, though he wrote much ponderous prose as a pamphleteer. He did not count as most other great men counted during the trying times of the Commonwealth. But in after years, when he dwelt apart from the hubbub of statecraft, he touched the world's heart and held it spellbound for all future time. He was a poet so matchless in his diction concerning Heaven; so majestic in his conceptions of the deep things and mighty which are in the Scriptures; so transcendently above others of his day in the learning which soars above the reach of the mere scholar, that one cannot enter his humble home at Chalfont and not bare the head as in a sacred place.

I like to read Ellwood's own account of how he took from Milton's hands the completed "Paradise Lost," "bidding me," says he, "take it home with me and read it at my leisure and, when I was done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon." Then it was that the Quaker made his famous speech: "Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?"—to which casual question was due the writing of "Paradise Regained." Says Ellwood, in his quaint way, in describing the matter: "After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when I afterwards went to wait

on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called ' Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone said to me, ' This is owing to you,



Home of John Milton, Chalfont St. Giles.

for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.' "

A two-story cottage, with tile roof, a large outside

chimney and a small porch, and roses clambering all over the side, located just against the main street as you go into Chalfont, on a down grade; this is about all one can say in describing the externals of this quaint little home. The ceilings are low, and we found in it, as usual, a lady in charge, thoroughly versed in the history of Milton as connected with the place. It seems that while the Great Plague was raging in London, Milton, living near Bunhill Fields and finding it necessary to flee from the city, asked Thomas Ellwood to secure him a place of safety. The year was 1665. Milton came on accompanied by his wife and his daughter Deborah. His other two daughters had deserted him, and were obtaining their own livelihood. Milton brought with him the manuscript of "Paradise Lost," which he had begun twenty years before, and which he was now to finish and present to the world for the paltry sum of £10. But that trite sum was enough, when it is considered that with it came a reputation which shall last while the world stands.

One can picture Milton seated in the little parlor within when the weather is unpleasant, and on a bench outside the cottage when the days are balmy—such is the description of him by his contemporaries—sometimes listening to the birds and inhaling the scent of roses which he cannot see, but usually with his wife or daughter reading to him aloud. Here the ink must first have dried on those concluding lines which so many of us have read as we have shut to the matchless work:

> "The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
> They, hand in hand, with solitary steps and slow
> From Eden took their wandering way."

He rose at four in summer and five in winter; had first read to him a chapter of the Hebrew Bible, then meditated until breakfast time; then dictated to his wife or daughter until noon; dined at mid-day. Now he drew off one poetic spell only to put on another, for his soul went out for hours into music, playing on the organ or listening to the voices of others, until three or four o'clock. He again resumed work in the late afternoon until six, received visitors until eight, at which hour was his evening tea; smoked his pipe, drank his glass of water (he was always a temperate man) and went to bed. Such was the life of Milton in his cottage, as related by his friends; simple, touching, eloquent. The house contains some of his books, pictures of him at different ages, and a few other relics of the manners of the time. The man is gone; the spirit of him remains.

It is a three-miles ride to Amersham, and there we stopped to rest the horses and have our mid-day meal. The place is thoroughly and peculiarly English, though we missed in it the yards of roses and the ivy, and the country-look, which are in most English towns. And now for a long stretch over the hill-road to Aylesbury, nearly fifteen miles away! A high wind was blowing in our faces and it became cold, so that our wraps were scarcely warm enough. We did not pause at Missenden to look at its Abbey, nor elsewhere on the road, except to find at one little inn near Wendover a most attractive collection of old china. Just at nightfall we reached the county seat of Buckinghamshire, and descended from our coaches at "The George" hotel at Aylesbury.

Should an Englishman be asked if he has heard of Aylesbury, he is sure to answer, "Yes." If pressed further as to what he has heard of it, his one answer

is sure to be in a monosyllable—" Ducks." For the ducks of Aylesbury are famous the island over, and they are supposed to be just a little larger and fatter and sweeter than any other ducks that grow. And we found them so. At all events, " The George " hotel will ever be associated in my mind with the most toothsome ducks that I ever came across. But there was more to eat than ducks and plenty of it. On the whole I had as comfortable, as odd and as curious a time at Aylesbury as I could imagine possible in Great Britain. The hotel was certainly of King Charles I.'s day and perhaps succeeded one of Henry VIII.'s, or earlier. Within, it was of the most old-fashioned and oddest type. The stairways, the hall, the bar, the banqueting hall and the bed-rooms were all of the days of " auld lang syne," and of these the banqueting hall in which we dined was the most quaint. It was the centre room, a sort of inner citadel, large and octagonal, and around it was a hall making the whole circuit. It was said that this was originally a secret meeting-place, which was erected by the Duke of Buckingham for private gatherings of himself and friends. Certainly it was wholly unrelated, except by this corridor around it, with anything but the sky above. As I recall it, there were some sky windows, but never had been side ones, and there was only one door of exit. The ceiling was unusually high, and the curious, old oaken beams, and portraits of members of the Buckingham family, engaged our attention when we sat down to supper, even more than the steaming ducks. The Buckingham referred to was originally plain George Villiers. He became, when very young, private secretary to King James. He had so much animal spirits, and, by his mother's training, was so much of a courtier, that the King took a fancy

to him, made him a peer, then an earl and then a marquis. When he was twenty-five he was Earl of Buckingham, and within two years after he was reckoned to be, with one exception, the richest nobleman of England. With position and wealth came power. He was Lord High Admiral at twenty-seven, and when thirty-two he was practically the ruler of Great Britain. He was impeached, but Charles I., who had begun to reign, refused to relinquish him, and he died at thirty-six by the knife of the assassin. He died lamented by few and execrated by many. Aylesbury gave him shelter and his money gave the place a hotel, but history never enshrined a more consummate scoundrel, unless it was his son, the second Duke of Buckingham, who was the most profligate and fickle of his name, and yet who had sufficient influence to secure a burial in Westminster Abbey.

But let us return to those ducks. They were cooked to perfection and the quantity was as great as the quality was good. We ate and ate ducks. Other things were good, but the ducks better. We told stories and pondered what jests and merrymakings accompanied the feastings in this hall in the "merry days" of 1620, or thereabouts, but, spite of such waywardness, the ducks would come in upon huge platters, roasted and basted to perfection. It spoiled us all, for elsewhere we have not eaten a good duck since. Of course we inquired about them in this fashion: Wherefore ducks at Aylesbury? Why here rather than at Oxford, or at Beaconsfield? The only answer I could get was that from time immemorial —presumably from the days when Villiers owned land in quantity at Aylesbury and knew how fine ducks served up would keep King James in good humor with him—the progenitors of the present ducks regu-

larly went to feed the royal palates at London, Windsor and Hampton Court. They became then the national bird, and they continued to be such for royal stomachs ever after. To-day the London market is not complete without the morning arrival of Aylesbury ducks, and one can almost be sure that the richest



Street and Market View, Aylesbury.

Rothschild built his magnificent palace within six miles of Aylesbury in order to be certain that his table would be supplied with the same nutritious food! Anyhow, there is his mansion, and if we could secure correct biographies of Burke and Gray, of Herschel and even Cowper, not to speak of the elder and also junior Disraeli, the notorious John Wilkes, and ever

so many earls and dukes who have resided in Buckinghamshire, we should probably read that the famous mutton-chops of Hants and Kent had not half the attractions for them that sweet, sleek, fat, juicy, dark-meat ducks had, and hence their permanent abode within ten or fifteen miles of Aylesbury. Even the landlord's red-cheeked daughters, as bright as newly-coined sixpences and as hospitable as their grandmothers were famed to be, had grown pretty and corpulent on these never-to-be-omitted ducks, and we said goodbye to them and their comfortable house next morning with many expressions of sincere regret.

There was a market fair, the usual weekly one, in progress and I saw sheep and hogs and other animals innumerable in the public market-place in the street in front of the "George," but the fresh morning air had greater attractions for us all, and we soon mounted coaches, when breakfast was past, and dashed down the main street to take the southwesterly road toward Oxford.



Street View in Thame.

XVIII.—JOHN HAMPDEN AND MILTON'S WEDDING.

AS THIS was to be our last coaching day for the season, we welcomed the bright sun again and a crisp morning air. Leaving Aylesbury we could soon see far off to the left, white in the sunlight, that magnificent country seat of Alfred Charles de Rothschild, known as Halton House. Ahead of us was Dinton, the curious old village in which we saw the whipping-post and stocks, disused a century ago. Then came Thame, the home and place of death of that noble fellow-patriot and comrade of Cromwell, John Hampden. Of course we stopped at Thame to see Hampden's house, and to enjoy a cup of tea from the hands of the English barmaid, in the little room where the men of the town meet in the long winter evenings to drink their stout, and talk of the Liberal and Conservative parties. John Hampden, by the way, is too illustrious a soldier and Parliamentarian of Cromwellian days to pass by without some notice.

When the Duke of Buckingham was swaggering about the kingdom as its lord, Hampden was in Parliament getting ready to fight all the principles for which his equal-aged fellow-shireman stood. Buckingham was born in 1592, Hampden in 1594, so there were but two years difference in ages between them. Each was the owner, by inheritance, of a good estate; each had a fine education from the best colleges in the land. But the one was unprincipled, and was a trained courtier from his youth; the other was of the stuff of which heroes are made. The grammar school at Thame, like that at Stratford in Shakespeare's time, was one of the best of its kind, and here the boy John was prepared for Magdalen College. He went to Parliament in 1621, when he was twenty-six, and for over twenty years was regularly returned in order that he might become and continue to be the bulwark of that English Revolution, which, begun with him, was to turn and overturn until the national life should be permeated with new forces, that, a century or two later, were to produce the best form of monarchy that the world has yet seen. Macaulay drew his whole portrait in one paragraph: "The sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention—of these the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone." He did not believe in monarchy, but without him and his cousin, Oliver Cromwell, English monarchy might yet be a despotism. Modest, free of pretence, his character was as strong as granite. At Thame he not only proved himself a worthy student, but resisted the ship-money, and showed to the world in his letters, when Parliament was not in session, how true a patriot he was in life; and he was a martyr in his death. He died for his country;

he died at Thame, where he was proud to live in the quiet of happier early memories. When he left for the skies the world's roll of great men had a new and bright star added to it.

It was a ten-mile drive over an uneven country from Aylesbury to Thame and about thirteen more to Oxford. Two-thirds of the way on the last-named road, about four miles east of Oxford, is a hill known as Forest Hill. There is nothing about it except a fine view in every direction that would attract a casual traveler. But Forest Hill has a history, and, if not verging upon romance, it is clearly not many removes from historical charm, because here John Milton found his first bride and took her to reside with him in London. There is a fine, modern house on the spot now, but the old is gone. The ancient manor was upon the same site, and the view to-day must be much as it was in 1643, when the singularly quiet courtship occurred and the prize was won. Milton, it will be remembered, was born in 1608; so he was a bachelor of thirty-five when he did this wooing on Forest Hill. This was the neighborhood of his ancestors. They had resided near Thame. His grandfather had been an under-ranger of the forest within five miles of Oxford. Milton himself was born in London and educated at Cambridge; then he resided with his father, now retired, at Horton, very close to Windsor (three miles to the east of it) and spent five quiet years in communing with his books and with nature in this pleasant portion of Buckinghamshire. He there wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso" and "Lycidas," the last his best poetical work, until he produced the one epic of his life, long years after; the most immortal heroic verse of all uninspired poets. Following this he took his year-and-a-quarter journey to Italy, where he con-

versed with Galileo and saw "the leaves of Vallambrosa," and on his return took lodgings in London, and began to teach "the sons of gentlemen" the Greek and Latin, of which he was already master. Then it was," says his nephew, "that about Whitsuntide he took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason or that it was more than a journey of recreation. After a month's stay, he returned a married man, who set out a bachelor; his wife being Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a Justice of the Peace, of Forest Hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire." This little estate, worth then but £300 a year, was the scene of that month's visit. Mr. Powell was its lessee, not its owner. Milton must have known this Mary from his boyhood days; in fact, the Milton and Powell families had been well acquainted. Mary's mother was a woman of wealth, so that in reality the young student and teacher, who was poor, courted a lady who could not spend her income, for it is said she had £3000, which for that day was a large possession. It has always been believed that Milton's love was blind; that he might better have remained away from Forest Hill, for his wife was the daughter of a Cavalier and his sympathies were soon to be thrown with the Roundheads in the approaching Revolution. He went, perhaps, only for a visit; he met Mary there; he loved her on sight; she became his bride. It was done so quickly that his friends were astonished, and they were also grieved, for she was but seventeen and the "match" was, therefore, not considered suitable.

The marriage took place in May or June. They went to London on their honeymoon. In July she returned to Forest Hill, and all his persuasions by letter and by messenger failed to get her back again for a

period of two years, by which time he had published his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" and was just arranging for another marriage, when Mary re-



John Milton.

appeared, and, says his biographer, this is what happened: "A conspiracy of the friends of both parties contrived to introduce Mary Powell into a house where Milton often visited in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

She was secreted in an adjoining room, on an occasion when Milton was known to be coming, and he was surprised by seeing her suddenly brought in, throw herself on her knees and ask to be forgiven. The poor young thing, now two years older and wiser, but still only nineteen, pleaded, truly or falsely, that her mother 'had been all along the chief promoter of her frowardness.' Milton, with a 'noble leonine clemency,' which became him, cared not for excuses of the past. It was enough that she came back and was willing to live with him as his wife. He received her at once, and not only her, but on the surrender of Oxford [to Fairfax] in June, 1646, and the sequestration of Forest Hill, he took in the whole family of the Powells, including the mother-in-law." Had he not this scene in mind when he wrote in "Paradise Lost:"

> "Eve, with tears that ceas'd not flowing
> And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
> Fell humble, and embracing him, besought
> His peace."

She died after being Milton's wife for nine years, at the early age of twenty-six, and when her fourth child was born.

Forest Hill left upon me an impression of sadness rather than of delight. The old mansion was gone, there was an air of newness instead of antiquity about the place, and I am sure it was for Milton the beginning of sorrows rather than of joys. Looking at him as related to this spot is to look at an ardent lover all too soon to be bowed in grief, and his beautiful "Il Penseroso" well expresses it:

> "To behold the wand'ring moon,
> Riding near her highest noon,
> Like one that had been led astray,

Through the heaven's wide, pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

But Milton was never at so low a point as when he mismated his genius with one who could not comprehend him. Years after, when he had a better and truer mate, he soared at his best, and only then could Wordsworth have justly said of him:

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

Nowhere else did Buckinghamshire seem more like the rural, prosperous counties of the best portions of America than here between Thame and Oxford. Our coterie on the coaches commented on the scenery and sang low the home-songs, which seemed fitting to our mode of travel, written by poets whose sense of feeling was, we hoped, like our own. We pulled up before the "King's Arms" hotel, in Oxford, at half-past two in the afternoon, just five days from the time when we had driven out from the same corner of the street, in a southerly direction for Reading. A well-spread luncheon was ready for us, and we were again ready to depart from the scene of "jolly journeyings" for the great London metropolis, with Mr. Franklin waving to us his lasting goodbye. I can see him yet, at the station, waving his farewell, his face radiant with satisfaction at the pleasant messages we left with him, and hopeful, expectant, that another year might see us all at Oxford again upon his coaches. Alas for his and our hopes! In a few short

months the daisies were blooming above a new-made grave in one of the parish churchyards, and all the



A Wayside Inn in Buckinghamshire.

jubilations of all the merry coaching parties of the whole of England could not have awakened him from his peaceful sleep.



Romeo and Juliet.

XIX.—IN WARWICKSHIRE AGAIN.

ANOTHER YEAR and new ground, in part, once more. We came to Oxford from Holland direct, only pausing at London for a breakfast. At the old centre for coaching, Mr. Franklin's elder son met us. He was not his father. Still, he loved us for his father's sake, and we reciprocated the attachment, and for five days old friends and new were to be again one happy coaching family. The day was perfect; cool, clear, invigorating; never a better one for a good start. This time we drove to the northwest. On the front box was the elder son, a mourning band on his arm. On the next box, the younger son. Two coaches sufficed.

We spun over the road to Woodstock in less than an hour's time—eight miles—and, happily, found the mansion of the Duke of Marlborough not closed to visitors this time. We reined up pretty close to the side entrance and waited a quarter-hour for the time when the good-natured custodian would, for a shilling

each, allow an entrance. An English party of lady schoolteachers, who were tidy in dress but not especially intelligent in appearance, were ahead of us. Too quickly, and yet perhaps with an allowance of reasonable time, we were conducted through Blenheim. There was little shown of real interest, as compared,



Visiting "Blenheim" Again.

for example, with Warwick. It was an humbler home and with no such ancient history behind it. The architect of the palace, Vanbrugh, was a man generally laughed at in his day for ponderous and awkward constructions; hence the satirical epitaph:

> "Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee."

But Sir Joshua Reynolds approved him. I wondered how it was possible for the old Duke to use up on the building alone—but probably he did not—the sum of £500,000 which the Parliament of England voted him



The Present Duke of Marlborough.

for the purpose of erecting this structure. The two things which impressed me most were the portraits of famous English people for the past two centuries, many by Reynolds, and the Duke's fine library. But

if I had a half day to linger here I should prefer to be out somewhere on the twelve-mile-in-circumference Park, and as far away as possible from that Corinthian column of one hundred and thirty feet high, of the great Duke, and its long laudatory inscription by Lord Bolingbroke, where I could call up to mind the pomp and splendor of the earlier scenes of the locality, when right merry monarchs looked upon the ground of Woodstock as their earthly paradise.

It is a hilly and not specially attractive road from Woodstock to Chipping Norton, which lies twelve miles to the northwest. My object was to reach Coventry by a new and roundabout way and the road we enjoyed, though the day was less exhilarating than any that came after. At Chipping Norton we left our coaches, as it was not an attractive place for a night, and took train to Worcester, returning next morning.

Worcester has a cathedral which should not be missed. In some respects it has remarkable beauties; beauties of arches and roof all its own, which will perpetuate their features in memory long afterward.

The day's drive from Chipping Norton to Stratford was far superior to that of the day before. The roads were better, the views more extensive, the individual and peculiar English scenes greater in number. There were constantly the Malvern Hills in the distance, and in the clear atmosphere of the day, though it was in July, the constant panorama of estates and farming lands, forests and fields, with views often extending to twenty miles in each direction, was a superb one, never to be forgotten. When we passed in the middle of the afternoon, "the handsomest lodge in England," we were loath to hurry by it. No one told us of any such thing, but we spied it, found it, photographed it. Unhappily the picture reproduced in the illustration

does not adequately represent it. The whole background of trees, the intense green of the ivy covering the lodge, the accompanying flowers and the daintiness of it all cannot appear in any picture. It was a small bit of a cottage, as exquisite in its setting as a humming bird's nest in a bower of roses. Ah!



"The Handsomest Lodge in England."

the bower of roses; that is just what was there, intermingling with the ampelopsis and the trailing vines. It is to be hoped there was love in the cottage to match its exterior graces. The only person we saw there, however, was an old lady, who made no objection to an inspection of the premises, nor to our taking away handfulls of the pink and yellow roses.

Stratford-on-Avon, which we reached by evening, (having lunched at the "George" at Shipston-on-Stow —and a right royal lunch it was), was just as new and just as antiquated as ever in its central features, and just as charming by moonlight. We boated on the Avon, interviewed anew the interesting parlor and hostess of the "Red Horse," and went to rest a tired lot of merry riders. Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro



Red Horse Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon.

had been at the hotel at the noon-hour to lunch. "She often comes to Stratford," said Mrs. Colbourne, "and always lunches with us." Of course her picture, with that of many noted artists, was in the parlor and, happily, not yet stolen by some American thief. Anything stolen from an English room is presumably taken by a strolling American. We were shown a frame without a photograph; the photograph had been in place on the wall a few weeks before and contained the

autograph of the lady who had presented it to the hotel. It was taken away "by a traveler from the States, no doubt." Among the other photographs in this room, which I noticed on a more recent visit, were those of Irving, William Winter, Ellen Terry, Edwin Booth, Julius Brutus Booth, Edmund Kean, Modjeska, Joseph Jefferson, Ada Rehan, and there were autograph letters of Irving, Longfellow and others.



Parlor (Washington Irving's Room), Stratford-on-Avon.

One of the "sights" of Stratford, which had became of growing interest since my previous visit, was the pretty house with balconies of flowers, of Corelli, whose "Life" has just been issued, though she has disapproved of it in the public press as "a piece of impertinence." It is on the same street as "New Place" and not far from it. Miss Minnie Mackay—which is the real name of Marie Corelli—was the adopted

daughter of Charles Mackay, and is supposed to be of Scotch parentage on her father's side and Italian on her mother's. Her "Romance of Two Worlds," published in 1886, brought her into fame and gave her the friendship of Gladstone and Tennyson. She has resided in two places in Stratford, that where she now lives being called "Avon Grange." She dreads public-

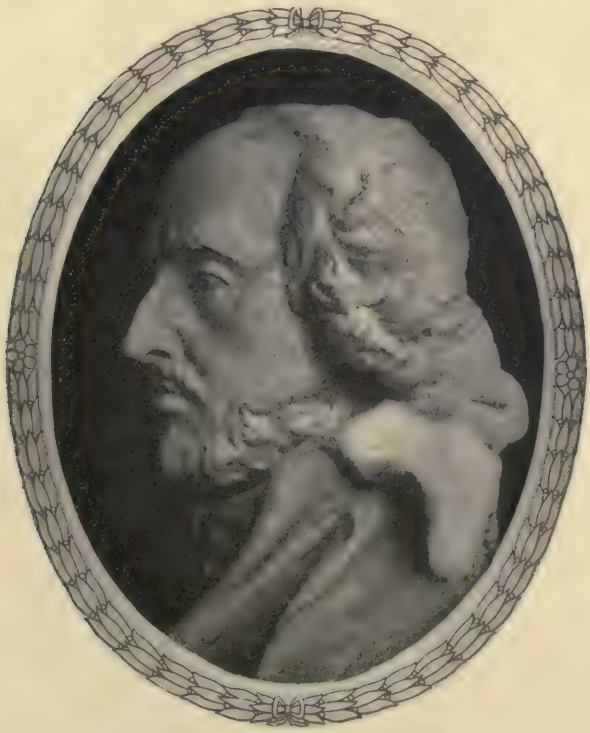


Marie Corelli's Residence, Stratford-on-Avon.

ity, but her splendid literary work has conferred additional honor upon this already world-famous town.

The question often recurs to visitors to Stratford and to others, "What is the true likeness of Shakespeare?" It may never be satisfactorily answered, but the illustration given, being of what is known as the "Black Bust," probably furnishes as correct an answer as any. This "Black Bust" is copied from a ter-

ra-cotta representation of Shakespeare (the history of it is uncertain), in the possession of the Garrick Club of London. It may not be as pleasing as some



The "Black Bust" of Shakespeare.

others, but I suspect it shows him exactly as he looked in his later years.

Referring to what was previously said about Stratford-on-Avon, I find I barely mentioned the Memorial

Theatre, which consists of the theatre, library and art gallery combined. The site was presented and the building erected by public subscription. Lord Leigh, who was Lord Lieutenant of the county of Warwick, laid the foundation stone in 1877 with full Masonic ceremony, and two years later, (both events having occurred on the poet's birthday, April 23), the theatre was opened by the comedy " Much Ado About Nothing," when Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) made her last appearance on the stage in the character of Beatrice. In this theatre Miss Mary Anderson made her debut as Rosalind in 1885. There are some rare works of art on Shakespearian subjects in the picture gallery, and the attempt to gather together all known editions of the poet's writings, and works associated with his name and history, has already made the library unique in its way, and likely to become in time the best memorial of Shakespeare in the world. From the central tower of the Memorial buildings, there are views of Stratford unsurpassable. In the ground adjacent is the Shakespeare monument, unveiled 1888; the gift of Lord Ronald Gower, who himself modelled the figures of the group of statuary.

It must not be said that poets and women alone go to Stratford and have dreams at night of the wonderful personages and scenes which appear in Shakespeare's plays. I had with me a physician, who was supposed to be practical and not given to musings, and this is what appeared in his notes upon the occasion of his first night at the " Red Horse " hotel :

" It is late. I extinguish my candle and from my window look out into the stillness of the night. The town has long since been fast asleep and all is peace. The firmament seems filled to overflowing with twinkling stars and the spire of Holy Trinity reaches heav-

enward as if to touch them. All nature sleeps. From the belfry rings out the midnight hour. Then suddenly the whole scene changes. A new world, with strange but still familiar faces, has been awakened. I rub my sleepy eyelids, and lo! I see Shakespeare's creations passing in solemn procession toward his tomb. Yes, there go Titus Andronicus and his poor tongueless daughter Lavinia; the two Dromios of Ephesus and Syracuse, trying to find out which is who; the faithful Valentine, with bright and clever Silvia, and faithless but forgiven Proteus, with tender and ardent Julia, to whom he is saying:

'O, heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect.'

There are Lysander and Hermia, with Demetrius and Helena, released from their sad plight by mischievous little Puck, who remarks as he passes:

'What fools these mortals be.'

See! there comes the villainous King Richard III., haunted by his many victims, who surround him and taunt him with their words. There are Prince Edward, son to Henry VI.; Henry VI., himself; Richard's brother George, Duke of Clarence; Earl Rivers; Lord Grey; Sir Thomas Vaughan; Lord Hastings; his little nephews, the two young princes, Edward and Richard, who say to him:

'Dream on thy cousins smothered in the tower;'

his wretched wife Lady Ann and his last victim the Duke of Buckingham. Now come ardent Romeo with his sweet Juliet; the romantic king of hectic feelings and brilliant words, King Richard II.; the treacherous King John; and Hubert de Burgh, leading lit-

tle Arthur, the king's nephew, by the hand and whispering to him:

> 'Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
> For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
> Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
> With this same very iron to burn them out;'

crafty and relentless, but overreaching, Shylock, holding his bloodless knife and scowling at fair and generous Portia, looking handsome in her lawyer's gown; the formidable man of deeds, King Henry IV.; reckless Prince Hal, in company with that gross-bodied and self-indulgent old sinner, Sir John Falstaff, carrying his cup of sack and affording much amusement to the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" "the Mistress Ford and comely and pretty Anne Page; Petruchio, with Katharina the Shrew, now become an obedient wife, who says to her husband as they hurry by:"

> 'What is your will, sir, that you send for me?'

I see the would-be bachelor and maid, Benedict and Beatrice, arm in arm, and I hear Benedict say:

> 'A miracle! here's our own hands
> Against our hearts. Come, I will have thee.'

Here are fair and bewitching Rosalind in doublet and hose, with Orlando and the clever clown Touchstone; also the melancholic, sentimental and egotistical Jacques, expressing himself thus to the Duke:

> 'All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players:
> They have their exits and their entrances;
> And one man in his time plays many parts,
> His acts being seven ages.'

They pass out of hearing with Jacques still moralizing.

There are the roystering Sir Toby Belch, the vain and "yellow-legged stork" Malvolio, the refined Olivia, and sweet and lovable Viola, to whom Orsino, the Duke, is saying:

> 'Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
> So much against the mettle of your sex,
> So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
> And since you called me master so long,
> Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
> Your master's mistress.'

Hark, the bugle call! there come the great and ambitious Julius Cæsar, the daring and eloquent Marcus Antonius, the erring yet noble Brutus and impulsive Cassius. There goes tender and sensitive, but mad Ophelia, followed by reflecting and meditative Hamlet, attended by his faithful friend Horatio, to whom he says:

> 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.'

Next I see the sorely tempted Angelo; the pure and upright Isabella and her weak brother Claudio; the noble, trustful, but jealous and misguided Moor, Othello, with sweet and gracious Desdemona and the envious and wicked Iago; the bowed and white-haired King Lear, bereft of his reason, with his faithful and tender daughter, Cordelia; the morally weak and wicked Macbeth; and Lady Macbeth, still washing her hands and muttering as she approaches:

> 'Out, damned spot! out, I say!'

A blare of trumpets, and there, amidst a body of soldiers, is the great but weak Roman soldier, Antony, with fascinating and magnificent Cleopatra, the cause of his ruin, decked in her royal robes, her crown upon

her head and the deadly asp coiled around her shapely arm and upon her alabaster breast. Then aristocratic Coriolanus, with his loyal wife Virgilia and majestic mother Volumnia; the rich and generous Lord Timon of Athens; sad Pericles, Prince of Tyre, reunited to his wife Thaisa and his daughter of the sea, Marina; Cymbeline, with his long lost sons and charming



The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

daughter, Imogen; noble Prospero, with his sweet and lovely daughter Miranda, attended by the airy Spirit Ariel, singing as she passes:

'Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossoms that hang on the bough.'

There go jealously mad Leontes, with his wronged but forgiving wife, noble Hermione, and his graceful, beautiful and lovable daughter Perdita, followed by the light-hearted and light-fingered rogue, Autolycus, humming to himself:

'Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily bent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.'

The shadows thicken and I can but indistinctly see cruel and self-indulgent King Henry VIII., the magnanimous, long-enduring sufferer, Queen Katharine, and ambitious Cardinal Wolsey, giving this advice to young Cromwell, his servant:

'Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.'"

I am not quite sure how that wonderful dream ended, but whoever can see it at the "Red Horse" must, indeed, be an honest sleeper and a man after Shakespeare's own heart.

Next day we were off for Warwick and this time by the slightly indirect route past Hampton Lucy in order to see Charlecote. This was the old family seat of the Lucy family, whose patience was so much tried, if the account of it be actual history, by the propensity of Shakespeare and his fellows, when the poet was young, to commit the offense of deer-stealing. The deer is said to have been taken from an adjoining estate, which, however, was under the Lucy

family's control. Personally I am no believer in the verities of the story about Shakespeare's deer-stealing, although this is how it was first told by Rowe in 1709, a century and a quarter after the alleged date of it. "An extravagance that he was guilty of, forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exciting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into bad company, and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London." The latest authority on the subject, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, says of it: "Facts have come to light in late years which seem to show that the deer-park at Charlecote was not in existence until a much later date." Thereafter, however, he says, "the evidence is neither direct nor conclusive, but, taken as a whole, it seems to confirm the poaching tradition."

Charlecote Park is only three miles out from Stratford, a little north of east, and it looks venerable as to its elms and oaks, few of which would seem to be less than a century old, but it is not kept up like a modern



Charlecote Mansion.

wealthy landowner's estate. Deer are still to be seen stalking about the place, not as wild animals, but affectionately mingling together as a herd and even intermixing with the sheep and cattle. A stately avenue of trees leads to the Elizabethan mansion, which is of brick and was built in the first year of Queen Bess's reign. There is nothing pretty about it except its general surroundings. In its day it was in the height of style, and its portals, with armorial bearings, must have admitted Shakespeare in his youth as well as those friends of "Justice Shallow," who, presumably, did not practice deerstalking! Falstaff said of it:

"You have a goodly dwelling and a rich,"

and Shallow replied:

"Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John."

Still, if Sir Thomas Lucy were a "beggar" in that he preyed on the public, I cannot feel so sure that the interior of the house was ever "barren." There must have been more or less of the comfortable there. Today the antiques are gone and the furniture is not such as to create any wonderment in the beholder. Irving's "Sketch Book" gives an excellent account of this old mansion as it was ninety years ago.

The little town of Hampton Lucy is a fair example of an uncared-for village, peopled wholly, perhaps, by the farm tenants of the estate, whose low brick houses make almost a continuous row along one small street, as if huddling together for protection from cold and from the attacks of imaginary tramps. No sidewalk is visible. But the church, which rarely forsakes even the smallest village, has a spire, and it gives character to the surroundings. Mr. Clifton Johnson, in his "Along French By-ways," describes

an average French village in Normandy "as charmingly picturesque," and then names some of its sturdier qualities: "The houses were set at haphazard, usually snug to the wheel tracks. If a yard intervened, it was pretty sure to be of hummocked and hard-trodden earth, with straw and other litter lying about. The hens made the yard their scratching place; and the



"The School Children, Who Lined Up in a Row," Hampton Lucy.

pigs took to it for their wallowing ground. Hog pens and chicken roosts and stables were right by the door or even under the same roof. The smells were anything but sweet; yet there was so much that was delightful to the eye in the surroundings of these human sties that one was ready to forget the odors and the filth." Happily, such a paragraph cannot be written of

many places in England, though I confess the picture fairly tallies with some stray rows of cabins I have seen in the Green Isle. Hampton Lucy might look just this way if it were in Normandy, but, as it is in Warwickshire, it doesn't. It is at least clean, and the people have some pride about their front-door views. The school-children, who lined up in a row to watch our coaches, were well-dressed and neat. The parish church contains monuments to the Lucy family, which are worthy of the time required to see them.

The nooning was at Warwick at the "Warwick Arms," which was more attractive in some respects than the "Woolpack," but less so when it came to the payment of bills. We made the usual visit to Beauchamp Chapel and intended to do so at Warwick Castle, but there was a gathering there of the premiers of the English colonies—Canada, Australia, New South Wales, etc.—who had come to London to show their attachment to the Queen, and who were invited by the Earl of Warwick to a garden party. We saw the nobility entering the grounds, watched by hundreds of the citizens of the place, who gathered round and lined the roadway. So we drove on, determined to see it the following day.

Leamington looked fresh, handsome and wholly attractive as a quiet summer resort, when we passed through. We stopped to taste the mineral waters from one of the springs, and then passed on over that same famous road, partly coached on by us before, by the way of Kenilworth, to Coventry, and found it neither harder nor smoother than other fine roads, but lined with a row of stately limes and elms for most of its extent, and for that reason difficult to be matched anywhere. We paused at Kenilworth and saw it again as described in a preceding chapter, and then made at

a dash the seven-mile run to Coventry, with dust flying, because of gusts of wind, and with rain descending fast over the surrounding hills. But the rain did not come upon us; we seemed charmed against it! Coventry looked as natural and busy as ever, and Peeping Tom in the bargain. The only new thing I



That "Finest Drive" Road to Coventry.

witnessed there was one of the oldest: the Old Women's Home, a quaint structure, fully five hundred years old, surrounding a court and with a tiny garden of flowers. Each old lady inmate has a suite of very small rooms, prettily and neatly furnished, clean, bright and cheerful, and filled with souvenirs which they were eager to exhibit. No woman should

visit Coventry and not take a peep at it, to show how delightfully old ladies may live, even when they are poor, if "sweet charity," with wise foresight and an artistic guiding sense, going hand in hand, provides a home like this.

There is a less direct road from Coventry to Leamington than by Kenilworth, and it passes by Stoneleigh Abbey. This is an abbey rarely visited by tour-



A Brake Leaving Kenilworth.

ists, and yet it is one which, because inhabited, and in the midst of a fine estate, is worth the trouble to inspect. Lord Leigh is the owner, and Stoneleigh is a word formed out of the family name; a convenient mode of designation. I remember well the long drive into and out of the estate, the massive oak trees, the open fields, then the ivy-covered buildings and the present century-and-a-half large, square, massive front



The Older Portion of Stoneleigh Abbey.

to the inhabited mansion; and afterward the gentleness of the housekeeper, who, in the owner's absence, admitted visitors to many of the apartments. There were old paintings, quaint furniture and an air of comfort rather than of great wealth within the home. I especially recall some fine marble figures by Canova, some portraits by Vandyke, and various paintings by Perugino, Durer, Holbein, Guido Reni, Teniers, Cuyp and Sir Peter Lely; enough to show that the various owners of the abbey have possessed considerable amount of artistic taste. The late Lord Leigh was a "kind and philanthropic nobleman," and here he entertained his sovereign, Queen Victoria, in June, 1858. The present Lord Leigh is a man seventy-seven years of age and universally respected. It must not be supposed that the present Abbey is the same founded here before the Norman period. That long ago disappeared, except its noble gateway. The present edifice was built in part in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; its whole front, however, is of more recent date. The illustration shows the Elizabethan portions of his lordship's home.

After Stoneleigh, Warwick Castle. We drove to it to find it open, and once again went through its show rooms of treasures and saw its magnificent gardens and surroundings. Then we coached the eight miles remaining to take us to Oxford, where again we completed the circle of our fourth coaching trip. The road on this last day was so good, the air so clear and cool, the merriment so unusual, perhaps on the principle that we should be merry when we could, as it might not last into the to-morrow, that it is well imprinted on the memory. A sign hanging in front of one of the last inns passed showed a buxom young woman in a blue and yellow costume. With shield in one hand,

and trident in the other, she leaned her head against the English flag, planted her sandaled feet firmly on the sand, and looked on the expanse of indigo blue water as though she defied anyone to dispute the right of Britannia to rule the seas. This was our last stop for the thirsty horses until we entered Oxford when of a sudden came a mild rain, which somewhat, but only slightly, interfered with another ride through the "city of colleges." Here I visited the grave in Holywell cemetery, close by the church, to pay our respects to the memory of the man who had conducted us in the past over hundreds of miles of rural England, without any serious error of judgment, or a flaw perceptible in his sweet and kindly temper.





King Arthur and His Merrie Knights.

XX.—THE LAND OF KING ARTHUR.

FOR THE nonce we abandoned Oxford as a centre of coaching, to secure a glimpse from the Devon bluffs of the great Irish sea, and to view with our own eyes that land of song and story known as King Arthur's land. If King Arthur ever existed—and I should be the last to prick any bubble of historical certitude about it—the West of England, among the bleak hills of Cornwall, would be just the country where he must have lived with his "ladies passing fair" and his gallant knights. Romances of such a nature as his must, of necessity, be interwoven with the sea and land, and nowhere in England is there such a blending of the heroic and strong in these two elements of nature as on the coast of Cornwall. A rockbound coast, fierce and cold in winter, cool and grateful to its inhabitants in summer, a fitting place for pirates and their seclusion, a normal home for deeds of daring and acts of gallantry. And surely Tintagel must have been the seat of power and the birthplace of Chivalry in the days of Sir

Launcelot and Queen Guinevere, of Sir Gawaine and Sir Percivale.

With the "Idylls of the King," in mind, I took a train from Salisbury and visited Exeter with its attractive cathedral and rich library of mediæval lore and spent a night there. Next day I set foot in Plymouth, of Puritan Fathers' fame. Then by rail I was set down, about three-thirty in the afternoon, at a little place called Wadebridge, on the river Camel, where it widens out almost like a bay, about seven miles from the sea. It has rather bleak surroundings, but not nearly so much so as farther south toward Land's End. Boats of small size come up from the sea at high tide, and those and pasture lands, and some fields of wheat and barley, make up the whole of a limited scene. The "Molesworth Arms" hotel is comfortable enough for anybody; it has good food and clean beds. From this point (as the railway ended at Wadebridge) I went with my friends to the north in the accustomed and favorite way—the coach.

Before beginning a narrative of this journey, something more should be said of Cornwall, whose shape, as schoolboys will remember, is not unlike that of Southern Italy. It has been called a "Wellington boot." According to the legend of the "Lionnesse," referred to in Spenser's "Fairie Queene" and narrated more fully by Camden, one hundred and forty parish churches were at one time buried in the sea between St. Michael's Mount and the Scilly Islands on the south coast. But that story is apocryphal. If it had been said that many vessels—not churches—had been caught off these dismal shores and wrecked every century, I would not say it was not almost the truth, for those Scillys are a treacherous lot. But it is not the story of Cornish copper and lead mines,

nor their ancient history, that gives this shire so much interest to the world of thought. It is, instead, its language; a language now growing obsolete, and yet—to quote another—surviving "as Plutonic rocks force their way through superincumbent strata." It is remarkable that, when the Romans were in possession of Britain, this peculiar language was current in the whole of the southern part of the island, and not alone in Cornwall. It was a Celtic language, allied to the Welsh, rather than to the Irish or Scotch, and most melodious. It had full sway over a large piece of fertile territory, and was still spoken as a real language in the time of Henry VIII. Why did it suddenly decay? The Irish and Welsh tongues held out, why not the Cornish? Some one has fixed the date of 1678 as that when the last sermon in Cornish was preached in Landewednack church, and to-day we are told its literary remains are confined to three or four manuscripts, the earliest of which dates from the Thirteenth Century. English took its place so quickly after Henry VIII.'s time that by 1701 every Cornish man could speak in that tongue. In 1733 it was said that only one living man (William Gwavas) "had a perfect knowledge of the Cornish language." There is an inscription on Dolly Pentreath's tomb in Paul, Cornwall, which is curious enough if true: "Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1778, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this country from the earliest records till it expired in this parish of St. Paul. This stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in union with the Rev. John Garret, vicar of St. Paul, June, 1860." Paul is three miles south of Penzance.

Max Muller, whose article on "Cornish Antiqui-

ties," in his "Chips from a German Workshop," gives in compact shape the best received opinions on the subject of this language, says of it: "The language



A Waterfall Near Tintagel.

of the Celts of Cornwall has lived on in an unbroken continuity for at least two thousand years." Strange enough, especially when we consider how little that language has to show for itself to-day. Possibly it has

given form to two hundred words in the living English of the present and the museums have three or four Cornish books!

With these thoughts and the difficulties of solving the questions connected with them, I ascended the coach at Wadebridge at the northern end of this queer county. Between Wadebridge and Camelford station, where we found a new railway intersecting the region, there was no scenery of which to speak. It grew more interesting as we neared Tintagel, three hours from Wadebridge, and we saw some slate quarries, but on the whole the day's drive was mediocre compared with coachings elsewhere.

But Tintagel! Tintagel by the sea! Aside from Arthurian legends, it proves itself a joy to any traveler, especially on a day of sunshine. Its great sight is the ruined Castle of King Arthur. It cannot be driven to, exactly, for the village and its inn are just a mile away, but from that point one walks downhill through a long lane, and then arrives at ruined stone walls facing the sea, and, in fact, extending over and across an island, once an isthmus projecting out abruptly and loftily into the ocean. Devon has generally a pretty rockbound coast, but it is unusually beautiful at Tintagel and Boscastle. Lying out there on the grass within the castle, in the best of company, I spent two hours in dreaming blissfully of the days when Arthur, the "blameless King," in this Castle was unassailable and invincible. Did he ever hold here his court and assemble yonder his Knights of the Round Table? It must have been in size an enormous stronghold, and the present keep of the Castle, its oldest part, quite certainly goes back to Saxon days.

"Tintagel, half in sea and half on land,
A crown of towers."

It was a weird, out-of-the-way retreat for any knight in mediæval days. If the Order of Knights was instituted here, and Guinevere, tired of such solitariness, forsook Arthur for the love of Sir Launcelot, "his bravest knight and dearest friend," one may hardly wonder. After these ponderings, I climbed higher up the hill and again sat down, rested, and looked out far across the Atlantic, where I discerned steamers and sailboats, and all the sparkle and spangle of mild-mannered whitecaps on the sea, and harmless wavelets rippling against the rocky shore. Tintagel is a resort for artists, because sky and sea, promontories and shoreline and chasm, are altogether grand and artistic. That chasm between the mainland and the island is so deep and wild that, while men may go down into and clamber over it, it requires some courage and a good pair of lungs to do it with satisfaction. For here—

> "The dark cliffs beetle coldly o'er the deep,
> Fringed by the lace work of pearl-threaded foam
> That mermaids weave and hang along the shore."

The everlasting war between sea and land is waged along this coast as nowhere else, perhaps, about all the shores of Britain. The sea-birds are everywhere whirling in the air and flying into their nests under the projecting rock, and, if one is fortunate enough to see now the rare, red-legged Cornish chough, he can realize how strangely old is the legend, which says that in that bird the spirit of King Arthur still haunts the scene of the Round Table. Arthur, as it is said, died of his wounds in the vicinity (about 520, A. D.) and was buried within sound of these same voices of the sea.

> "Thou seest dark Cornwall's rifted shore,
> Old Arthur's stern and rugged keep;

There, where proud billows dash and roar,
His haughty turret guards the deep.

"And mark yon bird of sable wing,
Talons and beak all red with blood,—
The spirit of the long-lost King
Passed in that shape from Camlon's flood."

It is interesting to read on this spot that quaint description of Leland, written about 1535, which shows how thoroughly old and in ruins this Castle then was: "From Bossinny to Tintagel Castel on the shore a mile. This castelle hath bene a marvelus strong and notable fortress, and almost situ loci inexpugnabile, especially for the dungeon, that is on a great and terrible cragge environed with the se, but having a drawbridge from the Residew of the castelle onto it. There is yet a chapel standyng withyn this dungeon of S. Ulette alias Uliane. Shepe now fede within the dungeon. The Residew of tne Buildings of the castel be sore wether beten and in ruine, but it hath been a large thinge. This castel standith in the paroche of Trevenny and the paroch thereof is of St. Symphorian, ther caulled Simiferian." And again: "Ther is yn the isle a pretty chapel, with a tumbe on the left syde. Ther ys also yn the isle a welle, and ny by the same is a place hewen out of the stony grownde to the length and brede of a man. Also ther remayneth yn the isle a grownd quadrant-walled as yt were a garden plot. And by this walle appere the ruines of a vaulte." The Castle had then been uninhabited perhaps a hundred and fifty years. We know it was occupied in 1245 by the Earl of Cornwall, who sheltered David of Scotland, then Prince of Wales, within its walls. In 1397 the Earl of Warwick was certainly there. Then its habitable history ends. That chapel of which Leland speaks is still standing,

on the edge of the cliff. It was dedicated to St. Materiana, and is probably the oldest church in Cornwall; so old that its foundation date is unknown and cannot even be guessed.

The best description of Tintagel is that by William Howitt, written full sixty years ago. It ought to be in the hands of whoever sits down on the grassy turf in this wild and barbaric spot, so that he may read it aloud and bring back the early scenes which the author's imagination has reclothed with life and splendor. A bit of it my readers may thank me for reproducing: "The polypody and hartstongue hung in long, luxuriant greenness on the mossy acclivity at my right, the small wild rose blooming among them; on the left ran, dashing and murmuring, a clear little torrent, soon intercepted by a picturesque old mill, stuck in a nook of the hollow below me, whose large overshot-wheel sent the water splashing and spattering down into a rocky basin beneath. I stepped across this little stream, and wound along a path like a sheep-track up the steep side of the lofty hill on which stood the old palace. What a magnificent scene was here! The ruins of that ancient place were visible over an extent that gave ample evidence of an abode befitting an old British king; and their site was one worthy of the great hero of romance, the morning star of chivalry, and the theme of a thousand minstrel harps, ringing in hall and bower, diffusing love and martial daring in the sound. They occupied the hill on which I stood, and a high-towering and rock-ridged promontory, whose dark, tremendous precipices frown awfully over the sea. Arches and flights of steps cut in the native rock remain; and walls, based on the crags, as they protrude themselves from the ground, some at one elevation and some at another, and inclosing wide

areas, which once were royal rooms, but are now carpeted with the softest turf; where the goat, or the mountain sheep, grazes, or seeks shelter from the noon sun and ocean wind, and where the children from the mill come up and pursue their solitary sports, build mimic castles with the fallen stones of the dwelling of ancient kings, and enclose paddocks and gardens with rows of them. . . . As the sound of the billows came up from below, and the cliffs stood around in their dark solemn grandeur, I gradually lost sight of the actual place, and was gone into the very land and times of old romance. The Palace of Tintagel was no longer a ruin; it stood before me in that barbaric splendor I had only before supposed. There it was, in all its amplitude, with all its bastions and battlements, its towers and massy archways, dark, yet glittering in the sun with a metallic lustre. The porter stood by its gate; the warder paced its highest turret, beholding, with watchful glance, sea and land; guards walked to and fro on its great drawbridge, their battle-axes flashing in the morning beams as they turned; pennons were streaming on every tower, and war-steeds were neighing in their stalls. There was a sound and a stir of life. Where I had seen before the bare green turf, I now saw knights jousting for pastime in the tilt-yard; where the sea had rolled, I beheld a fair garden, the very model of that of the King's daughter of Hungarie.

'A garden that was full gay:
And in the garden, as I ween,
Was an arbour fair and green;
And in the arbour was a tree,
No fairer in the world might be;
The tree it was of cypress,
The first tree that Jesus chose.
The soutnernwood and sycamore,

The red-rose and the lily-flower;
The box, the beech, and the laurel-tree,
The date, also the damyse:
The filberds hanging to the ground,
The fig-tree, and the maple round;
And other trees there many a one,
The pyany, poplar, and the plane,
With broad branches all about,
Within the arbor and without.
On every branch sate birds three,
Singing with great melody.'

And in this arbour sate a noble dame, with a bevy of high-born damsels, whom she—

'taught to sew and mark
All manner of silken work,
Taught them curtsey and thewe,
Gold and silk for to sew;'

and all nurture and goodly usages of hall and bower. Many a young knight and damsel paced the pleasant garden walks in high discourse or merriment, and other knights 'in alleys cool' were playing at 'the bowls.'

"But the bugle blew; the great portcullis went up with a jar; there was a sound of horns, a clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard pavement, a cry of hounds, and forth issued from the castle court the most glorious pageant that the eye could look upon. It was no other than King Arthur, Queen Guinevere, and a hundred knights and dames, equipped and mounted for the chase. O! for some old minstrel to tell us all their names, and place their beauty and bravery all before us! There they went—those famous warriors of the table round, on their strong steeds; the fairest dames on earth, on their ambling jennets of Spain, with their mantles of green, and purple, and azure, fluttering in the breeze, and flashing in the sun. There they went—that noble, stalwart, and magnanimous Arthur at

their head, wearing his helmet-crown as he was wont in battle: that monarch of mighty fame, but mild and open countenance, who at fifteen had brought all Britain from uproar to peace, expelled the Saxons, conquered Scotland, and afterwards Ireland, Denmark, Norway, Iceland, Gothland, and Swethland, and took captive their kings; killed the brave Froll, and the grim giant Dynabus; slew five Paynim monarchs, the Grecian Emperor, and put to flight Lucius, the Emperor of Rome, whither he afterwards went himself, and was crowned by all the cardinals. There he rode with King Ban-Booght and King Bos, and the brave and loving friends Sir Gawaine and Sir Ywain:

'Sir Launcelot, Sir Stephen bold,
They rode with them that day,
And foremost of the company
There rode the steward Kaye.

'So did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratt keen;
Sir Tristram, too, that gentle knight,
To the forest fresh and green.' "

To see Tintagel and to read Howitt on the spot where stood the "Round Table" is to have a bonnie day, like one of those the Arthurian knights must have enjoyed on many and many a month of their merrie years.

The hotel at Tintagel, the "Wharncliff Arms," was the most attractive in its dining-room of any inn I had seen in Devon, and a better cold luncheon was never prepared. In front of it stands an old Greek cross of the Eighth Century, inscribed: "Ænat fecit hanc crucem pro anima sua." ("Ænat has made this cross for her soul,") and on the reverse side were the names of the four Evangelists. The stone was unearthed in the locality a few years ago, but its defi-

nite history is unknown. Tintagel itself and the surrounding villages are believed to date, as hamlets, from Arthurian days. It must have been always the abode of fishermen, just like Boscastle, which we reached at the next stage of the journey. A town a mile away was called Bossiney, and Leland said of it (about 1540): "This Bossinny hath been a bygge

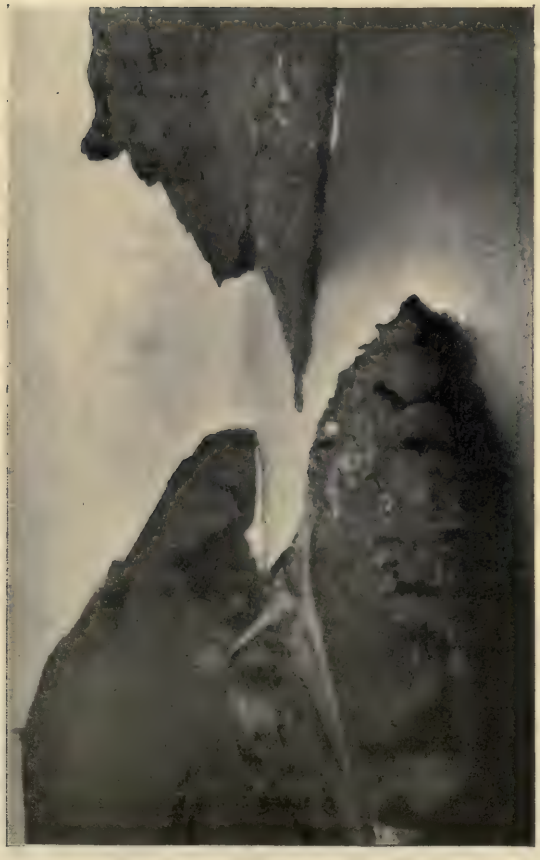


Leaving the "Wharncliff Arms."

thing for a fischer town, and hath great privileges graunted onto it. A man may se the ruines of a great number of houses." A characteristic feature of the hamlets through which we passed on the way to Boscastle was the slate formation of the houses, even to the porches and outbuildings, fences and walks. Everything was made of thin slate stones, placed flat

or on edge. It gives a lead color to things, but the sombreness goes hand in hand with neatness. Nearly every cottage, as in other towns, has its roses. Two whole slabs of slate, each seven feet long and three broad, are set on end in front of the doorways, with a similar cap over them, and this makes an inartistic, but, so far as the rain goes, substantial porch. The whole region in this part of Cornwall is of slaty formation. There are wild flowers in profusion. Often the land is fertile, though universally it is bleak, and there are many wind-swept gorges and few trees. What trees there are generally lean toward the east, because the high winds are all from the sea.

The approach to Boscastle is like that of a descent to a stern and fathomless abyss. It is winding and steep. You cannot see the inn until you are right upon it by the edge of the brook, which is swift and dark. At this inn the sun shines in from between the hills in summer only an hour or two at noontime. It is a retreat away from earth, almost. It would be lonely, cold and dismal even on a July day, were it not that the hotel is so thoroughly comfortable and homelike. It is a Swiss location in a fastness; only the spot is deep out of sight and not high on the mountain side. Except that few towns in Switzerland perch so low, one would suppose he was in a cleft among the higher Alps, for the tinkling of the cowbells, the stillness and dreariness of the hills, the sobbing of the brook as it tumbles over its stony bed, the disappearance of the sun and the deep shadows of the early afternoon, serve to remind one of an out-of-the-way place in the Swiss cantons. As at Tintagel, there is a walk down to the sea along the stream, and where that empties into the narrow arm of the ocean, which makes a tiny harbor at this point, pirates, we are told,



"Where Pirates Formerly Dwelt"—Boscastle Harbor.

formerly dwelt in hiding. The origin of the settlement may have been the facilities afforded for the buccaneers of the days of the Cabots, or its selection by fishermen. In either case, both trades must have flourished and romantic tales about them have descended from father to son. When you reach the sea the view is quite as fine as at Tintagel. If the promontories are less bold, the general contours of the view are quite as pleasing. Still, of the two spots, I prefer King Arthur's, and if one insists it is because of the castle and its legends, I will not quarrel with him for that, for probably it is true. Storied ruins make wondrous lovers of us all.

The sun was really up and six hours high when we mounted coaches at the hotel "Wellington" at Boscastle, but it was invisible, so deep down were we in the bowels of the earth. The usual long hill was surmounted, certainly a mile and a half in extent; then another still more steep—bitterly steep—of a mile. Then we were at last in Devon and Cornwall was left behind. Behold now trees, foliage, grain fields and thrift. Bude next; Bude Haven, it is called, because it has a good harbor. It is a modern village, too up-to-date; a watering-place in the season, and with a well-kept hotel, the "Falcon." This is all that is to be said of it, except that on a warm day the sun pours down with indomitable energy, and that a fine golf course is on the heights overlooking sea and town. Beyond Bude come what are termed "turfy heights." But they are really moors, a slice of the border of the Exmoors, and while it is a long way across to the real bleak lands near where John Ridd's sheep were buried in the famous snowstorm so graphically detailed in "Lorna Doone," one can here see the whole scene, and believe that in mid-winter the same great

piles of snow might whirl round and round, burying sheep, hillocks, barns, men, or anything else. We saw here some of the longest white tufts of the cotton flower—I do not know its name—we ever came across, and it made me feel that, perhaps, during the night before, the snow had really come and the sun had not melted all the crystals away. Perhaps they were the gray hairs of old fishermen who had met their deaths on these cold plains, and which had taken upon themselves forms of plant life to beautify the general barrenness!

It is fifteen miles to Kilkhampton, and as we whipped up the horses and spun through the village and past the church embowered in Norman elms, I had no shock of surprise that Hervey in its church-yard conceived the idea of his "Meditations Among the Tombs." He was curate at Bideford, but he could never have conceived his solemn introspections there. Think of a man receiving £700 for publishing his reflections on a graveyard! But I believe he took the money and devoted it all to charitable purposes; if so, God keep forever green his memory. He must have been out on the moors by day and among the tombs by night, for the result was a plaintive Christian work which nobody now reads, but which our grandmothers poured over as next to the Catechism and the Bible. There are really some fine monuments in that church, or said to be; we did not stop to see them. Several are memorials to the Grenvilles, whose home was at Stow upon a cliff, three miles away. Whincorners was the next chief breathing-place for our horses and, besides having a barmaid, who for shape and tallness was a grand specimen of what "wind and weather" could do in this section, it possessed as

primitive a settle for winter's story-telling as I ever saw. But now came the culminating view and the grand finale—Clovelly!





"The Birds Were in Unusual Numbers."

XXI.—"DEAR, SWEET CLOVELLY" AND OLD BIDEFORD.

NEARING Clovelly, one leaves the monotonous and dull—which it certainly is about Whincorners—and quickly drops into the picturesque and ornate. Even the woods, which are suddenly at hand, look finished, and there are signs of rich estates, well-tilled grounds and splendid pasture lands. The birds, too, sing again their songs; the "bluetits" hover thickly on the branches, and everywhere feathered songsters carol happiest notes. Before one can fully drink in these beauties and delights to eye and ear, the coach swings round the corner by the grounds of the parish church, (an ideal place for Sunday worship and for a resting-place for the dead), passes by a deep wood, with stately oaks and ferns, and then suddenly comes to a stop. "Wherefore?" we asked. "There is no inn, no street, no town, in sight." But the answer came: "All hands off; Clovelly," and down we clambered. "Can this be Clovelly? Where is it?" There is a gateway across a lane which runs

down the hillside, and two men at the top with sleds to care for your baggage. No settlement in view; oh! yes, there is one lone cottage down the hill. Then we were told that no wheeled vehicle could enter Clovelly, and no horse would be found therein, even as an estray. Was it another Broeck, where cleanliness and silence are paramount to fashion and noise, and where utility is an exact science? We went tripping down the lane, a narrow, paved street with woods on either side, the luggage-carriers pulling our luggage upon their sleds. Suddenly, presto! we stood at the head of a single street-stairs, and there was Clovelly, the quaintest, crookedest, whitest toy-town in the world; the dearest, oddest, most curious sight in Christendom.

Clovelly has a sweet name, calling up clover blossoms and what not, but its own real self is sweeter than its title. It is at first sight a leaf torn out of the "Arabian Nights"—you find yourself in mirth over it as an imaginary picture, an unreal phantasmagoria. There is not a level spot in it, except it is artificial; no two houses have their doorsills horizontal with each other. In the one street down which you go, (the sole street that exists), you must hold back hard, for the angle is twenty-five degrees. Put on the brakes, or you will have a tumble, for every yard or two is a step and everywhere are corners and turns. No snake twists himself around more deftly. Every house is white as wool and every blind green as grass. Yet, except the blinds, no two bits of architecture are of the same style. Gables, chimneys, porches, windows, all are thrown in together to make a picture like bits in a kaleidoscope. The "New Inn" is as old as Methuselah inside the door, and the "Old Inn"—well, the newest portion of the "New Inn" across the street

is termed the " Old," but that makes no difference, for all is new and all is old. No two rooms in this hotel seem to be on the same level; none are of equal dimensions, but all are connected by doors or stairways, even to the little room perched up on the hill back of the house, whence the view of the sunrises are so entrancing. No better meals are served in England than here, and nowhere are better attentions given to strangers. I could not ascertain how long the good old lady, Mrs. Berriman, the owner, expected to live and continue to manage this hostelry, but apparently she is such a part of it, that, if any of my readers should return there in the year 2,000, he would naturally expect to find her still in possession. Very deaf as to hearing, but very bright as to knowing, is this good landlady. And the one to go to this spot a century hence may also wager that Clovelly will not have changed one iota in size, style, color or custom. There is no room for another house, no need for another, no desire by anybody for another. One man, a lord, of course, owns the whole town, people and business. Probably he has a mortgage on its air, and when he dies his eldest born will continue to hold it, and keep holding it for generations to come. It was in the Domesday Book as Clovelly, and it will stand as Clovelly till the crack of doom.

Once getting rooms—which, by the way, we picked out for ourselves—I naturally tumbled on farther down those street stairs to the foot, to view the village from the pier by the sea. On the way I found the same turnings to right and left of the same one street, and the same tidiness apparent in every home and in front of it. No house had a garden before it, but was built plumb upon the street, though many had roses, fuchsias, geraniums and vines in profusion,

and there were constant effects in angles and nooks well calculated to make an artist crazy. The street



A Street View in Clovelly.

was fully paved from side to side, not a speck of earth appearing visible, and the whole was swept and garnished like the interior of a house for a wedding. Dick-

ens's "Message from the Sea" had been delightful reading and should have prepared me for all this, but when one reads of a curious or beautiful prospect, he may admire the description, but he cannot assimilate it with his own thoughts; to see it is to know, to feel, to appreciate, to enjoy. As a traveler I never before reveled in a new-found source of pleasure like this in Clovelly; and even when, the next year, and the past year I again coached to that point to see it afresh, it was as bright and novel an experience as before; as clean-cut a gem for eyes and mind as the best English strawberry for the palate, and that is saying a good deal, for the latter is the best berry on earth.

Forests of beech come down to the sea on each side of Clovelly and they are of stately trees of densest foliage. From the pier I could see just where the town was perched—in a cleft on the hillside, where there ought to have been a dashing torrent and buttermilk waterfalls instead of men and houses. The sea, or Bideford Bay, rather, was as calm as a mill-pond. The curve from Westward Ho! around to Gallantry Bower was an exact semi-circle, or so looked to be, with Clovelly in the centre of the segment. Small rowboats for fishing lined the shore. A characteristic old salt gave us points of history for the asking, and next day, Sunday, I found him quite as ready to ask us for a church collection, for he was an officer in the Wesleyan chapel. There is a long pier and a breakwater, and, on either, one can walk out until he obtains an excellent, uplooking view of this fishermen's village. Herring seems to be the main fish caught and it is liked for the breakfast table, though Americans usually prefer other diet.

Outside of the one downhill street itself and its curiously built houses and paradises of vines and

flowers, the two things which are most likely to interest a stranger at Clovelly are the display of china at the "New Inn" and a walk into the beech woods. As to china, did one ever see so much and in such



An Artistic House in Clovelly.

queer places? In one small sitting-room I counted one hundred and seventy-four pieces, covering the walls, and in the dining-room there must have been a thousand, arranged in circles and squares and at random, just as ancient armor in armories and museums.

The whole collection numbers several thousand and is of every description of ware, Delft, Sevre, Worcester and what not, apparently mostly modern, but some, perhaps, dating back to days toward the Flood. They are now for sale, "in lump, or by the piece." Besides this collection, there are articles innumerable in rich mahogany, cherry, maple and other woods, all gathered together by this one lady who loved these things because they were beautiful. The beech woods abound in ferns, and under the dense shade of magnificently proportioned and tall trees I could have spent hours "fancy free," rejoicing that in such a corner of England the poorest fisherman with his family may enjoy as fine a natural park as the Queen at Windsor. I doubt, however, if he does; his whole heaven is the salt air and sea.

In the morning, early, I saw one tiny donkey carry away the garbage in a basket on his back. When the housemaids empty water, they take it in a bucket to the gutter-grates, pour it out and it disappears, for Clovelly is well sewered and nothing runs or lies in the street which would defile. Every house-roof has leaders extending beyond its eaves, so that the rain will not drop down on the passer-by. Flagstaffs are abundant, proving the villagers must have their frequent jubilee days. We had for Sunday breakfast at the "New Inn" the incomparable English sole, tea and coffee, hot meats, the old-fashioned shortcake, marmalade and jams. For dinner there were soup, lamb, mutton, chicken, duck, ham and gooseberry tarts. I heard a Methodist sermon in the morning on "Gaius," to whom the Apostle John wrote his Third Epistle, a plain, clear, logical talk. Others heard the rector of the parish church, which, by the way, has such a walk to it under yew trees, and such monu-

ments to the Carys and others, who were its early patrons, that it pays well to make it a visit. The site of the church must be a thousand years old, or even older, and its front is quite certainly Saxon, while its roof is from the days of Richard II. The pulpit bears date " 1634," and the silver chalice used at communions, " 1577," in the time of good Queen Bess. The rollicking Will Cary of those early days, who " served his king and his country in ye office of justice of the peace, under three separate sovereigns, Queen Elizabeth, King James and King Charles I.", has not the only Cary monument in the church; there are seven others, all handsome. Charles Kingsley's father, of the same name, was rector of this church from 1830 to 1836. A memorial brass is inscribed to the memory of the " Rector of Eversley, Canon of Westminster, Poet, Preacher, Novelist." The recent rector, Mr. Harrison, was his son-in-law; he died in charge a few years ago. The Yellery gate, which leads to Gallantry Bower, is closed on Sundays, but the park is one wherein the lords of the manor of Clovelly lived, from the Giffords to the Carys and Hamlyns, who still hold the title. The Bower ends in a well-wooded cliff, which projects out three hundred and eighty-seven feet sheer above the sea, and this is another in the series of extraordinary views, in the neighborhood of this remarkable village, to which I invariably say " goodbye, but for a season only," agreeing with Captain Jorgan, in whose mouth Dickens puts the description: " And a mighty sing'lar and pretty place it is as ever I saw in all the days of my life."

I twice took steamer from Clovelly for near-by ports, and found them swift and comfortable. In the one case I crossed over to Swansea, Wales; and

in the other to Ilfracombe. Almost every day of the week there are steamers arriving at the foot of Clovelly, bringing with them excursion parties, sometimes numbering hundreds, if not thousands. For this reason, during the summer months, there are many days when Clovelly is not a delightful place for a traveler, between the hours of twelve and five in the afternoon. As there is no pier, the fishermen are busily employed taking passengers off on small boats, and this assists them to make a living. The hotels and tea rooms are also the gainers in pounds, shilling and pence by these excursions, so that, on the whole, Clovelly is enriched by them. But on many accounts it seems a pity that so quaint a place, and one which has always been isolated from the rest of the world, should be used in July and August as daily dumping-ground for people who, in large part, come without eyes, but with great thirst in their stomachs for beer and stronger drinks.

I had a talk one day with an old gentleman of the place who had been to London, and he remarked that he knew of only two or three other inhabitants of the town, who had ever been so far away as London. The people are born and they live and die on this steep declivity, and are as happy as if they had seen the whole wide world. One of the most interesting characters of the place is the oldest inhabitant of the town, a bronzed fisherman whom everybody knows; a stout body, hale and warm-hearted; a veteran of eighty-four. He has a son in the British navy, and has himself travelled a little. He once personally superintended the embarkation of my little coterie of friends, when about to take one of the steamers before alluded to. This splendidly preserved old man has all the stuff in him to make a hero, but then I take it that multitudes of fishermen along the English coast, in

time of stress and storm, would be valiant in deeds of daring. Some of them are doubtless descendants of the old pirates, and now possess all their virtues with none of their vices.

The exit from Clovelly by the " Hobby Drive " is like the last note of a beautiful symphony; it strikes a chord of regret as well as of responsive harmony. This drive is peculiarly grateful on a sun-swept day; what it would be under English clouds would depend on the temperament of the traveler. The coaches cannot go through it, but carriages may for the shilling, which is usually charged by lords abroad when they deign to open their parks to an American traveler, or one may walk for a sixpence. If the money goes to charities, as it is said to do, no one could complain, but as it goes to assist the proprietor in keeping out of debt, many do seem to grumble over it. However, the remarkably lovely road through a grove of oak, where huge ferns hide in the darkest corners and where are streams and moss-grown bridges, dells and glens, pays one for the cost, and gives a peep at the situation of Clovelly not to be obtained elsewhere. It is really a drive along the bay on the summit of a wooded hill, and is as charming as an outing along the bay of Naples. Only there is no Vesuvius and no Ischia. There are in the distance, instead, Gallantry Bower, Hartland Point, and, in the farther distance, the island of Lundy. Hartland Point, as is apparent from any view we get of it, is a promontory of great beauty and majestic proportions. The tradition that Ptolemy christened it " The Promontory of Hercules " may be a myth, but the bluff juts far out to sea, at the very angle where Bideford Bay meets the waters of the ocean, and it stands up three hundred and fifty feet above the water level, precipitous but wooded. On

the top is a plateau, from which the views are said to be fine, while on its "nose" is a lighthouse, with dwellings of the light keepers.*

From this vantage ground all the best features of the Kingsley country must be visible, from Westward Ho! around to Sharpnose, and there is enough beauty in it to make several ordinary shires, though 'tis all Devon. It is a district "endeared to all manly men and womanly women as the training ground of the great Sir Richard Grenville, the Spaniards' terror, and of those brave youths who formed the immortal Brotherhood of the Rose;" also as the home of the stately Lady Mary Grenville and gentle Mrs. Leigh, of Burrough, and ill-fated Rose Salterne. Kingsley himself called these toothlike and concave edges of cliffs and slopes "the combes of the Far West," and his description is imperishable: "Those delightful glens," said he, "which cut the high tableland of the confines of Devon and Cornwall, and open each through its gorge of down and rock, towards the boundless western ocean. Each has its upright walls, inlaid of rich oak-wood, nearer the sea of dark green furze, then of smooth turf, then of weird black cliffs, which range out right and left into the deep sea, in castles, spires, and wings of jagged ironstone. Each has its narrow slip of fertile meadow, its crystal trout stream, winding across from one hill foot to the other; its gray stone mill, with the water sparkling and humming round the dripping wheel; its dark rock pools above the tidemark, where salmon-trout gather in from their Atlantic wanderings; its ridge of blown sand, bright with golden trefoil and crimson lady's fingers; its gray bank of polished pebbles, down which

*For a general view of Clovelly, Gallantry Bower, and the sea, from the "Hobby Drive," see Frontispiece.

the stream rattles toward the sea below. Each has its black field of jagged shark's-tooth rock, which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell-sand, and laced with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward in strata set upright on edge, or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval earthquakes:—such is the ' Mouth ', as those coves are called. To landward, all richness, softness and peace; to seaward, a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the ship-wrecked mariner."

The coach must go around the Hobby Drive park, and at the entrance to it—for we have gone in by the back door—we must mount again and now traverse a pleasant English road, with no special attractions, but much prettiness in places, to Bideford, eight miles distant. Save a trifling hamlet or two, and a delightful wood to the left, there is only the sight of Westward Ho! to the northwest deserving of record. We have for a while some views of the eminence back of that village in sight, but, later, see the town itself. Before the 'Fifties it did not exist. Then the novel of Kingsley appeared and the town, being built by a company, was christened after the successful book, and since that day a well-patronized bathing resort has sprung up. It has colleges, and the last I heard it was expecting a railway.

If there are any special charms in Bideford as a place of residence I have failed to find them. It seems to be growing rapidly on the hill portion of it, by which we drive as we enter from Clovelly, so that some new-comers must be attracted to it. The river Torridge, which separates Old from New Bideford, is a good-sized stream, with some shipping. But I

know of only one building to detain the inquiring and hurried traveler. That is the one by the "Royal" hotel, which was in the days of Sir Walter Raleigh the warehouse through which entered into England nearly or quite all the tobacco shipped from Virginia. At the end of the Seventeenth Century Bideford was, in importance, the third or fourth port in Great Britain, and even until 1755 it imported more tobacco than any port, occasionally excepting London. So, if one feels an interest in the American weed's introduction to his English cousins, he will pause a moment at this old warehouse, now some distance from any water, up to whose doors ships then floated, and have a few thoughts about it, as over similar spots connected with our early Colonial history. And, of course, he will note with some interest the old bridge across the river Torridge, almost directly in front of the hotel, built before 1350, which, it was once written, "for length and number of arches equalleth, if not excelleth, any other in England." It is six hundred and seventy-seven feet long and has twenty-four piers. It has been so widened and altered that probably few stones of the original bridge are to be seen still in situ; nevertheless, the style has been preserved and doubtless all the old stones are in the new one. The comfortable and excellent hotel mentioned at the end of the bridge near the railway station keeps a "Kingsley room" for show, the place where the author wrote some of his works. As usual, the porter expects a fee if you look into it, but it is worth the examination, because it has not been altered since Kingsley's day. A more interesting object to an American is the parish register, where, under date of March 27, 1588, is recorded the baptism of "Christenynge Raleigh," an American Indian, the same who was brought to England by Sir

Richard Grenville, and who died only one week later.

Grenville, by the way, who has been mentioned in connection with Clovelly, was one of England's real heroes, notwithstanding he received no mention in the great "Encyclopædia Brittanica." He is the naval admiral who, when on a single bark, the "Revenge," was surrounded by fifty Spanish men-of-war, each twice the size of his own. He fought them all night long and the enemy was unable to board his vessel. "Not till his powder was spent, more than half his crew killed, and the rest wounded," did the flag lower. He had absolutely refused to surrender. Mortally wounded, he was carried upon a Spanish ship to die, and these were his last words: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country and his queen, for honor and religion." Elizabeth was his queen, his country was his honor, and I trust his religion was of as good a sort as his patriotism. Grenville was an inhabitant of Bideford, having a fine town-house there, and, by his enterprise and genius, gave the place its start in a commercial way. He obtained its first charter and opened its first market. Between the old "Ship Inn," where the lovers of Rose Salterne dined together and formed the Brotherhood of the Rose, (now known as the "Newfoundland" hotel), and the Bridge Hall, was Grenville's garden. His house overlooked the river and its back was on Allhalland street. "Castle Inn" is supposed to stand on its site. Then the river and its quay extended to his grounds and his vessels of war started from that point; now the river is much narrower and more shallow.

There is a story of Bideford which will bear

many repetitions, as showing what one brave knight could do by the exercise of ingenuity. Sir William Coffin was master of horse when Henry VIII. had Anne Boleyn crowned, and had participated in the glories of the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1519. He did not reside at Bideford, but he was passing its parish church one day and saw a crowd of people. Inquiring the cause, they said a poor man, dead, was about to be buried, but the priest had refused to perform the last rites unless his fees were first paid, and he wanted the dead man's cow for his fee. Sir William was shocked and ordered him to proceed. But he refused. Then he called on the bystanders, who were, to a man, out of sympathy with the priest, and told them to put that priest in the grave and bury him alive. This they proceeded to do. The priest cried for mercy, but Sir William would none of it. At last, when only his head was out, and the chances were against his saving his own life, the priest agreed to and did read the service. The case went to Parliament, but Sir William got off scot free, and, besides, secured an act limiting the fees to be extorted from the poor at funerals.

The first president of Harvard College was a rector in Bideford and had charge of the parish church of St. Mary. The latter is a modern edifice, but had a most worthy predecessor, which was consecrated in 1259, and is said to have remained intact until the Reformation. It was to this church, says the local historian, that "My Lady Countess of Bath, whom Sir Richard Grenville is escorting, cap in hand, and Bassets from beautiful Umberleigh, and Carys from more beautiful Clovelly, and Fortescues of Wear, and Fortescues of Buckland, and Fortescues from all quarters, and Coles from Slade, and Stukeleys from Aff-

ton, and St. Legers from Annery, and Coffins from Portledge, and even Copplestones from Eggesford, thirty miles away, and last, but not least (for almost all stop to give them place), Sir John Chichester of Raleigh, followed in single file, after the good old patriarchal fashion, by his eight daughters and three of his famous sons," came "to join with Mrs. Leigh, of Burrough, in thanksgiving for the safe return of her son, Amyas Leigh, from the famous voyage with Drake round the world." There is a story told "that at the time of the great Civil War the font was stolen from the church, and that many years afterwards it was discovered in a pigsty, serving the humble use of a trough for the pigs."



Old Bridge at Malmsmead.

XXII.—THE HOME OF LORNA DOONE.

UNTIL within a year or two the only approaches to Lynton, a village upon the Bristol Channel, on the high coast ridge overlooking, in front, the sea, and, at the back, the Exmoor, were by coach from, respectively, Minehead, Ilfracombe, or Barnstaple. Having heard that the Barnstaple route was the most picturesque, I had arranged for transit from the commercial capital of North Devon, upon the river Taw, for the eighteen miles drive to Lynton. But discovering that a railway, albeit only a "toy" one, as it is called, was in operation between the two places, I tried that to gain time, preferring to begin real coaching from Lynton. It was well so, for North Devon hills are "dreadful." I judge the views from that tiny railway, the rails of which are less than two feet apart, and which follows up the valley of the Yeo, are quite as enjoyable as if from a coach. It is a feat of engineering to cross and recross the deep valley and gain the nine hundred feet of ascent without a less speed than twelve miles an hour. Beside the bracing air, the odd sight of hares running to their

coverts, the exquisite pieces of wood and the two or three old churches, in one of which services are held but once a year, there is little to speak of until the station at Lynton is reached. Then one looks in vain for either village or sea. The forests and a hill shut out the view. We started down hill, according to directions, and oh, what a hill! There are longer but few steeper in all England. This was a good three-quarter mile one at least, and as steep as the Falls of Lodore. One needs all his brakes of muscle and backbone to go down that declivity. At the foot, suddenly, Lynton appears, with its short, crooked and uneven streets and its many fine hotels. One would have conjectured that the descent must have taken him to the sea-level. But no, this is a village on a mountain top, and Lynmouth is still four hundred feet farther down toward the bowels of the earth.

We entered the " Royal Castle " hotel grounds and then saw Lynmouth in its proper place, at the mouth of the two Lyns, the sea-sands with a forked tongue pointing toward it, and the shadows of the early morning resting on its fishermen's cabins and an active street life. We had left Barnstaple not a long while after the sun-rising, but it is always near noon before the rays of that orb pour down into the little valley where these men of the sea have their homes.

Lynton is an elegant spot for the breezes from the ocean and for views of mountains and forests. Not so quaint as Clovelly, it has more modern life and is more popular as a place of resort. Why people live, or why visitors spend, weeks, where to go out for a walk means hill-climbing of the severest sort, is not inexplicable, because the English like a good climb before breakfast, and the lovely glen scenery in any

direction is just a little better here than anywhere else in Devon.

> "Lynton! lone village peering o'er the deep;
> Thy features are all beautiful! thy woods
> In verdure hung down each majestic steep
> Enwrap a thousand blissful solitudes,
> Where no stern glance or noisy throng intrudes
> To mar the sacred magic of the scene;
> Cliffs, grottoes, deepening glens, and foaming floods
> Are here in aspect noble, wild, serene,
> And cheer the heart with joy before unfelt, unseen."

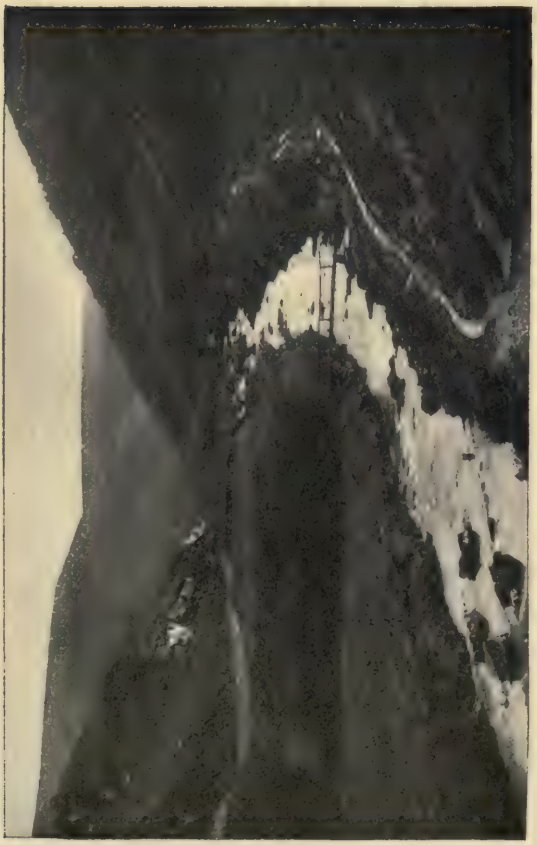
Lynton is wholly modern. Lynmouth is the older settlement, but it is not pretty. The hotels of Lynton have the grand sites. They look like castles perched on the crags, and are reckoned among the best hostelries on the west coast.

The day was one set apart for a visit to the fictitious home of "Lorna Doone." Why should a story like this, of a time two hundred years and more agone, so hold readers in thrall that twenty Americans would go miles, starting before Barnstaple town was out of sleep, just to see the spot where John Ridd found the darling of his soul, and won her? Was it because of her strange life, and because he did win her at the last? Success in a novel means, usually, success for the novel. Anyhow, John Ridd's success, fighting up to it through heroic means, such as would have balked many a weaker son of Exmoor, is one of those masterpieces of historical fiction which the world will not let die. It is a simple tale, in language as eloquent as it is tender, of pluck, courage, character, manliness, which has few equals and no superiors in the English tongue. So I am not ashamed to confess that I turned my face toward the Doone valley from Lynton with a radiant feeling of expectant happiness of a day of glorious reveries. If necessary, I

would have gone from London on purpose just for this one day. And the day closed without a shadow of disappointment, except that my tramp into the valley was not to the very end of it.

The hills were not fitted for coaching proper and, therefore, our party had to be contented with two brakes, each holding ten persons. The drive was first down into Lynmouth—a most exasperating dip—and then slowly up and around the various twistings of the river Lyn—the East Lyn—until there is a fine view of "The Meeting of the Waters," the East Lyn and the Combe Park. On either side the road are oak woods, dense and solemn, and rock-strewed slopes appear at the various clearings. High upon the side-hills are lands cultivated with oats or wheat, or covered with furze. Moors and fens abound. There must be trout in these clear streams, whose waters are so brown in color and as cool as ice. We had to dismount soon after to compass a mile-long hill, after which there was good rural scenery, but nothing noteworthy, until, after nine or ten miles, Malmsmead was reached. That consists of a large cottage where refreshments are obtainable. Here carriages must be left, for it is at the threshold to the Doone valley, access to which is either upon foot or horseback. Malmsmead is about one mile from Oare church, of which John Ridd was church-warden, and a half-mile further to the north is the so-called Ridd homestead. We saw both later, and ought to have visited the interior of the church, but time seemed to forbid.

Before taking the reader with me into the valley, the questions will be asked, perhaps: Is there such a valley? Were there ever Doones? Is the story of Blackmore a myth? I grant the myth, but the basis of fact seems to be well understood in Devon. Some



The Doone Valley.

term the Doones "legendary outlaws," but the valley was called after them long before Blackmore wrote his work, and the tradition is clear and strong that a family or neighborhood of Doones were troublesome neighbors in the Seventeenth Century. There are remains of huts believed to belong to them. I see no reason to disbelieve that a foundation of truth exists as to these outlaws and as to their existence in this valley.

There are only two methods of getting into the valley. One is by ponies. The tracks indicate that this method is not uncommon, and I am told ladies frequently hire the ponies, some of which, indeed, we saw at Malmsmead, and could have hired for ourselves had we chosen. The other method is to walk, which we did. We took a picnic lunch in baskets and carried it over the quaint bridge and on about three-quarters of a mile up a lane between hawthorne hedges to where there is a distinct turn in the path near some large trees. There we took time to dispose of the lunch, and there most of the party decided to remain, as the way seemed to grow tiresome, or difficult of ascent, or both. As a matter of fact it is not a hard task to keep on up by the Badgeworthy creek toward the head of the valley. A companion and myself made the effort to get at least into the loneliest defile and we probably walked two miles further than the picnic grounds. I was in no wise disappointed at the result. Others have written that Blackmore drew wholly on his imagination in describing the Badgeworthy, but with that conclusion I cannot agree. At first the valley is wide and unattractive; one may say desolate. The stream seems not large and the walking is over a plain path, sometimes stony, sometimes boggy, and usually not romantic. But when

once the place called " Lorna's Bower " is passed (a spot near a small refreshment house on the opposite side of the Badgeworthy), the valley soon narrows, and there is a bit of walking in a dense wood, full of larches, small, gnarled oaks, heavy ferns and wild-flowers, all beautiful to the eye. Here the locality suddenly develops into real Robinson Crosoe isolation.

We reached now open and now closed-in scenes, one moment rocky, wild and barbaric, the next calm and peaceful. There was no human being living there beyond the site of " Lorna's Bower." The creek was gloriously clear and sparkling. It dashed over and around the stones in hot chase down the valley. The " Waterslide " seemed not so formidable as Blackmore has made it appear, yet I could see that in the winter or early spring it might be far more of a torrent than it is in August, and it might give even as stout a lad as John Ridd was, when he first essayed to walk up through it, a real tussel of strength and pluck. " I gathered my legs back slowly," he said, " as if they were fish to be landed, stopping whenever the water flew too strongly off my shin-bones, and coming along, without sticking out to let the wave get hold of me. And in this manner I won a footing, leaning well forward like a draught-horse, and balancing on my strength, as it were, with the ashen stake set behind me. Then I said to myself, ' John Ridd, the sooner you get yourself out by the way you came, the better it will be for you.' But to my great dismay and affright, I saw that no choice was left me now, except that I must climb somehow up that hill of water, or else be washed down into the pool, and whirl around till it drowned me. For there was no chance of fetching back, by the way I had gone down into it; and further up was a hedge of rock on either side of the water-

way, rising a hundred yards in height, and for all I could tell five hundred, and no place to set a foot in. Having said the Lord's Prayer (which was all I knew), and made a very bad job of it, I grasped the good loach-stick under a knot, and steadied me with my left hand, and so with a sigh of despair began my course up the fearful torrent-way. To me it seemed half-a-mile at least of sliding water above me, but in truth it was little more than a furlong, as I came to know afterwards. It would have been a hard ascent, even without the slippery slime, and the force of the river over it, and I had scanty hope indeed of ever winning the summit. Nevertheless my terror left me, now I was face to face with it, and had to meet the worst; and I set myself to do my best, with a vigor and a sort of hardness, which did not then surprise me, but have done so ever since. The water was only six inches deep, or from that to nine to the utmost, and all the way up I could see my feet looking white in the gloom of the hollow, and here and there I found resting-place, to hold on by the cliff and pant awhile. And gradually, as I went on, a warmth of courage breathed in me, to think that perhaps no other had dared to try that pass before me, and to wonder what mother would say to it. And then came thought of my father also, and the pain of my feet abated. How I went carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell clearly, or even like now to think of, because it makes me dream of it. Only I must acknowledge, that the greatest danger of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of black ooze-weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit. Here I fell very piteously, and was like to have broken my knee-cap, and the

torrent got hold of my other leg, while I was indulging the bruised one. And then a vile knotting of cramp disabled me, and for a while I could only roar, till my mouth was full of water, and all my body was sliding. But the fright of that brought me to again, and my elbow caught in a rock-hole; and so I managed to start again, with the help of more humility."

All of which is not so much out of keeping with the real water-slide as I saw it, and as it no doubt was in any February day, such as the "St. Valentine's day, 1675-'6," when John is supposed to have done the fording. "Lorna's Bower," a pit or cavern near the water-way, he thus describes: "The chamber was of unhewn rock, round, as near as might be, eighteen or twenty feet across, and gay with rich variety of fern, and moss, and lichen. The fern was in its winter still, or coiling for the spring-tide; but moss was in abundant life, some feathering, and some gobleted, and some with fringe of red to it. Overhead there was no ceiling, but the sky itself, flaked with little clouds of April whitely wandering over it. The floor was made of soft, low grass, mixed with moss and primroses; and in a niche of shelter moved the delicate wood-sorrel. Here and there, around the sides, were 'chairs of living stone,' as some Latin writer says, whose name has quite escaped me; and in the midst a tiny spring rose, with crystal beads in it, and a soft voice as of laughing dream, and dimples like a sleeping babe. Then, after going round a little, with surprise of daylight, the water overwelled the edge, and softly went through lines of light, to shadows and an untold bourne."

The houses of the Doones do not show off much, it is true; mere stones thrown around helter skelter, as if at some times they were in position to form huts.

But the whole valley is interesting, solemn, full of strange and romantic nooks. I would not have missed such a walk on a bright day for any half-dozen other walks in the west of England. Just south of this valley are the famous Exmoors, once called Exmoor Forest, but probably never having trees unless of a stunted growth. They are wind-swept, bleak and desolate; an expanse of twenty thousand acres, on which is little heather, and only coarse moor-grass, which affords some sustenance for cattle and for sheep. A winter snow-storm on those moors would be a terrible one to encounter.

I returned without going entirely to the valley's head, and, after a glass of cool, sweet milk served by one of the lasses at the Malmsmead cottage, we soon took seats and drove on by Oare church, whose position in a lovely spot among the trees, with the sun sifting its beams through their branches, was quite as picturesque as any other sight in the vicinity. In this church John Ridd and Lorna were married, as told in that graphic chapter entitled " Blood upon the Altar." By this church we swung around short to the left, and climbed up the hill, whence we had a view of the wide and noble Bristol Channel, and then our horses were turned back on the ocean drive toward Lynton.

On this drive we had first a charming view of the Doone valley from a distance. Then we had the most superb sight I ever remember to have seen in all my coaching days. It was a view of the English bell-heather and of the yellow furze, in full panoply of bloom. The heather was a purplish pink and the furze like pure gold, and these intermingled so thickly that they covered all the fields and stood out like a broad expanse of interfused splendor. I have seen



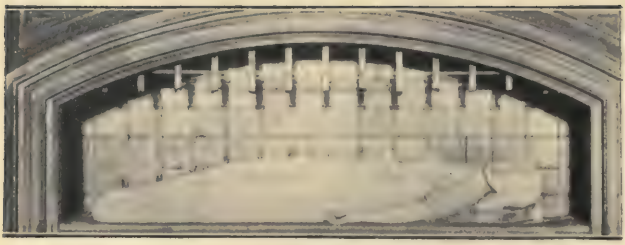
The John Ridd Church at Oare.

wild flowers on the plain of Esdrælon and in the valley of Dothan, and still finer spectacles of them on the road from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee, but they would not compare with this glory of Countisbury Common. Did a king ever have such a garden? Were all the lilies of the field of Judea and all the roses of Kew ever so luxuriant and royal? I can hardly conceive it. Miles upon miles of heather and furze, and the sparkling bay beyond it, from which the fresh, salt air came up as incense from the sea—it was an inspiration just to look out upon that picture. The joy of mere existence seemed never before quite so perfect. There are times when Nature teaches us that "the world is full of the glory of the Lord," and at this moment it seemed as if He were walking near us with His real footsteps both on land and sea.

At Lynmouth the hill to Lynton is so steep that few horses pull heavy loads to the summit. We dismounted from our coaches and took the cable incline, and in a few moments were landed near the main street, from which other coaches need to be taken to ascend, in a round-about way, to the railway station. I am told that the road from Lynton to Ilfracombe through Combe Martin is also a fine one, but is somewhat hilly and fatiguing. We were not able to try it, and I doubt if it equals, in views, the road over Countisbury Commons.

Returning to Barnstaple we remained over night at the "Golden Lion" hotel, and this, by the way, is a curiosity. Its dining-room contains in the ceiling the date "1625," and that ceiling is full of reliefs of Scriptural scenes, and of hounds, birds, lions, etc. The noble who built it for a mansion spared no money to make it worthy of his rank, if he did construct a "brid-

al chamber" with low ceilings and with no outlook. On the whole Barnstaple is a more quaint and interesting place than Bideford.



"*The Darling Daughter of Charles I.*" (*From her Tomb*).

XXIII.—AGAIN ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

A FORMER drive on the Isle of Wight was made interesting chiefly from the associations of the journey with "the poet of Freshwater Bay" and of Charles I. at Carisbrooke. It never satisfied me, as I knew there were other bowers and chines, and many more delightful nooks and hills on the sweet island. So at first opportunity, which did not come, however, until the past summer (1901), I engaged a spanking quartette of bays from Brown of Ventnor, and his handsome coach, the "Magnet," and set out with new friends to see the beauties of Bonchurch and Shanklin, on the east coast, and then to traverse the road inward to Newport and homeward by Blackgang Chine and the "Undercliff." The earlier drive had made a loop around the western end of the island. This made a loop around the eastern end. Of necessity and of choice both loops met at Carisbrooke.

I cannot relate all the charms of this memorable drive. Sometimes I am asked, "Which was the best



A Peaceful Churchyard, Bonchurch.

day—the most enjoyable—of all your coaching days?" and I shall never be able to reply. Each has had its sweetest honey, its truest song-notes. But a few stand out more clearly than the rest, and this day was one of such. Although the morning, following a wet night, was full of threatening rain and weather-doubts, after we left Ventnor, suddenly, one by one the shadows fled away, and the clear amber, bristling with sunshine, made a straight open-way to our hearts and flooded us with expectations of delights. The heavens, black at nine, became propitious before ten, and as the bright beams drank up the raindrops, every copse and glen and ivied hall quivered with joy. A day is never so sweet as just after the morning clearing. The ivy and verdure of England are never so green as just after the mists roll atwain, and the sun kisses away the past Night's tears.

The suburbs of Ventnor, of which the little village of Bonchurch is the prettiest, looked unusually lovable as we brushed down its main street, every turn of the tiny lane an artistic triumph, every cosy cottage covered with garlands of roses and myrtles. At the top of the steep hill which leads down toward the sea we dismounted, in order to walk to the old church, so often pictured with its creepers and roses, in whose peaceful yard rest the remains of William Adams, who wrote "The Shadow of the Cross," and of John Stirling, whose last letter to Carlyle has gone into history. Adams died at the early age of thirty-three and Stirling when five years older. Carlyle thought enough of Stirling to write his life, a memoir "calm, tender and affectionate." A part of that "last letter," which the dying man stated was "for remembrance and farewell;" reads: "I tread the common road into the great darkness without any thought of fear, and with

very much of hope. Certainty indeed I have none. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a helping hand when there, that will not be wanting." On which Carlyle commented: "It was a bright Sunday morning when this letter came to me; if in the Great Cathedral of Immensity I did no worship that day, the fault was surely my own."

The old church is of Norman times, not unlike a score or more of others of small dimensions in England. Its charm consists in its quiet location and its wealth of exterior growths, which make photographs of it so much sought after. Its porch is as exquisite as a spring day, and the vines, that almost smother the end of the building—the end farthest from the street—would be anywhere else than at Bonchurch, where luxuriance in growth has run into extravagance, a perpetual marvel. The tombstones in crosses are nowhere else more like sacred poems in marble than in this churchyard, where on a sunny day one will find his soul reaching nearer heaven than in most burial-grounds of earth. There is a church of 1848 higher up the hill, the churchyard of which is also a haven of tranquility. I have used the term "hill" in connection with Bonchurch, but the resident would hardly recognize that designation. Bonchurch, like Ventnor, is located on "The Cliff," or, more technically, "The Undercliff." This "Undercliff" extends from Bonchurch, where it begins, a mile north of Ventnor, to Blackgang Chine, about six miles south of Ventnor. It is a row of cliffs, forming above and behind a huge plateau. They look somewhat like the palisades of the Hudson. Wherever streams have cut their way through these rocks to the sea, are "chines." Overhung with heavy foliage, "deep, dark and dank," these chines are cool retreats on summer days, and

favorites for travellers, who love the curious geology of such phenomena. Bonchurch was a settlement seven centuries before Ventnor, and, now that it has joined its new neighbor as a municipality, it will enlarge and thrive, but its peculiar beauties will never diminish.

The road from Bonchurch to Shanklin goes inland a bit, and then sweeps around in a series of beautiful curves till it again approaches the sea. At one point it looks as if one were far away from human life, and only the high downs to the west, grassy and treeless, and the sea to the east, come into the range of vision. Shanklin is two miles from Bonchurch as the crow flies, though nearly four miles by the public road. That road, as all roads on the Isle of Wight, is smooth as our Fifth avenue, and yet without a house or an inhabitant, so far as I recall. For this reason, it is an astonishing transition to drop suddenly in upon a place of over three thousand people, whose loveliness from any artistic point of view surpasses even Bonchurch. From almost a wilderness to a garden of Eden, and all in a few moments of time. English towns, or cities for that matter, never straggle out as American villages do, far into the country. The first house in and the last out are universally contiguous to, or parts of rows and blocks of, other dwellings, so that, in walking or driving, in an instant you have crossed the line between open country and built-up municipality. The English people like to herd closely together. Doubtless it is an outgrowth of feudal times, when such close contiguity was necessary for purposes of defense. I hardly know why the practice continues, but now, as in the Middle Ages, it is the rule for all town limits to "stop short, like grandfather's clock."

I have stated that Bonchurch ends the "Under-



A Charming Spot, Shanklin.

cliff." But Shanklin starts and ends upon a new cliff, which is at least a hundred feet above the sea, and this is, itself, surrounded by lofty hills, six hundred feet above the ocean level. Entering it from the south we find the older part of the place a paradise of trees, shrubbery and creepers. I know of no town on the island where the central and business portion is so enveloped in bowers of green as Shanklin. " Hollier's " hotel and its companion inn are one indescribable mass of luxuriant ivy, and the entrance to Shanklin Chine, next to the hotel, is the beginning of a rare scenic retreat. Longfellow, when he visited Shanklin in 1868, penned these lines, which are placed on a shield over the fountain at this Chine:

"O traveler, stay thy weary feet;
Drink of this fountain, cool and sweet;
It flows for rich and poor the same;
Then go thy way, remembering still
The wayside well beneath the hill,
The cup of water in His name."

This Chine, with its great yawn into the darkness of the earth, is probably the one perennial source for drawing tourists, and I am told, by those who have pursued its brief way to the sea, that it is, especially when the waterfalls are in operation, full of picturesque sights. The rains of the night before had made it so wet that I did not undertake the journey. On the occasion of this visit there were no waterfalls, for the summer had been dry; it was in August. We found Shanklin to be a busy place and full of handsome summer residences. But more handsome still are Shanklin parish church and its old rectory, both exquisitely-set jewels amid emerald brilliancy.

Somewhere in the ocean hereabout, that is, within view of Shanklin on a clear day, the ship " Eurydice "

was capsized in March, 1878, with great loss of life. Off farther in the English channel toward Cherbourg occurred that memorable fight between the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama" (June 19, 1864), when the Confederate steamer—Captain Semmes, commander—was sunk, and a final heavy blow dealt to privateering on the big seas.



Home of the Dairyman's Daughter, Arreton.

From Shanklin our course was north and then west by Branstone and Horringford to Arreton, famous as the burial place of the "Dairyman's Daughter." The home of this young girl, whose life our grandmothers almost knew by heart, was along the road, a mile and a half south-east of Arreton. It is a large, plain, white, stone cottage, kept in such good order that its age would not be conjectured. It stands

back from the road about two hundred feet, having a garden in front, and large outbuildings not far away. It is not especially English, but is a large, roomy, substantial building, and of world-wide interest, because within its walls lived one whose pious young life, illuminated by the genius of Legh Richmond, was once read to the extent of millions of copies, which were circulated in at least nineteen languages. Few works (it was originally prepared as a tract) has ever so influenced mankind. Unlike most books, it was not a mere intellectual performance; it was the record of a real life; a life of self-abnegation, self-sacrifice and toil for the poor and afflicted.

Old Arreton church and its surrounding graves are in the village, back from the main street, approached by a short lane. No town inhabitants were visible as we went toward the spot. Were the men, women and children all in the harvest field? Perhaps so, for the wheat was being gathered, and there were bountiful harvests. The church was locked, and so we wandered behind it, and readily found the plain thin, marble stone, on which was inscribed, "Elizabeth Wallbridge," the date of her death and age, (1801, aged 31) and this epitaph:

"Stranger! if e'er, by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallow'd turf thy footsteps tread;
Turn from the contemplation of this sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth, but He who bore,
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her, His truthfulness to prove,
The choicest treasures of His boundless love:
Faith that dispell'd afflictions darkest gloom;
Hope, that could cheer the passage of the tomb,
Peace, that not Hell's dark Legions could destroy;
And Love, that fill'd the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarm'd, she knew no fear,
But tasted Heaven e'en while she lingered here:



Church of the Dairyman's Daughter, Arreton.

Oh! happy saint, may we like thee be blest
In life be faithful, and in death find rest."

Next to her lies buried her elder sister, whose death was the occasion of Legh Richmond's acquaintance with Elizabeth. There were wild flowers upon the rounded mound, and the sun shone warm and lovingly above it. By ringing a bell at the gate to the rectory we were enabled to secure admission to the church, a curious edifice, mentioned in Domesday Book (1085) and probably belonging to an earlier century, though the most of what remains is of somewhat later date. If one desires to study Norman architecture in its simplest forms, following on to the early English, he can do it at Arreton without much effort. I saw one Fourteenth Century epitaph on an ancient brass above a figure in plate armor which is very odd; but if I begin to quote epitaphs from English graveyards there will be no end of them, as the land abounds in quaint ones. If time had permitted, I should have climbed Arreton Down, only a half hour from the village, from which there is said to be a superb view of the surrounding country.

Newport is four miles beyond Arreton. Here we stopped to see the inside of the parish church of St. Thomas, first erected in 1180, and containing the tomb of the Princess Elizabeth. The church (rebuilt in 1854) is so modern, that, save for its picturesque tower, it would have little architectural interest for a traveler. But it does have fine memorials, which were shown with enthusiastic courtesy by one of the curates. One is the preserved and beautiful Jacobean pulpit of 1631, whose Stuart arms and carvings in relief are both curious and well wrought. Another is the fine alabaster effigy above the tomb of Sir Edward Horsey, captain of the Isle of Wight from 1565-'82.

The third and chiefest is the spot where were laid the remains of the darling daughter of Charles I., who at fourteen years of age gave up her pure, young life that she might pass into the glories of the sphere where all sorrows are said to flee away in the presence of seraphic spirits. Pretty nearly an angel upon earth, she died, as she had lived, with her rich, fair soul feeding upon the Word of God, for her head was found resting on the pages of her father's Bible. This tender child died in Carisbrooke Castle on the eighth of September, 1650, three weeks after being transferred, with her young brother, the Duke of Gloucester, to that spot so fraught with wretched memories for her father, and nineteen months after his execution at Whitehall. Buried in this church without a memorial, only by accident in 1793 was the exact place of her interment discovered. Over sixty years more were allowed to elapse without a monument, when the good Queen Victoria "as a token of respect for her virtues and of sympathy for her misfortunes," directed Marochetti to make a suitable one at her private expense, and in 1856 a recumbent figure in marble, in the position in which she died, was put in place. Above the figure are broken iron bars, to indicate that she died in prison. It is the most cherished tomb on the Isle of Wight. If it be not Marochetti's masterpiece, it has certainly added to his fame. The church is in possession of other valuable relics of the older edifice: communion-plate and alms-boxes of 1635, the baptismal font of 1633, and a reading desk of 1670.

Newport has a business aspect, and would pass anywhere as a flourishing place, but, historically, all interest in this section centres in Carisbrooke—an older village by a thousand years, since it dates from the First Century—and its almost incomparable Castle.

Everybody drives direct to Carisbrooke for a luncheon, and we did. Under the fine old trees by the "Eight Bells" hotel, with plenty of shade and a profusion of velvet greensward, we enjoyed things hot and cold as ordered, including apple pie and cream, which were American-like and palatable.

I did not learn whether the Carisbrooke church was as old as the former parish church at Newport—perhaps it is a century or two younger—but its large, square tower has a date on it, "1470," and some of its walls, and at least one doorway, are certainly three hundred years older. Its pulpit bears date "1658;" its front was made fifty years before. Its position on a hill in the town gives it prominence for miles around, and from no point does it show to better advantage than from the top of the Castle, a mile away. Toward that Castle we bent our steps across the brook, between the hedges, up the smooth hillside of grass, along the narrow and smooth-worn pathway, till we attained the summit. I confess I went with even more eagerness than on a former visit. I wanted to see again that magnificent view from the battlements; to look once more on the prison chambers of Charles and of Elizabeth; and, hardly least, to see if "Jacob" might still be at work on that eternal treadmill, where he and his ancestors for three centuries past had been pumping water, and where his "tu'penny" earnings go to keep the old windlass in repair and to provide for the care-taker. Sure enough, "Jacob" was there, but alternating his work with "Ned," who is the older of the two, and whom I did not see on the former visit. Every boy of Carisbrooke knows them to be as patient and as intelligent a pair of brutes as ever were set to a daily task. "Ned" is twenty-three years of age and "Jacob" twelve. According to a

printed notice, thus runs the history of the well and of the mechanical features: "Date of well, 1150; of wheel, 1588; depth, 161 feet; depth of water 30 feet; diameter of wheel, 15.6 feet; distance walked by donkey in pulling up the buckets, 240 yards." Men are but boys of a larger growth and I took an interest



The "Jacob" of 1901.

even in these measurements, perhaps for the sake of those patient donkeys.

I will not repeat the history of Carisbrooke Castle as related elsewhere.* That history is as imperishable as seems to be the fortress itself. What is left of the ruins is so well-preserved and is so much a part of the

* See Chapter XIV.

prized treasures of the island, that one can fancy the visitor of the year 2901 finding here the same velvet bed of short-cropped grass within its foliage-covered walls; the same high, buttressed gateway; the same frowning keep, with steep climb of steps to the top; the same deep well and windlass, with a descendant of "Jacob" to pump the water; the same bars of iron between which Charles pushed his unlucky head that fateful night of March 28, 1648; the same small, square, bare and white-washed room in which Elizabeth breathed her last prayer and fell on sleep. Nothing about Carisbrooke has changed for two and a-half centuries, and why should it for ten centuries to come? Alas, I did miss, in 1901, one notable feature of the entrance way, the memory of which on the previous visit was vivid, and which must have been commented upon by prisoners of state and of war, and by other visitors, during the past three centuries since its erection. I refer to the ponderous doors of English oak, the right hand one containing a wicket, which closed the portals of the main entrance. These were of great interest, and why they were recently removed and new ones, not nearly so artistic, substituted, I did not learn; they were certainly not worn out.

I have said little of the country through which our coach merrily passed, because it was chiefly a series of ups and downs, of rich farming lands, of plain and few residences of tillers of the soil. But from Carisbrooke across to the eastern sea-coast, a drive of ten miles, the views were finer, the air more bracing, and consequently the tension of the party higher. Here on our right and left were the everlasting hills, high set, with light-houses or towers upon them, successors to those beacon-lights which, in the earlier ages, lit up the sky to signal the approach of the incursive Danes.

How they carry one back to those historic days when every man was on the watch against the pirates and plunderers of the land of Canute!

The furze was not in blossom, but it and the holly associated together and straggled about the fields, or made hedges so irregular that it is apparent the wild



The "Magnet" Party Stopping on the Way.

winds of winter blow fiercely on these downs, and twist the trunks of young trees somewhat as upon the Cornish coast. We sang cheerful songs along the road. How Americans love to sing "Nancy Lee" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and various mixtures of pious and secular songs when out upon a

coach-and-four in a foreign land, only those realize who have experienced it. It is difficult to keep the voice silent, at times. Why should it be silent, as it disturbs no one, not even the sheep and the blackbirds on their coats? And is it not in harmony with landscape and sunbeam? I remember that this time we all started the repetitive "Scotland is burning," and afterward, "John Brown," with its humorous short-stops. And so we dipped the hill past Niton and the yew-arched porch of its old-fashioned church; and soon were fronting the sea, where we veered round short to the left in front of the "Undercliff."

The "Undercliff" has been spoken of as Palisades. It is more of a wonder than the precipices of the Hudson. It consists of terraces of marly chalk, which have a green-sand foundation, and these chalky rocks have slipped and slid toward the sea, by the infiltration of water, so that they are in irregular shapes, and present varying and curious levels. It is almost a geological wonder. What adds to its attraction, aside from the deep shadows it throws across the road when the afternoon sun hides behind it, is the luxuriant growths at its feet. The rocks stand out boldly two hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and at their base are gathered all manner of vegetation, such as grows rank and beautiful. Great trees, thick of leaves as in the Brazilian forest; wild ivy, so heavy as to cover the ground from view; shrubs, without name or number; flowers, tall and fragrant, where the open spaces permit of it; and all the while one of the finest public roads in the whole kingdom of Great Britain. It is a ride for a Queen. And that reminds me that the "Queen's Drive," when so called, is usually the plainest and tamest in England, while the best drives are without names, or have insignificant nomenclatures.

It had been intended to go to Blackgang Chine, which is due west of Niton, but the day was wearing away, and we learned that, beside Shanklin, this Chine would be disappointing. We spent the time, instead, stopping to see "the smallest church in Britain," that of St. Lawrence, and nothing of the day's drive repaid us better. It had been enlarged during the past century, but the real edifice, as it stood for ages, was only twenty by twelve feet. The building is also believed to be the oldest church on the island, dating from the Twelfth Century. We had to walk up a brief hill to reach it, for it is out of sight from the main road, as if intentionally hidden away behind the Cliff. No building stands near it. It was locked, of course, even the gateway of the surrounding stone fence being securely fastened. But fences, when not covered with cut glass —a too-frequent English practice—are no barriers to enthusiastic travellers. We speedily surmounted this one, pushed upon and over it several of the ladies, and then inspected the interior through the plain but tiny windows. It is so small a church as to seem like a toy. I counted, I think, about two rows of seats and there was a reading desk. It is safe to surmise that it would comfortably seat twenty-four people. I am informed that it has contained, standing, over a hundred persons, but there does not seem room for such a number. Services are held in it only occasionally. A new and handsome church edifice a few hundred yards off, upon the main highway, now houses the worshipping people of the parish.

We came back into Ventnor, past the magnificent pile of buildings which constitute an asylum for consumptives, under royal patronage, over the hill by St. Catherine's church, with horn blowing and with a full sense of contentment with all the world. We had

driven only about thirty miles, but had seen much of the Isle of Wight, seen it at its best, and it scarcely needed the illumination of the public gardens in the evening to make us feel captives to a glorious spell.

As to Ventnor itself, it should be added that I have always liked Ventnor exceedingly, and have paid it visit after visit for several years in order to drink in anew the beauties of the town and its surroundings. I have stood before the pretty "Esplanade" hotel—an ideal hostelry—when the extraordinary brilliancy of the waves rolling in upon the beach at my feet, with the ocean stretching out far and wide toward France, and the genial air of the hills, made it a pleasure simply to live and view such a scene. I have always gone in the afternoon on the "Undercliff" to lie down in the grass and enjoy the remarkable ocean prospect. I cannot better describe such a half hour upon the "Undercliff" than by quoting the unpublished words of a gifted lady writer, who was a member of a party on one of these visits, and whose knowledge of bird and plant-life, as well as of history, is of a superior order: "John Sterling spent his last days at Hillside cottage and it was good out on the 'Cliff,' to recall some of his pure hymns. A more restful spot than this 'Cliff' on the bright Sunday when I visited it, could not be imagined. Lying on the sweet sod, with the cloudless blue above and the sparkling blue beneath, the intervening space filled with sweet scents and roses, where 'smal soules makyn melody,' it was quite easy for one to feel content with her own lot and at peace with all the world. I could hardly step, much less lie down, without crushing the modest daisy beloved by Chaucer and Burns, and many another flower beside, that remains unsung, including the tiny yellow clover and the bind-weed. The bind-weed here

creeps into the grass and is much more delicate than ours, having a corolla not over an inch in diameter. I afterwards asked a little maiden, whom I met in a lane down in Cornwall, what she called the flower, and she answered very softly, 'Umbrellas.' Here, as always on the coast, the flowers are vividly colored, the yellow seeming especially to abound. Among the new species, it was pleasant to recognize familiar ones, the dandalions, the sonchus, the brunella and the potentilla. High up on the cliff I found a comfortable nook near a tangle of the pink wild rose, blackberry blossoms, elder and bedstraw, where a pair of stonechats attracted me. They were flitting back and forth with food in their beaks, too much engrossed with parental cares and anxieties to sing much. Nor was I favored with any music from the blackbirds that flew down from the top of the 'Cliff,' occasionally, and searched for food in the grass. The English 'blackbird' is a thrush and has all the characteristics of our robin in air and gait, and manner of picking up his food. He has, too, a yellow bill, but that is his sole bit of color. The bird that did sing, however, was the yellowhammer and I grew very fond of his simple strain as I afterward heard it almost continuously driving along the hedges in Cornwall and Devonshire. It consists of a few rapid notes, pitched rather high, followed by a long, lower note. This bird, by the way, bears no relation to our bird of that name, the well-known woodpecker. The English yellowhammer is a finch about the size of our song-sparrow. Other birds came and went, among them the chaffinch and the cole-tit-mouse, the latter much like our chickadee, but having, beside other distinguishing marks, a line of gray at the back of his black cap. From the top of the 'Cliff' a fine view stretches east and west, including Ventnor

and Steephill Castle, the latter a modern structure suggesting feudal days."





Lake Windermere.

XXIV.—THE ENGLISH LAKES: WORDSWORTH-LAND.

WHETHER for natural beauties, or for long-continued, healthful, inspiring associations with the sweetest and best coterie of modern English poets, the Lake District outranks all other parts of Britain. I have coached in it again and again, up hill and down dale, over blackest passes and through fairest glens, in lights and in shades, amid darkest storm and in brightest sunshine, in the early morning and at the sunsetting, and it has always awakened sublime emotions and created undreamed-of joys. An enthusiastic traveler, when Nature is doing the wooing, I am doubly enthusiastic when the spirits of great men and women are hovering near. Loneliness there is to the full if one goes through the upper fells without companionship, and with no sense of those high-minded souls who have been there before, and left on printed pages the lessons they found in crag and tarn, in eyrie and heather, in lichen, moss and silvery stream,

in beech and oak, in butterwort, juniper, and foxglove. But how can one go through Wordsworth-land so? Who can read that poet's innumerable auto-biographical sonnets and odes, his elegiac verses and his tributes to flowers and woods, and not feel the roseate flush of a new dawn cast over his pathway as he visits Grasmere and Rydal Water?

Yet it is not alone Wordsworth who has made the Lake country immortal. Southey and Gray, the Coleridges and De Quincey, Carlyle and Brontë, Arnold and Scott, Davy and Wilkinson, Martineau and Faber, Shelley and Keats, Wilson and Smith, Lamb and Clarkson, Quillinan and Canning, Dean Stanley and Rosetti, and—perhaps higher seers still—Tennyson and Ruskin, have breathed this air, and in song or story have told the world of this lovable land, within whose gates they have exclaimed with the bard of Rydal Mount:

"Each moment lovelier than before."

Each has lived and revelled here in a

"genial hour,
When universal nature breathed
As with the breath of one sweet flower,—
A time to over-rule the power
Of discontent."

Of Americans Emerson, Holmes and Hawthorne have had most delightful hours looking upon these beauty-spots and the latter's diary has many a page devoted to Windermere, Grasmere and Derwent.

For convenience and for the truth of history also, let us think of the Lake District as embracing Wordsworth-land, Southey-land, and Ruskin-land.

Wordsworth-land is really the whole of the Lake country. Not a square mile of it but was familiar to

his eye and ' warming to the cockles of his heart.' But the most of his years was spent in the vicinity of Grasmere and Windermere, so that, by common consent, those places are chiefly associated with his memory and that of his loving sister, Dorothy. Southey resided for over forty years, and at last died, at Greta Hall, within view of Keswick. The northern portion of the Lake region is, therefore, quite properly Southeyland. Ruskin's home was at Brantwood, on the Coniston Water, from 1871 to his death; and so that part of the " land of water and of storms " may be termed Ruskin-land. In their order, let us visit these, remembering that while one may coach over the charmingly-made roads, he must turn aside into the narrow, well-worn paths, on foot, if he would see the full

" sweep of endless woods,
Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling floods."

The true gate-way to Wordsworth-land is by Lake Windermere. The man in a hurry will doubtless keep on the train going north to Oxenholme and the town of Windermere, but he misses a fine threshold of glorious opalescence if he does not make his final station Lakeside, and there take boat to traverse the eight miles of water between it and Bowness. Windermere is at once the largest and best known of all the various lakes of this district. From it there are unusually fine views in the background of high mountains, of which, from this point, Helvellyn is king. Lakeside is attractive, but that is not in the mountains, so we must go on farther if we would reach our true goal. In this way gradually, as we go up the lake, Black Holme Isle is passed, and then we see, on the right, Storrs Hall, now a hotel, where during the first quarter of the last century Sir Walter Scott spent some of his

happy Lake days. "Here is this beautiful lake," said he, in one of his letters to a friend, written from this Hall, "lying before me, as still as a mirror, reflecting all the hills and streams as distinctly as if they were drawn on its surface with a pencil." There was a mem-



John Wilson ("*Christopher North*.")

orable meeting at this place at one time (1825) between Scott, Wordsworth, Canning, (the Parliamentary leader), Lockhart, (Scott's son-in-law and biographer) and Wilson ("Christopher North") the occasion being a celebration of the event of Scott's visit. Wilson brought the meeting about; his home was at

Birthwaite and Wordsworth's not much farther away. All the rowing boats of the lake, perhaps thirty in number—to-day we should see hundreds instead—were out with flying colors. For three hours and more they rowed around the island on a summer's afternoon, the spectators firing cannon from the shore and the wit of the various authors scintillating like the lake's sparkling waters. There were "gay flashings of courtly wit," said Lockhart, and this Boswell to Scott rarely made a mistake in jotting down his recollections. For some days these regattas were continued, and there were tramps through the surrounding, delicious woods in the mornings, and music, gay banquets and bright anecdotes during the afternoons and evenings. I cannot pass Storrs Hall without doffing my hat to the shades of this quartette of great minds, who made Windermere a festival spot that August-week, seventy-six years ago.

Now we see Nabb Scar to the north, Coniston Old Man to the west and Orrest Head to the East, and there lies the pretty town of Bowness at the right. A charming spot; the cream of the resting places on Windermere for the traveler just initiating himself into its beauties. Hawthorne spent some happy days at Bowness. There are plenty of rambles hereabouts; none better than the ten-mile walk to and from Hawkshead and Esthwaite Water. The former is the market-town, where Wordsworth went to the grammar school of Archbishop Sandys, founded in 1585; the latter was the scene in his "Prelude" of skating by moonlight. But, to-day, let us walk or drive up the old town of Birthwaite, (as it once was, Windermere as it is,) one and one-half miles distant, and there take coach for Ambleside and Grasmere. It will prove

the best introductory ride in the whole region, for every foot of it will pass through enchanted ground.

The first time I coached over this way was in the long evening twilight of a July day. At that hour, perfect peace and sweet tranquility brooded over Orrest Head and the surrounding hills. Even the village itself, save near the railway station, was as quiet as on a Sunday. Elleray, where the editor of "Blackwood" lived in his last years—and who ever thinks of "North" without remembering his bitter reviews, almost deadly in their results to some men of genius more divinely gifted than he?—was rich to the eye, though the old structure had been mostly pulled down to make a new one. The parish church and many other buildings were swathed in myrtles and similar creepers, and tit-bits of ends of cottages and turrets of richly-built mansions peeped out from the woods on every hand. Soon the lake appeared, glassy like a Persian mirror. Every corner of the roadway was a bower of vines. Each stone fence was a forecast of the taste of the landowner, for it is finished to perfection and garmented with mosses, or with ivy. In all the landscape there was nothing in the evening light that seemed to be angular, but each hill, every pasture field, each tree, every mountain summit, far or near, was smoothed down, toned down, to the exact finish of precise art. The wonder is not more that Nature here has been so prodigal of her charms as that Man has done so much to give those charms fit settings and polishings. As the road was pursued toward Ambleside it became apparent that no road-bed in the wide world could be better; it was absolutely smooth and as hard as granite.

Briery Close was not to be seen from the road, as I recollect, but it was on the right hand beyond a bit

of woodland, a little to the south of Ambleside. There was a gate opening to the way leading to it. There lived Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, and it is the spot to which Charlotte Brontë came in 1850, and where she met Mrs. Gaskell, whose "Life" of that Yorkshire poet is such interesting reading. Surely she did not enter Briery Close without sadness that she was too late in this, her delayed visit to the Lakes, to see Southey, whose memorable letters of welcome to that region, and of praise for her early genius, had so ennobled her aims; or Wordsworth, whose poems had been long her food; and to see with her own eyes the antithesis of Yorkshire, the "glorious region" of the Lakes, of which she wrote she "had only seen the similitude in dreams, waking or sleeping."

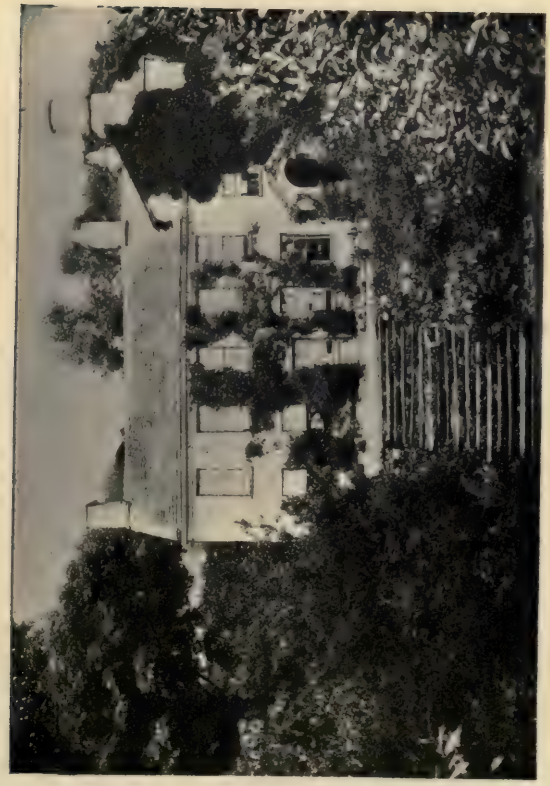
Somewhere in this vicinity, between the lake and Wansfell, there lived for a little time Felicia Hemans. She was there in 1830 to visit Wordsworth. She sang repeatedly of Italy and other lands, but, true Englishwoman, she never ceased to love her native soil. Who does not remember well her description of "The Homes of England," beginning:

> "The stately homes of England!
> How beautiful they stand,
> Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
> O'er all the pleasant land!
> The deer across their greensward bound,
> Through shade and sunny gleam;
> And the swan glides past them with the sound
> Of some rejoicing stream."

And now we crossed the bridge over the stream called the Rotha, the same up which one ascends a few miles more to Grasmere, for it connects the two lakes. Beside it, in a "green-mantled cottage," lived Frederick W. Faber, poet of sacred songs, preacher of eloquence, brilliant talker. Little read as are his oth-

er works, his hymns are sung to-day in almost every church in Christendom. He left this house in 1840, but, before leaving, was the well-known choirmaster of the parish church of Ambleside, and also a ministering angel of sweetness and light both in kirk and in home. Brathay Hall lies over the valley to the left, near the head of Lake Windermere, where the Hardens lived, and where "Christopher North" obtained his bride, Jane Penny.

Ambleside I found to be a busy spot. The traffic in souvenirs and in travelers goes on, unceasing, night and day. It is a good place at which to water the horses, and an excellent point at which to make excursions; but those of quiet mind and serious turn would not be contented to remain here long. It is too busy and too noisy. It could not have been so when Miss Fenwick, Wordsworth's invalid friend, and the friend of Henry Crabbe Robinson and other men of talent, found in her home an oasis from worldly struggles. The only other house in Ambleside which one might care to pause to see, is the residence, now, of William Henry Hills, a useful man, who by his influence is preserving with fidelity the heritage of the Lakes as a place of restfulness, and by his jealous care of the "Knoll," is keeping guard over the mansion that Harriet Martineau built and for thirty years called her own. Miss Martineau died a quarter-century ago; whatever light she saw, or saw not, this is what she placed upon the sun-dial still standing in her garden: "Come, Light, visit me!" Reformer, historian, novelist, author of winning tales for children, from this pulpit she preached to a parish as wide as the world. Here came to sit at her feet sages and geniuses. Charlotte Bronté was there to see her and said: "I believe she almost rules Ambleside," and she was right. Miss



Rydal Mount.

Martineau was a monument of industry, a pattern of dignified austerity, and a great power in English politics and philosophy for over forty years.

Humphrey Davy lived at Lesketh How, and here it is, I think, whence one gets his best view (across the valley) of Fox How, at the foot of Loughrigg Fell, home of Dr. Arnold, headmaster of Rugby, and where his boys, Edward, Thomas and William were born.* I have since gone by it on a bicycle, by taking leave of the road to Grasmere a little above Lesketh How, and then following the private road way down toward the river Brathay. What a pretty way that is! The road is crossed everywhere with the shadows of lordly trees, and there is absolute freedom from passers-by. The river flows along, rippling in echoes of spring laughter, though when I saw it the spring had passed. I saw blackbirds in the lower meadows, sheep in the meadow pastures, harvests in the wheatfields. Fox How had a hundred fine old fir-trees, which disappeared in a gale in 1893, but it has many a birch and Scotch fir left. The house of 1833 stands now, as when first built, stalwart, majestic, though softened into lovely groups of bowers and by small and large windows overhung with vines and roses. Dean Stanley brought his bride to Fox How when he was wedded in 1863. Matthew Arnold and Arthur Clough —Tennyson's dear friend—fished and swam in every pool in this vicinity. " Matthew has gone out fishing when he ought properly to be working," wrote Clough of his youthful companion in 1844.

But to the main road again. Nightfall was on us. I could just discern Rydal Park—once a park of deer —and Rydal Hall on the right, the seat of the Le

* For view of it, see Chapter XXVI.

Flemings. Then a road ran up hill, with a church in the foreground and Rydal Fell high above it. Heavy old trees on either side nearly cut off the view. I could



Wordsworth.

barely see the tops of a chimney or two among the tall ash and pines. In broad daylight some of the house is visible. Of course we all dismounted from the coach, though we knew the gathering dusk would for-

bid sharpness of outline for any sight, and walked three or four hundred yards to Rydal Mount, the last home of Wordsworth, the last home of Dorothy. For seven and thirty years the poet, who had earned his laurels at Grasmere, wore his crown on this small hill. The owner of the property does not welcome visitors, especially of the tourist sort. He bars the gate to strangers. One cannot quarrel with him, for he owns the property. In the daylight one can see fairly well the front of the rather plain, yet substantial mansion, and its situation is, on the whole, commanding. It is just far enough back from the road to be off from the noise of travel. It has a grand background of Nabb Scar, and, nearer, abundant foliage. I suspect, ere the trees in front were so large, it had from its southerly windows beautiful glimpses of Rydal Water and of Loughrigg Fell, and even now a portion of Windermere is always in view. Emerson was here in 1833, having just visited Carlisle in Scotland, and in his "English Traits" tells of the visit out on the terrace path. Wordsworth read aloud to him some sonnets on Fingal's Cave, reciting them "like a schoolboy." The poet died in this house in 1850, aged four score years, and Dorothy in 1855, aged eighty-three. A more devoted brother and sister never lived, not excepting Charles and Mary Lamb.

Very close to the road which leads up to Royal Mount is Glen Rothay, (Ivy Cottage, formerly called), where Wordsworth's son-in-law, Quillinan, lived; and then comes Nab Cottage, where Hartley Coleridge, brightest shadow of what might have been, spent the years 1837-1849, thirteen of the last years of his life. Hartley was a real genius, but he deliberately blasted his future for the sake of the drink habit, and died at fifty-three in what he himself described as "the woe-



Grasmere.

ful impotence of weak resolves." It was at Nab Cottage where De Quincey found his wife, Margaret Simpson, in 1816. Every point from here to Grasmere, which is only two miles away, is impressed with the memory of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and, as we swing around the last corner and skirt Grasmere Lake, there is a sense of relief that at last we have come into the very heart of the country sacred to many of the sweetest and noblest natures that ever flowered out into human speech.

Grasmere Lake is round, only one mile in diameter, and lovingly lies in the lap of bare, but splendid hills. It is easy to declare it is the "gem" of the lakes, and yet, as each sheet of water in the Lake region has its own peculiar beauties, comparisons are scarcely just. I am especially fond of Grasmere because of its own inherent charms: its central location in the Lake District; its nearness to those hills and fells of Westmoreland, which are so packed with interesting associations; and last, not least, because of its two charming hotels, the "Prince of Wales" (formerly "Brown's") and the "Rothay." Both these hotels are under the management of a wide-awake and most courteous gentleman, Mr. Cowperthwaite, to know whom is to fasten one to Grasmere by a special tie. I like most the situation, the homelikeness and the quiet of the "Prince of Wales," and know of no hotel in the whole of England more likely to give satisfaction to those who care less for the rush and push of the incoming and outgoing tourists and the babel of noise than for the unadulterated serenity of a well-kept haven of repose. At Ambleside, or at Keswick, there are jostling and busy parties arriving hourly and all is hurly-burly and confusion. But at the edge of Grasmere, within cannon range of Helvel-

lyn, one is so close to Nature that she is just like the heart of your best friend, "tender and true." The little island in the centre of the lake is the only interruption to the open water, but it adds a charm to the scene, which is one of absolute stillness. You can take your little boat and run out to that island, and from that point, perhaps, the landscape is the most gentle and pleasing, but it is all sweetly beautiful. Of grandeur there is none, but the word "loveliness" exactly expresses it. The lawn of the "Prince of Wales," with its copper beech and other fine trees, is perfect. I remember waking one morning, after a late arrival at the hotel, and discovering that my room looked out upon this lawn and the lake beyond, and it was, I thought, the nearest approach to Paradise I had ever enjoyed. In fine weather a Sunday at this spot is the acme of privilege.

The best panorama of Grasmere is from Red Bank, the point of observation being not quite up to the summit of Loughrigg Fell. It is reached by the road, which goes first through Grasmere village and then around the lake, and ascends the hill southwesterly toward Coniston. The charm of that point has never failed me. Here, if anywhere, you think of Professor Hoppin's declaration, that Grasmere "could not have been named anything else," because its grassy margin is everywhere visible, "spreading out into dark green meadows and climbing up almost to the summits of the bold cliffs that curl their edges over this vale." Helm Crag behind, like "a Roman soldier's nodding crest," guards the amphitheatre with splendid dignity, and the lofty hills encircling the valley everywhere, with the glassy lake and its one island in the centre, all completely isolated from the outer world,

make the scene one to cause the heart to leap for joy that God has fashioned a shrine so beautiful.

There is a "Wishing Gate" about a mile from the hotel, to which an early morning walk is commended, and which is in the same spot as that which made the subject of one of Wordsworth's poems. The old gate became so moss-grown that it was removed, but the new is already covered with many initials of visitors.

> "Even the stranger from afar,
> Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
> Unknowing and unknown,
> The infection of the ground partakes,
> Longing for his Beloved, who makes
> All happiness her own."

Notwithstanding all the wishes made over the old and the present gate are not fulfilled, who shall say that the many are not answered? There are other excursions, almost without number, to be made from Grasmere, to huge rocks, to terraces, to tarns, to fells, to mountain tops. The local guide-book will tell of them all, and will declare that it is twelve miles to the summit of Helvellyn and return; twenty-four miles to Conistonwater and return; thirteen miles to Keswick; fifteen miles to make the circuit of Lake Thirlmere. No distances for ordinary day-journeys are great from Grasmere.

But let us mount coaches again at the "Prince of Wales" for Grasmere village. Or, why not walk it and be overtaken at the church? For it is only a few hundred yards from the hotel to Dove Cottage, which is on the way just back of the main road. To Dove Cottage, which is now the property of the nation, and so will be preserved for all time, Wordsworth and his sister came in December, 1799,—

> "To this lovely cottage in its garden nook
> Whose very flowers are sacred to the poor."

Until May, 1808, the two enjoyed this home with all the ardor of their refined and enthusiastic natures. Here the poet wrote some of his best songs, to birds, to tarns, to flowers, to the peaks, and in them played upon all the varied strings of the human heart. His "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," his "Prelude," and his second volume of "Lyrical Ballads," were born in Dove Cottage, or while he sat on some



Dove Cottage.

stone, or under some shady oak, within an hour's walk away. Here he had notable guests—Coleridge, Southey, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb. De Quincey came to the house a year after Wordsworth left it for Allan Bank, and then (1809) became the tenant of Dove, and remained there for seven and twenty years. In this house he was an opium-eater, and here he touched all the depths of despair and some heights of

joy. In his "Reminiscences" he says: "I was to succeed the illustrious tenant, Wordsworth, who had in my mind hallowed the rooms." "Cottage, immortal in my remembrance; . . . this was the scene of struggle, the most tempestuous and bitter within my own mind; this the scene of my despondency and unhappiness; this the scene of my happiness." The rooms, the windows and all the surroundings have been restored, as nearly as may be, to their former conditions. Here are Wordsworth's bed-room, and Dorothy's, and the room wherein Scott slept. Here are the drawing-room and library, and, of course, the kitchen. While the house deserves its attention, I like the garden behind it better; it is an "uphill" garden, and if sometimes the Monday wash must have been hung out on the grass to dry, we may be sure there were more occasions when the brother and sister, alone or together, sat in the little arbor, bowered with flowers, and talked and wrote, or amused and meditated, far into the evening twilight. Here he wrote:

> "This plot of orchard ground is ours,
> My trees they are, my sister's flowers."

There is quite a little settlement about Dove Cottage, called now, as it was early in the last Century, "Town End."

It is a mile further to the village proper. Formerly, as now, the coach road to Keswick kept to the east, and passed, not Grasmere church, but the "Swan Inn," which was a meeting-place for the Lake poets, and especially a resort of Scott. Quite near this inn is Allan Bank, the house where Wordsworth lived from 1808 to 1811, when he made his last removal to Rydal Mount. Dr. Arnold resided in it during the summers of 1832 and 1833. Grasmere church is thor-



Wordsworth's Grave.

oughly quaint within. Its massive pillars and naked rafters are unique even for a country where curious architecture abounds. "St. Oswald," as it is called, was constructed no one seems to know when, and if it has been changed, except, perhaps, to be lengthened, there are no apparent signs of it.

> "Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
> But large and massy; for duration built;
> With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
> By naked rafters, intricately crossed,
> Like leafless underboughs, in some thick wood."

Wordsworth's pew is here—not the large one sometimes pointed out—and there he must have sat, hundreds of Sabbath mornings, to listen to dull sermons, but lost in religious thought. Back of it is a tablet to his memory. This sanctuary must have been, ere the present village had gathered around it, like a haven of refuge from the storms of life. The rushing Rothay, clear as crystal, flows by its open door, and the adjacent graveyard only adds to the solemn tenderness of the scene. This yard contains at least five tombstones which are looked upon daily by scores, often by hundreds, of curious, appreciative and unappreciative eyes: to Arthur Clough, on whose tomb are lines Tennyson wrote for his dead friend; to Edward Quillinan; to Hartley Coleridge, on whose stone is that sadly pitiful prayer for help to the weak, "By thy Cross and Passion;" to Dorothy Wordsworth, and to William Wordsworth. There is another buried there, of whom little has been written, William Green, a true poet of Nature, who died in 1823, and whose epitaph Wordsworth himself composed.

Grasmere as a village straggles along the road-way for a half mile, and the most that can be said of it is that it is restful and dull, as such villages in moral

localities are. But its buildings are all fresh-looking and up-to-date. The gray stone used in them, without visible mortar, are the most attractive of any building stone in the world—so I have always thought—and they house an intelligent and happy people.





Southey's Monument.

XXV.—THE ENGLISH LAKES: SOUTHEY-LAND.

SOUTHEY was associated with Keswick from 1803 to 1843, in which latter year he died. Coleridge resided in the same house before him, from 1800 to 1803, and then lived with him a year or so, when he went to Malta for a couple of years, returning to Keswick in 1806, but not remaining there long after. The house was called Greta Hall, and it stands today, a short mile out of Keswick, the same in all essentials as it was a century ago. Of the two men, Southey was the finer gentleman, if not truer poet, and the sweeter character. Canon Rawnsley refers eloquently to him as "this knightly, this true brotherly and fatherly man—this gentleman, head and shoulders above the literati of his day in pure unworldliness and simple-minded honesty;" and again as "this lofty scholar, this humble, child-like doer of each day's work to the full reach of his power; this encyclopædia of learning; this grave thinker; this poet of his time." He could write prose even more forcibly than verse, but whether as writer of prose or poetry he was, above all else, every inch a man! For this reason one likes to think



The Top of Helvellyn.

of the Keswick region as Southey-land, though he did little in his published writings to make the beauties of the valley known to his fellow-men. His library was his study-chamber rather than the rocks and water-edges as in Wordsworth's case.

To reach Keswick from Grasmere the coach passes Lake Thirlmere and the Vale of St. John. The old road is to the east of Thirlmere, the new road to the west. The new road has been constructed much less than a decade and it is the most attractive of the two. I advise that it be taken from Grasmere in preference to the old, first detouring enough to see the fragments of the "Rock of Names." The new road divides from the old near Wythburn, about four miles north of Grasmere, after one has made the ascent of the long hill of Dunmail Raise, and gained the nearest approach by public road to Helvellyn. In 1805 Helvellyn was ascended by Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott and Humphrey Davy, and we have a most interesting account of it preserved for us in their letters and diaries of that time. It is three thousand, one hundred and eighteen feet high, and, while only a little less lofty than Skiddaw, I am told it is easier of ascent and its views usually more satisfying. The photographs of Striding Edge, as examples of the "savage wilderness of Helvellyn's height," are certainly among the finest that have ever been shown of any mountain summit, embracing a memorable view of Grasmere and Thirlmere valleys and their backgrounds of hills. On Dunmael Raise, Gray, the poet, stood on October 8th, 1769, when he came to this region and first surveyed the exquisite scene. His figurative description of it is quaint, beginning: "The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin discovers in the midst Grasmere; its margin is hollowed into

small bays; with eminences, some of them rocks, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command." We descend from here to Wythburn, but only a trifle, as Lake Thirlmere, which begins near that hamlet, is three hundred and twenty-five feet higher than Grasmere. Here branch off the two roads. The old one must be centuries old. It is the one over which Wordsworth from the south, and Coleridge, (and, later, Southey), from the north, walked many and many a year to meet and greet each other, and exchange high-born thoughts. Keats was at Wythburn in 1818, and he wrote of sleeping at the foot of Helvellyn, "but could not ascend it for the mist." There is now a wayside stone newly erected to the memory of Matthew Arnold, and then comes the cairn, containing the fragments of that "Rock of Names," which is the main feature of the east Thirlmere road. This "Rock of Names" was a huge stone on which Wordsworth, his affianced bride, (Mary Hutchinson), his sister Dorothy, and Coleridge cut deep their initials in 1800; letters

> "That once seemed only to express
> Love that was love in idleness."

Other initials are also on the same stone. The Manchester Corporation having purchased Lake Thirlmere and joined it to that city by a pipe eighty miles long, in order to use its pure water, it was necessary to raise the lake by a dam. In doing this the "Rock of Names" and a part of the old roadway were submerged. Then some fragments of the rock were set up in a cairn, constructed higher on the hillside for its permanent preservation. All views of Thirlmere are pretty, but aside from these views it is rather a tame ride on this east road to Castle Rigg, which brings us

in sight of Keswick. On the new road, however, the views grow better and better as the curves are passed, one by one, and when at last High Seat and Bleaberry Fell are overhanging at our left, there is a culminating scene of a great deal of grandeur. One cannot pass Thirlmere without remembering Faber's sad lines upon it and its vicinity, on the occasion of one of his later visits:

"I have been here before, you scarce can tell
The outline of the hills;
The light is changed—another voice doth swell
In these wild-sounding rills.

"I have been here before, in sun and shade;
A blythe green place it seemed;
Here have I talked with friends, sweet songs have made,
And lovely things have dreamed.

"And I have ridden to the lake this day
With more than common gladness;
But hill and flood upon me strangely weigh
With new and fearful sadness."

The pass of the Vale of St. John is guarded by Castle Rock, of which Scott made a fairy castle in his "Bridal of Triermain." It is difficult to climb, but the task repays the climber. From Castle Rigg, when Derwentwater and Keswick and all the surrounding valley and woods burst into view, there is spread out a landscape not inferior to any to be witnessed in the whole of England. From this point, as the coach goes down hill toward Keswick, there are always exclamations of delight from every traveler. It must be seen to be admired and then it will be loved forever.

Keswick is the busiest place in the whole Lake District, but chiefly because it is the starting or ending point of so many coach roads, and is also on the branch railway from Penrith. Its leading attractions



Greta Hall.

are its landscape and waterscape surroundings. It is on the banks of the Greta, and Derwent and Bassenthwaite waters are within view from any adjoining hill, Derwentwater is scarce a half mile distant; Bassenthwaite less than three miles. The latter is rather tame. Derwent is far more beautiful; it is a jewel. Some think it the very finest of all the "waters." Bassenthwaite is four miles long, Derwent three. None of the English lakes compare in size with what we call lakes in America, but how much richer they are in associations and in settings.

The first proper thing to do on reaching Keswick is to walk to Greta Hall and also to see Crosthwaite church. I should not call it over a half-mile to either place. Greta Hall was built in 1800 by a Mr. Jackson, "yeoman," who took in Coleridge as part tenant, and, because of his love for Coleridge's brains, refused to charge his tenant any rent. The author had already published the "Ancient Mariner" and part of "Christabel," and was, at the age of twenty-eight, in his prime and full of poetic fire. From Greta Hall—"great hall," and a lofty and wide house it was—he could see both lakes and Skiddaw, and even the Falls of Lodore were visible from his front door. His hair was "black and glossy as the raven's," and he was a man to attract attention in any place. De Quincey, Lamb and Wordsworth here sought him out, and here he ought to have remained, where he could do his best, and where every prospect was ennobling. But Southey came to visit him, and soon Coleridge, real philosopher and lofty thinker, complaining of rheumatism, was off to Malta, while Southey kept permanently the Hall. Coleridge lived afterward at London, Hammersmith and Highgate, went through the opium habit and reformed, and finally died in 1834; and so there

was extinguished a bright but erratic star. Southey, who loved children and everybody, and had no faults but those incident to goodness, lived nine years longer than Coleridge, and in caring for the latter's family proved his friendship to be such as the world rarely sees. Southey, of course, was always on Sunday at Crosthwaite church, and there John Ruskin, in 1831, when but a lad of thirteen, first saw him, as one of his childish squibs relates:

> "Now hurried we home, and while taking our tea
> We thought—Mr. Southey at church we might see!
> Next morning, the church how we wished to be reaching!
> I'm afraid 'twas as much for the poet as preaching!"

The old Crosthwaite church is supposed to have been founded in the Sixth Century, (553) and was named after St. Kentigern. It is a fine example of noble plainness inside and out. Southey's monument within its walls is a recumbent figure in white marble, set on a pedestal brought from Normandy, and cost £1,100, wholly raised by private subscription. Southey's grave, where he was laid on a cold day in the month of March, (when Wordsworth, seventy-three years of age, came sixteen miles or more to the funeral as chief literary mourner), is in the churchyard, near the north side of the church tower; a place he himself selected. His family pew in the edifice was on the right hand side by the chancel entrance. Though restored in 1844 the church is deserving of a visit independently of its famous death-tenant.

The only coaching trip I have taken to Keswick away from the direction of Grasmere is that by Borrowdale, Honister Pass, Buttermere and the Newlands, a twenty-three mile drive, supposed to be the best in the district. Unfortunately, I have done it but once,

(the present year), and then amid a thorough English rain. It poured for much of the journey in torrents. But I can conceive how in fine weather it must be a noble drive. In order to take it, I remained at the "Borrowdale" hotel, near the Derwent, over two nights. A remarkably comfortable hotel I found that to be; none better for quiet and warm hospitality. During the intervening day the rain, which had followed us from Scotland, continued, though the morning opened up with some signs of clearing. Our own small party, numbering just enough for a large private coach without the driver, was one too many with that necessary individual, and so I decided to remain behind. They went on and repented at leisure. I found opportunity to board another passing coach later, after first visiting on foot the Falls of Lodore, and also repented; yet, as no harm came to any one, we all really had an experience worth possessing. For we saw some of the scenery, our eyes took in a portion of Buttermere, and we discovered how interminally long and wonderfully steep are some of the Cumberland hills. It is a safe plan in England never to attempt a drive by carriage, much less by a heavy coach, without first minutely inquiring how many miles you are expected to walk, and then to be prepared to undergo that hardship as one of the features of the journey. To be suddenly told you are to dismount and walk up a "short" hill; to do so, and then to learn after the trial that the acclivity stretches on a couple of miles, and that a worse declivity to an equal extent lies directly beyond, especially when the black skies are also pouring down "pitchforks of rain" on your head, is to—well, it will try the patience of a man and pretty nearly annihilate the sweet temper of a woman. This was our experience on both coaches that day. Still,



Derwentwater.

we survived, and we will know better next time. That awful hill to and through Honister Pass will only catch us in fair weather.

There are, at first, after leaving Keswick, fine views of the Derwent, and the roar of the Falls of Lodore may be heard but not seen from the roadway. A walk of a few hundred yards back of the Lodore Hotel will bring one to the Falls, and, as I saw them, full of water, after days of rain, they were without disappointment. The valley of the Borrowdale is a bit of the picturesque, in sharp contrast with the bare and slaty hills, that are gradually reached after passing the balanced rock known as the Bowder stone, which is over sixty feet high, and, after passing through the pleasant village of Rosthwaite, Castle Crag, on which, perhaps, the Romans built a fortification—I judge both the tradition and the evidences to be somewhat uncertain—is seen prominent and imposing. The climb up the steep pass follows and is over fifteen hundred feet, all to be made on foot. Honister Crag is a mass of slate quarries, "among the best in England," and along its face, between it and the Yew Crag, the steep descent of another fifteen hundred feet is so remarkable that, aside from the sublime feelings of that desert waste, there is a sense of insecurity, especially when on the coach, that you are not soon likely to forget. After the pass comes Buttermere, and that is but a mile and a half long—somewhat larger than Grasmere—and is hardly less, I am not sure but more, bewitching. Mists and clouds and rain dulled the sense of vision too much for a clear judgment on that point, but still I believe Buttermere to be a clear-cut gem.

At Buttermere I went to one hotel—I will not name it—and my friends to another, and had luncheon. Each party wished that the stop had been at some

other inn. I judge both, or all, are good enough for an hour's pause on a brighter day, when the landladies might be in better temper; that day, they tried our patience, which is always a premium virtue in old England in a rainy hour.

There is a walk somewhat long, but not steep, usually to be taken on the return journey, up Buttermere Hause, along hills with smooth sides, green with verdure. Then, at the height of eleven hundred feet above the sea, amid surroundings far less bleak than at Honister, a gradual descent begins through Keskadale and the Newlands. Not very interesting at first, but afterward with charming views, which continue until the Greta is crossed, in sight of Crosthwaite church and Greta Hall; and then the journey ends at Keswick.

There is a large, unhewn stone near Friars' Crag, on the Derwent, whereon has been sculptured the profile of John Ruskin. It is scarcely a year since it was executed (October, 1900), but it is an admirable likeness of this singularly gifted man in his prime. It has a crown of wild olives around it and the motto "To-day." Turner, Rogers and Faber, as well as Ruskin and Smith, are inseparably connected with Derwent, and even Carlyle has described in graphic sentences his thoughts on an overlooking peak.

So, as we leave it, it is with these and other memorable names pressed close to the soul as awakeners of different but of strangely interesting emotions. "Come," said Faber, in one of his poems upon the vale of Keswick and referring to the Derwent:

> "Come, let us gather here upon the hill,
> The noble that yet beat pure and high,
> And, while the lake beneath our feet is still,
> Sweetly our speech may run on chivalry."



The Old Man of the Mountain.

XXVI.—THE ENGLISH LAKES:· RUSKIN-LAND.

CONISTONWATER is off the beaten route. But its name and fame are indissolubly connected with the greatest prose writer and art critic in the English tongue. Ruskin may not have suited all tastes, and his shibboleths may not always have been consistent and effective for reforms, but he was an honest-minded, brave, grand fighter. His whole aim was to elevate humanity and make life worth living for the intelligent poor man as well as for the intelligent rich man. How he pounded into the working classes and out of the lords and overlords of England, (and of Scotland, too), his noble principles of self-abnegation and of a higher order of thinking and living! If Gladstone was the "Grand Old Man," Ruskin was the Grand Old Critic, and yet everybody loved him, and in the desuetude of his active life he was able to draw to him every humble man and woman, within reach of his kindly ministry. He lived honored, not by kings, but by the whole world of thinkers; he died crowned by the benedictions of the

humble folk of his entire Coniston parish. I say parish, though he was not of the clerical order. In a sense all England was his parish, but his Coniston neighbors esteemed him so much for his unaffected simplicity and personal deeds of kindness, that they, if no others, will see to it that above his dust the choicest wild flowers of remembrance will never cease to bloom.

Coniston is at the foot of Old Man Mountain, and is twelve miles away, as the road is usually taken, from Grasmere, and eight from Ambleside. The four coaching parties with which I have been happily associated in Lake journeys, twice drove from Grasmere to Coniston, and I should like to repeat it again at the earliest opportunity. This means that it was full of pleasureable sights and associations; memorably so the views of Windermere and its surrounding hills; even more so the walks about Coniston and Brantwood.

In going over from Grasmere we drove part way to Ambleside; then crossed the Rothay, passing by Fox How, the home of the Arnolds,* and took a straight road to Coniston over the hills. On reaching the lake at its northerly end the road passes to the west and so finds its way to the village of Coniston. But we kept on the easterly side, and passed, first, the small house called "Tent Lodge," where Tennyson resided for a brief time in some earlier year—just when I have been unable to ascertain. Another mile and then comes Brantwood. The coach does not go to this point, as the road is too narrow to permit of turning, and no visitor goes beyond. Why should he, when here lived The Prophet? "Yea, and more than

* See Chapter XXIV.

a prophet." Rather one would tarry at such a spot till the going down of many suns!

Our thoughts are to turn to Brantwood in a moment. Let us first seem to face about, drive back the same road, go around the end of Conistonwater, and so reach the little town itself. Coniston village is not much. It has few beauties of house or shop. It has a fine, large hotel, with an elegant lawn, stretching to the water's edge, but its other buildings are not so bewitching as the many in Grasmere. Its lake, however, is wide and long—over five miles long in fact—and a hundred and fifty feet in depth, and wooded banks close it in on every side. Coniston Old Man rises up twenty-five hundred feet directly west of the village, and from its summit, which is often covered with clouds, there is a view of wide extent, to Skiddaw, Helvellyn, the Yorkshire hills, the Irish Sea and even Mount Snowdon on a clear day. An hour and a half on the back of a pony, or on foot, will take one to the top. I may add that the return road to Grasmere should always be the direct one; it secures not only a drive through magnificent forests, but the Red Bank view of Grasmere, from the side of Loughrigg Fell.

Now let us hie in thought back to Brantwood, where, for the present, our descriptions of coaching journeys are to end. It was chosen by Ruskin for his home in 1871, and there he passed the remaining twenty-nine years—the sunset of his life. He had lived before at Denmark Hill in Kent, but in the year named he was very ill, and was at the Matlock Springs in Derbyshire. There, as it is stated, his mind kept wandering toward the English lakes; to Derwentwater, about which clustered his earliest recollections; to Coniston, where, he kept saying, "the crags are



Fox How.

lone." He thought he would get well if he only resided there. It so happened that the poet and engraver, Linton, was at that time offering Brantwood for sale. Ruskin heard of it and purchased it for £1,500. Gerald Massey had once lived in the same cottage, and he and Linton were both Ruskin's friends. This added a touch of happiness to the new possession. He found in Brantwood, he wrote afterward, "a roughcast country cottage, old, damp, decayed; smokey-chimneyed and rat-riddled, but five acres of rock and moor and streamlet;" and, he added, "I think the finest view I know in Cumberland or Lancashire, with the sunset visible over the same." Ah! it was that sunset, daily re-enacting its miracle over the shoulders of Coniston Old Man, that must have contributed as much as any one thing to make him well and happy again. And he possessed the seat, well known in the vicinity as Wordsworth's, on his grounds, and Tennyson had once been not far away! So he sat down calmly, added to his house, fostered the wild roses on his hedges—the flowers he best loved—tended the vines that grew so luxuriantly on the whitish-gray stones of his dwelling, and kept mellowing with his increasing years. He was fifty-two when he planted this new home on the shores of Coniston, and he never deserted it, unless for briefest seasons, until he looked out for the last time through the front turret window where he spent so many evenings, across the fir trees, over the lake, over to Coniston Old Man, and then, in an adjoining room, fell asleep with the gentleness of a child.

It is almost a lane that one wanders through as he passes the Brantwood cottage. The hawthorne is allowed to grow luxuriantly, and it has narrowed the way, which was already not wide, so that only by an



Brantwood.

effort can one see the chimneys, much less the attractive front of this now famous house. On the occasion of this first visit I stopped to pick buttercups and daisies by the roadside, and, alas! this was my misfortune, for others first saw the great writer himself, walking down the way ahead of them, attended by his watcher. He wore a soft, high hat, and his long, gray beard served to heighten the picturesqueness of his fine head, in which there were those same soft, blue eyes which have ever characterized his expressive face. Almost twenty years of sickness had not dimmed the lustre of those mellow eyes, nor shattered the dignified repose of that prophetic visage. As the illustration represents him, so he was, except that in it he is seated in his chair, the one in which he was frequently wheeled about, whereas, as seen on the day described, he walked erect, though hurrying out of view.

Say what we may of Mr. Ruskin's influence as a writer on his generation—and was it not extraordinarily vitalizing?—his private life had so much of sweetness and nobility in it, that few have ever told an anecdote of him which did not illustrate this feature of his character. Here is a recent account of a visit paid to him by an intimate friend, when the artist-poet was nearing his ninetieth birthday, and it throws much light upon his domestic virtues: "Mr. Ruskin and I were dining together. During the meal, as we were enjoying a rhubarb tart, I happened to say that it was the first I had tasted that season, and remarked how delicious it was. The Professor was delighted at my appreciation of his rhubarb, and, ringing for one of the servants, he said: 'Please tell Jackson I want him.' When he came into the room, his master said: 'Jackson, I am very pleased to tell you that

your first pulling of rhubarb is quite a success; and my friend here, who has had some pie made out of it, says it is delicious.' When we had finished dining, a servant came in, bringing a number of lighted candles. The windows being shaded by the overhanging trees above, the room was almost dark, even before the sun had gone down. After placing candles she was leaving the room, when she said: 'Please, sir, there is a beautiful sunset sky just now over The Old Man.' The Professor rose from his chair and said: 'Thank you, Kate, for telling us.' He left the room, but soon returned. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is worth seeing,' and he led the way upstairs to his bedroom. It was a glorious sight, the sun sinking behind the Coniston Old Man Mountain, and the mist and ripples on the lake tinged with a crimson flush. We sat in the window recess till the sun went down behind the mountain. Not a word was spoken by either of us. I was thinking of the charming relation and sympathy manifested between master and servant."

The whole world knows how, soon after Mr. Ruskin married Miss Gray, in 1852, he discovered that she was in love with the famous French artist, Millais. Millais was then twenty-three, and one of the handsomest men of his time. He was Ruskin's friend, and had been engaged by Ruskin to paint the portrait of his lovely young wife. It was during the sittings for this portrait that Mrs. Ruskin and Millais formed the attachment, which ended later in Mrs. Ruskin's obtaining, without the slightest scandal, a divorce. It is asserted (I know not with what truth) that Mr. Ruskin stood by in the church when the two were married, and always continued to be the friend of both, although rumor has it that the mental agony he then endured helped to bring on that disease of mind which

often served to cloud his later years. Mrs. Millais died in 1897, of cancer, of which disease, Sir John Millais, president of the Royal Academy in London at the time of his death, died sixteen months before.



John Ruskin.

Ruskin intensely loved wild flowers. One of his friends wrote of him that he had once "seen him burdened with sadness and imaginary woe unutterable and almost beyond bearing for anguish, for the

thought of a life wasted and work useless and undone;" and then added: "I remember a later visit when I found him in absolute serenity of an unclouded heart, at rest and in peace, sitting with gentle hands clasped, gazing with love and wonder—almost as a child might gaze—upon a bouquet of wild flowers just placed before him for his pleasure and delight. 'Flowers,' he once wrote, 'seem intended for the solace of humanity.'" Could a man who so loved flowers be otherwise than a lover of all the beautiful things God has made and pronounced good? Is it not the key to a nature so lovable and so inspiring, that, when most a breaker of the images which other people worshipped, he was nearest to the top of the ladder that reaches the skies?

Who would not like to have attended the little, faithful band of neighbors and friends, who buried such a man in mid-winter of the early part of the last year of the last century, with the wild-rose pall "of simple, unbleached linen, spun by hand and woven by hand under the eyes of a true disciple of this Master," and under the wreaths of the daughter of the Queen, of the children of Coniston, who had loved him for his kindliness, and of the village tailor, who affixed this inscription to his gift: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." Plain and simple was the ritual read in the church, fitting in so well with the falling rain and the winds. And then he was "laid at the feet of the pine trees he had so loved and honored in his life," where the roots might "weave themselves about his sleep, and take his dust to their tender keeping."

The world may have had greater men than John Ruskin; it never gathered to its bosom in death a sublimer specimen of a true man, whose life had been

spent in the bravest of endeavors to elevate his fellow-men and speed on the cause of the soul's freedom from its sin-cursed environment.

APPROXIMATE MILEAGE TABLE

OF THE "FOUR-IN-HAND JOURNEYS."

JOURNEYS		MILES
I.	Oxford — Woodstock — Banbury — Edgehill — Stratford-on-Avon — Warwick — Kenilworth — Coventry — Leicester — Nottingham	114
II.	Oxford — Dorchester — Wallingford — Streatley — Reading — Three-mile Cross — Strathfieldsaye — Basingstoke — Winchester — Southampton — West Cowes — Carisbrooke — Freshwater — Shallfleet — West Cowes — Romsey — Salisbury — Amesbury — Stonehenge — Amesbury — Marlborough — Lambourn — Wantage .	210
III.	Oxford — Dorchester — Wallingford — Streatley — Reading — Twyford — Henley-on-Thames — Twyford — Windsor — Staines — Hampton Court — Staines — Windsor — Stoke Pogis — Beaconsfield — Jordans — Aylesbury — Thame — Forest Hill — Oxford	146
IV.	Oxford — Woodstock — Chipping Norton — Stratford-on-Avon — Warwick — Kenilworth — Coventry — Stoneleigh — Banbury — Oxford	91
V.	Wadebridge — Tintagel — Boscastle — Budehaven — Clovelly — Bideford . . .	64
VI.	Lynton — Lynmouth — Malmsmead — Lynton .	20
VII.	Ventnor — Bonchurch — Shanklin — Arreton — Newport — Carisbrooke — Niton — Ventnor	30
VIII.	Windermere — Ambleside — Grasmere — Coniston — Grasmere—Keswick — Buttermere — Keswick	70
	Total	745

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